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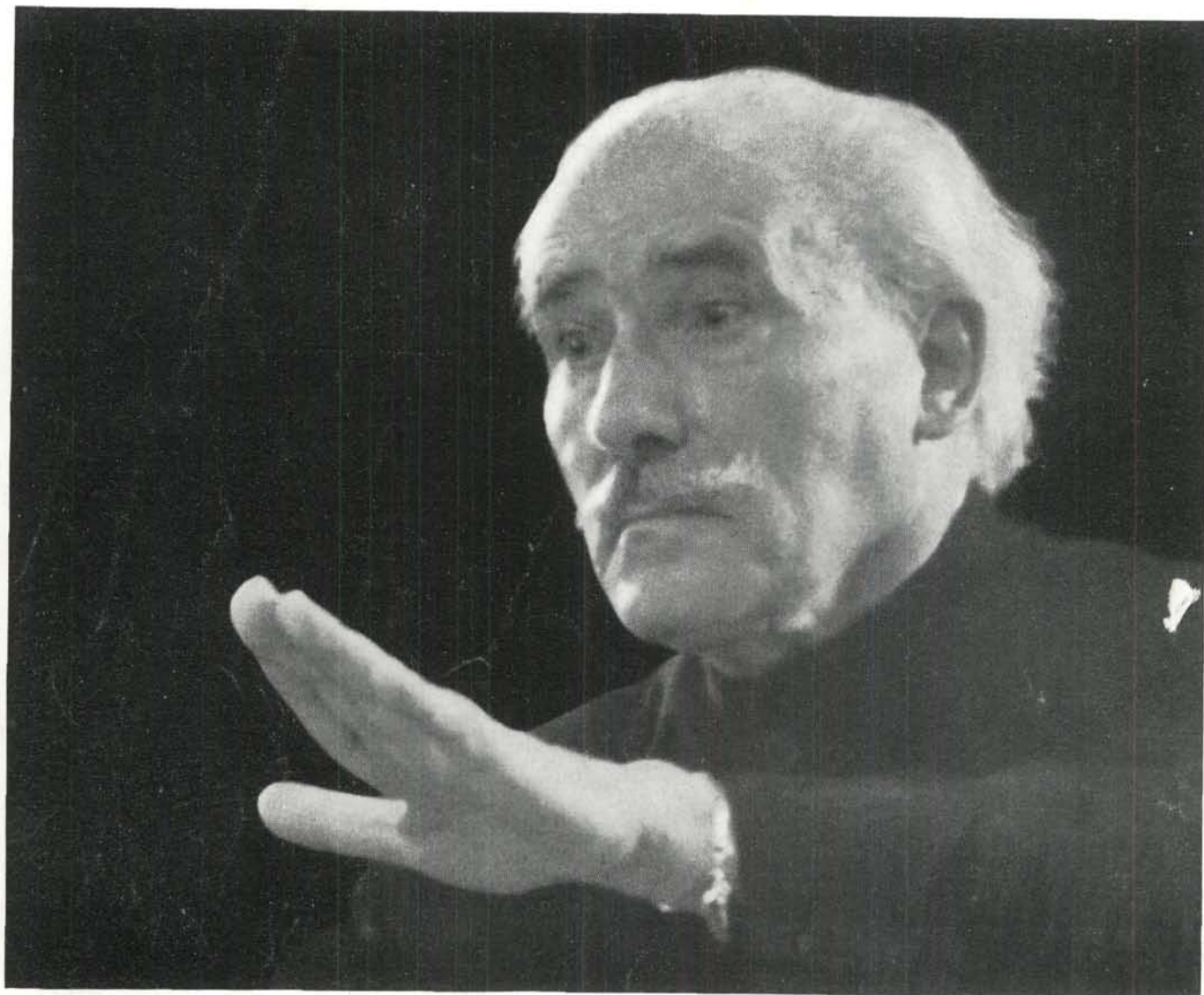
THE *Atlantic*



LORCA'S GYPSY *by Michael Swan*

WHEN RUSSIA IS READY

by Thomas K. Finletter
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HOW TO ENTER Just send us the title of your favorite RCA Victor Toscanini recording, and explain in 100 words or less why you prefer it to all others. Prizes will be awarded to the three best entries submitted by Atlantic readers. Winners may substitute equivalent value in RCA Victor records for any of the prizes.

RULES

1. Address entries to The Music Editor, The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass. They must be received no later than November 10, 1954.
2. The Toscanini recording you select should be identified by composer, title and record or album number.
3. Entries must not exceed 100 words. An individual may submit one entry only.
4. All entries become the property of the RCA Victor Record Division of the

Radio Corporation of America. Winners will be announced in the December issue.

5. Judges will be John M. Conly, editor of the Atlantic feature "They Shall Have Music" and two assistants to be selected by Mr. Conly. Their decisions will be considered final. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Employees of the Radio Corporation of America, The Atlantic Monthly or their Advertising Agencies are ineligible.

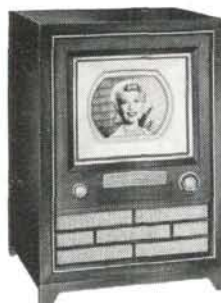
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VOLUME 194 1954 NUMBER 3

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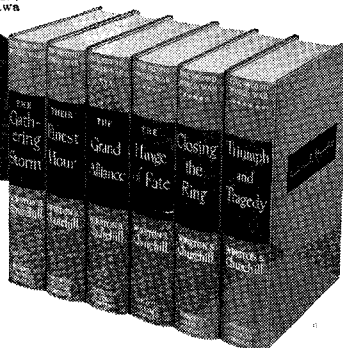
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



LONG before the campaigning began, the nation's capital was quivering with election fever. Republican and Democratic headquarters were off to an early start in appraising the main issues before American voters at the November polls. With a GOP majority of only two in the House and of one in the Senate, the excruciatingly close balance heightens the suspense and is a measure of the importance of the coming midterm ballot. Focusing on the national scene and allowing for the unexpected in the campaign's closing stage, the two major parties generally agree on the principal issues.

Democratic strategists are building their hope on what they claim is popular disappointment with the Republican Administration. They say this "vague disillusionment," rather than revulsion against any one or two GOP policies, will turn the tide. The Democrats argue that dissatisfaction is felt more with the Republican Party than with the President. They are also feeding their optimism on last year's eight Congressional elections which netted the Democrats two Republican seats.

GOP leaders dismiss this Democratic horoscope as wishful woolliness. They say the voter will judge the Republican Party by whether it has or has not kept its promises. Has the Administration cut taxes, moved towards a balanced budget, run the government economically? Did it end the war in Korea? Is it exercising better control over the Communist situation?

The electorate's response to this sort of concrete question, the Republican tacticians insist, will decide the outcome in November. They show confidence that the governing party can face such

a test. Like the Democrats, some top Republicans are also indulging in generalities and claim they have improved the moral tone of administration. As one leading GOP Senator remarked with wry satire: "You no longer have to send your income tax return care of some Federal penitentiary."

War and peace

Foreign policy is one of the two paramount factors that will determine the vote. Republicans think they have a winning card in charging their Democratic predecessors with having "lost" China — an unfortunate word, suggesting we once possessed China. Democratic chiefs profess doubt about their rivals' chance of "squeezing another two or three years' mileage out of Acheson."

The Democrats are ready to counterattack if Asia is to become a football in the 1954 election campaign. A Republican accusatory shout of "China" nowadays promptly evokes the Democratic echo, "Indochina!" Vice President Nixon opened this tit for tat when he held former Secretary of State Dean Acheson responsible not only for the loss of China but also for the Korean war and the Indochinese misfortune. The Democrats have been putting the GOP on the defensive for having uttered dark threats of united action and then failing to halt disaster in Indochina.

As to the other pivot of world affairs — less dominant across the front pages but at least as critical for war and peace — Western Europe seems likely to remain outside the current campaign here. The two parties are agreed that the time has come to give the Bonn Republic its sovereignty and to create German units for the West's military system even if France stands aside.

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- ... What the U. S. still can do to end the chaos in South-East Asia?
— see page 323 of "The Struggle for Indo-China"
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— see page 178 of "From Lenin to Malenkov"
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— see page 355 of "History of the German General Staff"
- ... Whether the Kremlin wished for Roosevelt's reelection in 1936?
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



There has been much justifiable anxiety about the estrangement between ourselves and some of our close allies. The Democrats have some truth on their side in charging that the Administration is more concerned to maintain its alliance with Knowland & Co. than with Britain and France, to say nothing of holding the good will of India, Burma, Indonesia, and Ceylon.

In the whole debate on this topic, though, one fact of historical import has been ignored. In the years immediately after World War II the nations of Western Europe were to an exceptional degree dependent on the United States for food and raw materials. This reliance was anchored first in American loans and later in the Marshall Plan. Then Western Europe's dollar crisis vanished. British gold and dollar reserves have been climbing steadily and are now above the \$3 billion mark. Britain and the others expanded their economies. They regained markets. They throttled their demand for dollar goods. Meanwhile the U.S. increased its purchases of foreign arms and other military equipment, assuring a continuing flow of dollars.

As they once more stood on their own feet economically, these befriended countries also struck out on more independent political paths. The British have shown this particularly in their China policy. The French have braved an American outcry against "appeasement" in Indochina. But France must still plunge into an ordeal of austerity if it is to do without the billion dollars a year which the U.S. has pumped into the Indochina war and which has salvaged the French balance of payments.

The state of business

The business situation is the other factor that will exert the greatest influence on the voters. It will have a varying impact in different regions, depending on the state of farming or industry in specific areas. Republicans admit that with several ugly patches already evident, a further dip in the economy could inflict heavy reverses on them.

Since its June 30, 1953, summit, the rate of defense spending has fallen by an estimated \$8.5 billion—from \$53.5 billion to a projected \$45 billion. The rush to amass inventories after the outbreak of the Korean war was continuing far into 1953. Lately that trend has been reversed, inventories dropping some \$10.7 billion between the second quarter of 1953 and the corresponding period in 1954. These movements alone accounted for almost 80 per cent of the whole business reces-

sion since a year ago. The dip in industrial production and the increase in unemployment have been contributing to the uncertainty in Washington.

GOP economists are emphasizing that these and some other minus signs in the economy are in large part the price we paid for ending the Korean war. They go on to stress that since the Republicans were returned to power, income taxes have been cut 10 per cent; the excess profits tax has been abolished; and during this session of Congress an over-all \$7 billion tax reduction has been set in motion. The GOP chiefs claim they have advanced in the direction of a balanced budget by pitching Federal expenditure some \$11 billion below the level President Truman planned.

As to unemployment, say the Republicans, those who are out of work and who have exhausted their unemployment benefits are almost sure to vote Democratic. Anyway, they add, Republicans rely much less than do Democrats on the votes of the time-clock punchers. Further, they conclude, the picture is by no means all gray; for instance, disposable personal income has been maintained at a high level.

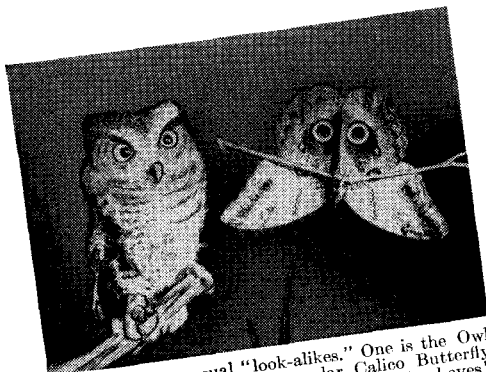
To all this, the Democrats are ready with answers. Rightly or wrongly, they say higher social security costs under the Republicans have just about erased the advantages of reduced taxation, and average take-home pay is roughly what it was. When Harry Truman left the White House, they point out, there were 1.6 million Americans out of work; today there are about 3.5 million, to say nothing of sharp curtailment of overtime. Since the GOP again began governing the country the gross national product, classic barometer of prosperity, fell from \$371 billion in the second quarter of 1953 to \$357 billion in the second quarter of 1954. In the same period, industrial production went down 9 per cent.

Farm prices

The Democrats are for rigid price supports for America's six basic crops while Republicans favor flexible supports. This issue directly affects an estimated 40 million citizens, including the nation's 5.5 million farmers.

The Democrats contend that during the 1952 campaign the GOP pledged 100 per cent of parity and of late flouted that promise. President Eisenhower has repeatedly denied this. That failed to prevent Adlai Stevenson from alluding to this subject again and again in agrarian vernacular

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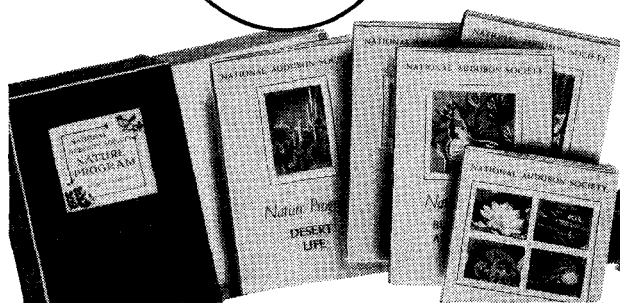


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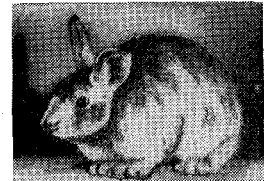
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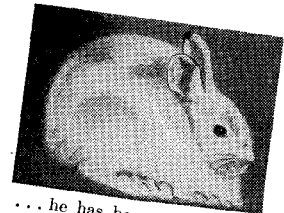
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Secretary of Agriculture Benson, whose stature in the nation is steadily growing, points out that the rigid support system has failed to prevent a decline in net farm income for five of the past six years. Yet the Democrats are mindful of Harry Truman's big inroads into the farm vote in his triumphant 1948 race for the presidency.

GOP strategists are prepared to cope with what they describe as Democratic inflation of this issue. Republican leaders doubt that the price support controversy will appreciably sway the rural vote. In Minnesota, for example, the ratio of farm income derived from high rigid price supports is between 10 per cent and 13 per cent. That proportion is reported to hold for many other states and a number of Congressional districts.

President Eisenhower has made clear he attaches high significance to acceptance by Congress of the principle of flexible supports. In the opinion of the President and his advisers, incomparably more important is the country's ability to absorb a maximum of farm produce. GOP headquarters is looking to the index of personal incomes and to spending, both of which are running high, for the answer to uncertainty regarding the rural as well as the urban vote.

Anti-Communism

The Democratic National Committee is as determined to make McCarthyism an issue in the autumn elections as the Republican leadership is to avoid this. Democrats are arguing that Senator McCarthy has impaired the GOP Administration's effectiveness by actions which diverted the government from the conduct of the nation's affairs.

Public opinion surveys indicate a decline in McCarthy's influence since the beginning of the year. During this period the ratio of those who favored him fell from half to a third of those polled. Simultaneously, several Republican Senators running for office this fall have stated they will refrain from asking McCarthy to come to their states to take the stump for them. The Democrats

firmly believe that McCarthy will lose more votes than he will gain for any candidates whom he backs. Democrats will attempt to discredit what they call the smile-and-smear campaign. By this they suggest President Eisenhower will take the gentlemanly high road while McCarthy takes the low road.

This is how a leading Democratic spokesman acidly expressed this divisive tactic against the Republicans: "We think President Eisenhower is at least as good an American as McCarthy and also that he has as good a war record. As for McCarthy's constant howls about Reds in government — if the President hasn't found more Communists in executive agencies, perhaps it's because there just weren't any there."

The Republicans believe they have found a telling method of dealing with this problem. By establishing a set of rules to put the conduct of investigative committees in order, they say they will have gone far towards banishing McCarthyism as a campaign issue. They express confidence that such rules will immunize them against Democratic exploitation of the McCarthy issue.

An opinion poll on this topic revealed the public about evenly split as to whether Congress is abusing its power to investigate. But on the further question, the vote was 57 per cent to 35 per cent to remove from the hands of Congress the job of ferreting out Communists and to leave this entirely to the Department of Justice and the FBI.

Democratic leaders take the position that the code of good behavior proposed for investigative units will fail to assuage public discontent unless those rules are strictly observed. Will the rules be enough, they ask, unless the whole Congress acts to ban browbeating of witnesses, loaded questions, and slanted summations of testimony that insinuate proof of wrongdoing?

Public vs. private power

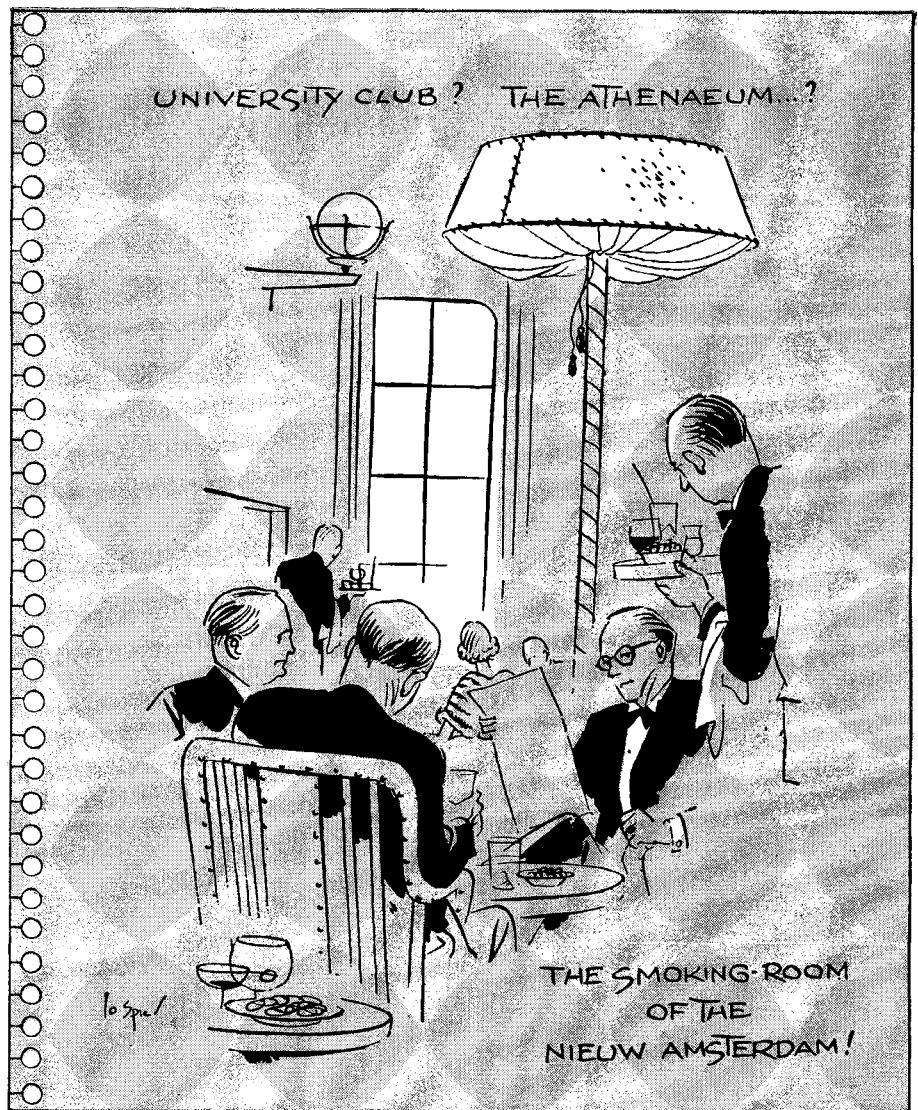
In the controversy over electric power the Democrats believe they have a lively and politically rewarding issue both in the Northwest and in the seven-state TVA area. The Eisenhower Administration has never set out to eliminate public power. But it has consistently held power devel-

opment to be primarily the responsibility of private enterprise, with the government intervening only in large multipurpose projects which would be uneconomic for private business. This attitude was reflected in the Administration's decision to open Hell's Canyon in Idaho to private utility concerns instead of reserving it for a future ambitious Federal project.

The President aroused opponents of private power interests when he called the Tennessee Valley Authority "creeping socialism." This summer he carried his attitude further by ordering the Atomic Energy Commission to negotiate a contract with a private syndicate to supply power to the TVA. Proponents of public power in the Tennessee Valley district denounced the plan as "an effort to sell this area back to the power trust." In the House, Representative Chet Holifield, a California Democrat, said the higher cost of privately supplied electricity under this scheme would cost taxpayers in the affected area \$3.6 to \$5.5 million a year "overcharge." Holifield alleged the AEC contract would enable the private power combine to launch a \$107.3 plant on an initial \$5.3 million investment.

From inside the Democrats' own ranks Senator Fulbright, Arkansas Democrat, struck back at the foes of private power. He said he has long supported TVA but felt there is room for private and public power and that this was an opportunity for private firms to participate. He challenged the AEC's estimates which showed the proposed private control would cost at least \$3.6 million more yearly than if TVA provided the power. If TVA's relief from taxation were taken into account, Fulbright contended, the difference came only to \$282,000 annually.

Thus as the 1954 campaign approaches its climax, the old feud between public and private utilities has flared up again. Despite the rather lonely Fulbright defection in their camp, Democrats are convinced that popular feeling will be deeply stirred against what the Alabama Democrat Senator Lister Hill described as "giving private monopoly a chance to drive into the Tennessee Valley area and destroy the yardstick."



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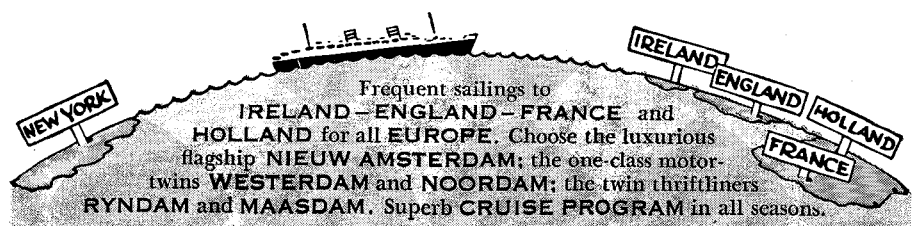
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The Himalayan Border

ONE of the world's great barriers is the frontier between India and China. The people on either side of it look different. On the Chinese side they have long eyes, high cheekbones, and flat noses — the "Mongoloid" face. On the Indian side they look like Europeans, though darker. They have always had different politics. Today it is the new, tentative, democratic, "neutralist" India of Pandit Nehru on the one hand, and the expanding force of Red China on the other.

At its east end, the border between these two lies vaguely in Southeast Asia, or the Bay of Bengal, but west of Burma it consists of the Himalayan Slope, a peculiar strip of terrain 1500 miles long. The Slope's upper, northern edge runs along the Tibetan Plateau, a chilly waste over 10,000 feet high; and its lower edge is on the Indian Plain, hot and barely above sea level.

The Slope is from 100 to 200 miles wide, and very rugged. It is repeatedly cut crosswise by deep gorges running to the Plain from the snowy Himalayan peaks. This means that communications through it longitudinally, from west to east, are bad, and do not favor political unity. Yet the people on the Slope — a few million altogether — are very much of a type. They are Mongoloid in appearance, small, upright of carriage, and blessed with a name for simplicity, honesty, and openness.

During the past century the Slope was arranged politically by British empire-builders so as to make a safe, nontroublesome buffer on India's Northeast Frontier. China, normally the dominant power in Tibet, was weak then, and the British sought to neutralize Tibet, alienate her from China, and alienate the Slope piecemeal by protectorates, alliances, and annexations. By the time of the First World War, China's shadow had receded from the Himalayan Slope.

The Chinese acquiesced through weakness, not choice. Both the Manchu Empire, which fell in 1911, and the Kuomintang of Chiang Kai-shek, which left the Mainland in 1949, resented British incursions into the Chinese sphere, but could do little about them. It remained for the Reds to

make a comeback. In 1950 they sent an army into Tibet, which no longer had British power behind it. A couple of years later they had brought it under control.

Now China rules Tibet completely so far as the outside world goes. The idea of Tibetan autonomy, nursed along by the British and the Tibetans themselves earlier in this century, is in the discard. The Chinese won't discuss it and the Tibetans dare not. India now refers to the Plateau as the "Tibet region of China." She has given up nearly all the rights Britain won there — the right to deal separately with the Lhasa government, to station troops on the Lhasa-India road, and so forth.

Red China lays her plans

Having regained her footing on the Plateau, China looks down the Slope and lays her plans. The Chinese have assured Tibetan leaders, it is reported, that they mean definitely to bring the Himalayan countries back into their sphere. China has different ways for expanding down the Slope, which she can use separately or together. She has the Communist Party, of course — the revolution. Most of the Himalayan countries have old, rickety social systems, "medieval" in Western terms. There is much poverty, and Communist agitators are at work exploiting that fact.

China also has prestige. She is the strongest thing visible from much of the Slope now. One hears the hill people singing Chinese war songs on the Slope, and sees them responding to Chinese culture in other ways. They dislike many things about China, but they respect her.

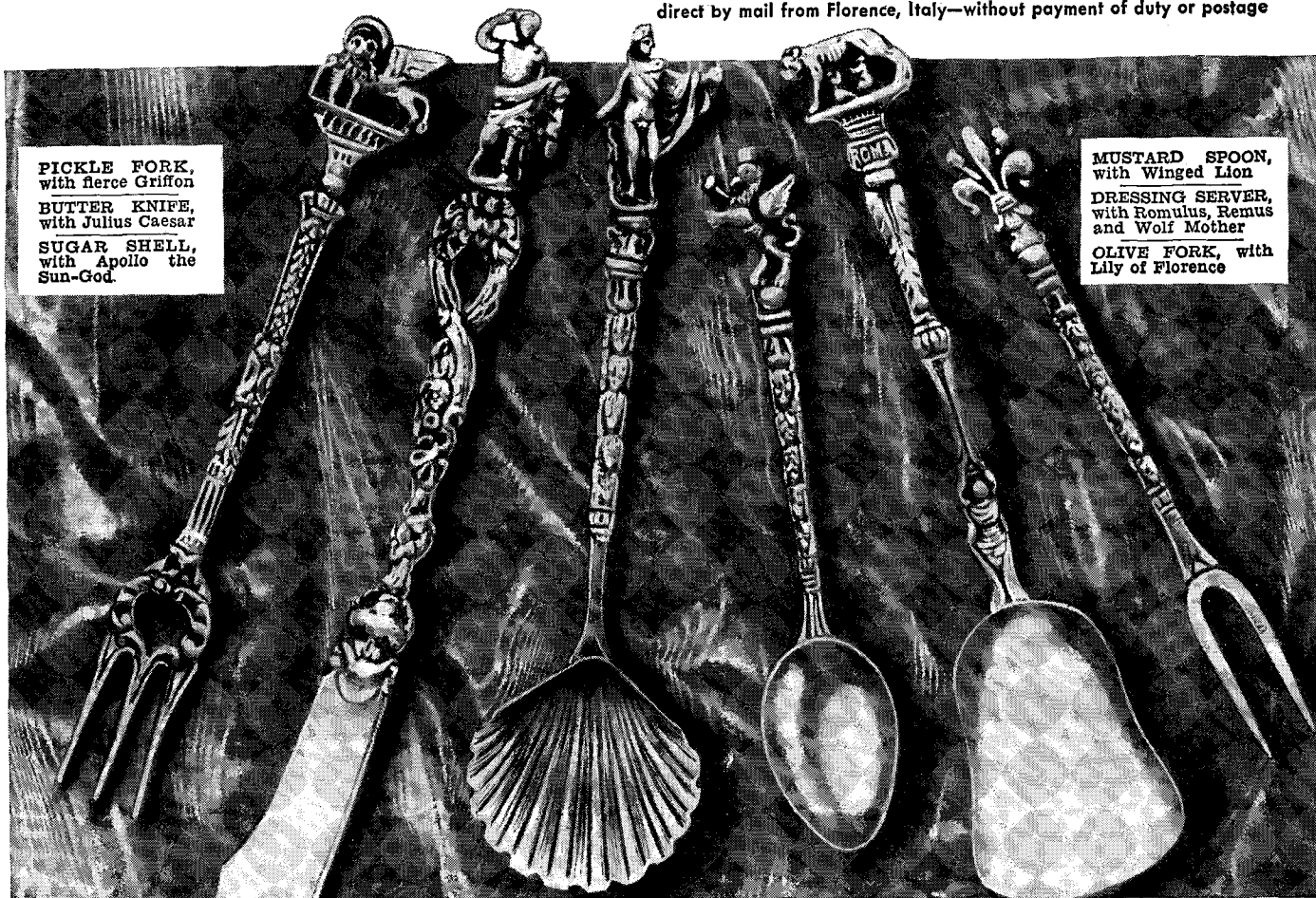
She can also exploit Asian racial pride. The Himalayan countries drew away from China or Tibet with Britain's help. China can use this to discredit the whole movement, even if separation from China or Tibet fitted the countries' aspirations at the time. She has already used it in her dealings with India over Tibet.

Finally, Red China greases her expansion by making deals with the local potentates and then honoring them, however paradoxical that may seem.

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LITTLE, BROWN

She began with her own war lords in
West China, in the province bordering
on Tibet. They were an ill-famed lot,
notorious for grinding the poor and
trafficking in opium—anathema to
Chinese Marxist ideals. Yet they
made their peace as the Red armies
drew near more than four years ago,
and at last reports were still living in
ease and dignity, though they were
no longer running things.

Later, when Chinese spearheads
entered Tibet, further deals were
made with the religious and secular
authorities there—though again these
leaders ruled with the kind of dark-
age absolutism that Marxist dogma
condemns. Following the deals, the
Red troops progressed almost blood-
lessly; and members of the old regime
have not been displaced and are living
well.

This way of progress—by rela-
tively honest marriage with the old
order—seems unique in the annals
of revolution. But it makes sense.
The upper classes in the Himalayan
countries are still well entrenched,
and are nerved to fight for what they
possess. It is hard for China to use
naked force on them, because only a
trickle of men and supplies can be
moved across the Plateau. So ne-
gotiation is the indicated method.
The old potentates' heads may roll
in the end, but not before everyone
has been gathered back into the fold.

The pull of China

Among the chief Himalayan coun-
tries are the following:—

Bhutan. A thinly populated coun-
try, and a good producer of rice,
coming between Tibet and India for
more than 200 miles, in the east-
ern Himalayas. The Chinese long re-
garded the Bhutanese as their sub-
jects, but in 1910 Sir Charles Bell,
the main architect of the Northeast
Frontier, got the latter to sign a
treaty putting their foreign affairs in
Britain's hands. This treaty has been
renewed by India, though she may
not hold to it relentlessly in view of
its imperialist origin.

Bhutan has close economic ties with
Tibet through the rice trade, and
close religious ones through the La-
maist church. The ruling class there
has arbitrary rights of an antique sort,
and there have been disorders of late.
It is believed that Chinese agents

have been busy, and Himalayan gossip
puts Bhutan next on the Chinese
timetable.

Sikkim. A small jewel of a coun-
try, 70 miles by 40, just west of
Bhutan, famous among other things
for its snow-capped peaks and pro-
fusion of orchids. It once was under
Tibet, but was taken forcibly by the
British and made a protectorate, and
India has inherited it on those terms.
Its rulers are Tibetan. It has little
stature of its own, and may simply
follow its neighbors.

Nepal. The biggest Himalayan
state, running 500 miles along the
Tibetan border from west to east,
where it adjoins Sikkim. The Gurkha
mercenaries, famed in the British
army, come from Nepal. A century
ago Nepal defeated Tibet in war and
imposed a treaty calling for tribute
and granting extraterritorial rights to
Nepalese residing on Tibetan soil.
Tibet never liked this treaty. Now,
with her new Chinese backing, she
has begun to disregard it, and sug-
gestions are heard that it be revised.

While exacting tribute from Tibet,
Nepal was herself paying tribute to
China until 1908, when she dropped
the practice. She was firmly ruled
then by the Rana family, who became
her hereditary prime ministers in the
middle of the nineteenth century. The
Ranas maintained a full-rigged Ori-
ental despotism, with British support,
but fell in 1950 before a revolution
allied with the Indian Congress Party
of Gandhi and Nehru.

The Ranas' fall left Nepal without
effective leadership, for they had sup-
pressed young men of initiative. Poli-
tics are fluid there now; the main
continuity is supplied by Indian ad-
visers. There is a welter of political
parties in the capital, and not much
administrative control outside it.
Communications are wretched in Ne-
pal, as they must move east and west
across the gorges. Communists in
the outlying districts are in some
touch with Chinese Tibet. Meanwhile
India has taken a strong hand in
Nepal and is trying to stabilize the
country by building roads, training
administrators, helping the army, and
so forth.

Ladakh. A state bordering on
Western Tibet, and separated from
Nepal by about 200 miles of outright

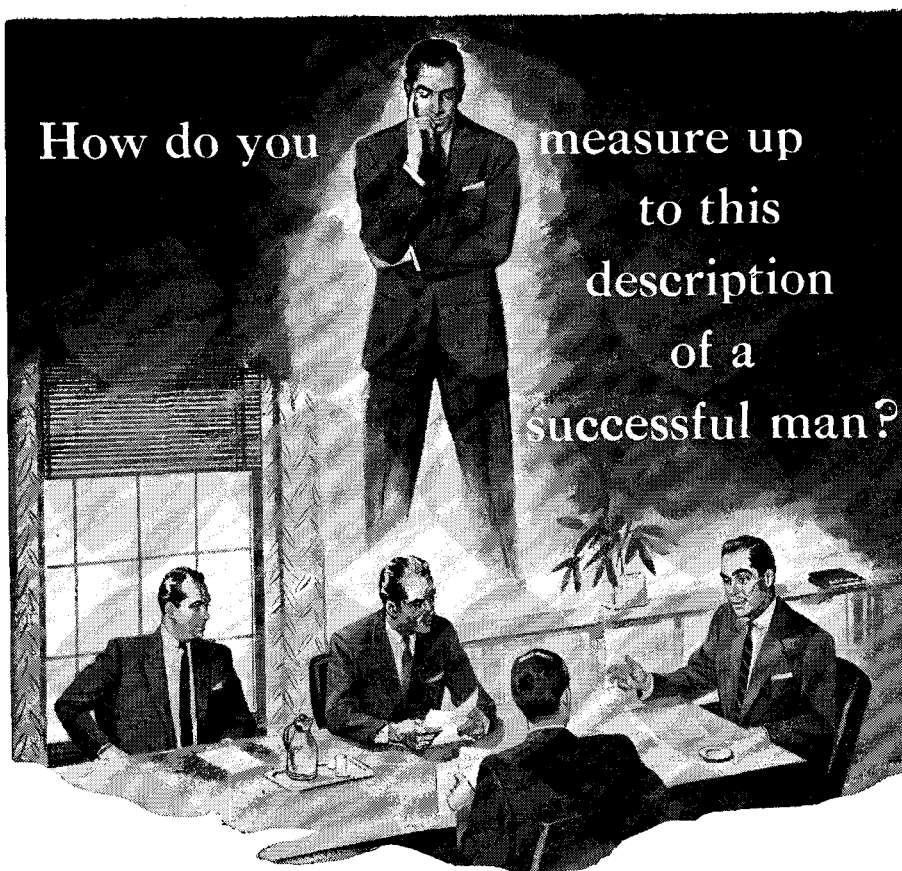
Indian territory. Ladakh is part of Kashmir and is thus involved in the Kashmir dispute between India and Pakistan, a separate matter from the Sino-Indian rivalry farther east. But its people are Tibetan and Buddhist, and it too is a former Chinese tributary. Its economic state is bad because it was an avenue of trade between India and Chinese Central Asia — Tibet and Turkestan — and this trade has mainly been stopped. It is now dominated by Indian troops drawn there by the Kashmir dispute, but basically it too feels the Chinese pull.

So do parts of the Himalayas directly under Indian rule. India's Darjeeling District, for instance, which adjoins Bhutan and Sikkim, once belonged to those two states. As hillmen, its people distrust the lowland Indians who now rule instead of the British. There is a drive for autonomy, which local Reds are exploiting; and there are unemployment and unrest under the new deal. In general, it can be said that India is hard put to maintain the special British role all through the Himalayas, and the Chinese are only part of the trouble.

India needs time

India has a good army, which can move into the Himalayas much faster than any main Chinese force can. Some of it is there already. Apart from Ladakh, for instance, there is an Indian garrison in Sikkim that rules a closed zone south of the frontier there — and often meets Chinese patrols in the passes, according to report. But there are other demands on the army too. Much of it is tied down by Kashmir, and some of it is needed to back up law and order within India. Riots last winter, for instance, in the great restless port of Calcutta subsided only when troops appeared. Other riots may occur in the future, so the troops must stand by.

British rule in India was created from diverse elements by experts with the advantage of cold detachment. It passed to Indian leaders who lack this advantage, and they are faced by a tendency of their holdings to drift away. The drift cannot be stopped by mere force, an element whose limitations Gandhi dwelt on fully. Viewed from inside India, the Himalayan problem is part of this larger one. So far the leadership has not



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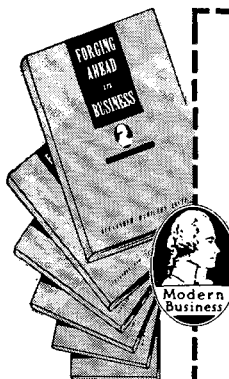
"But," you may protest, "I know a lot of men who have these very qualities, yet they're no further along in business today than they were years ago. How do you explain that?"

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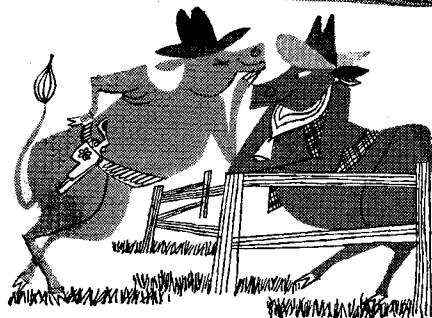
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A Tale of Two Steers

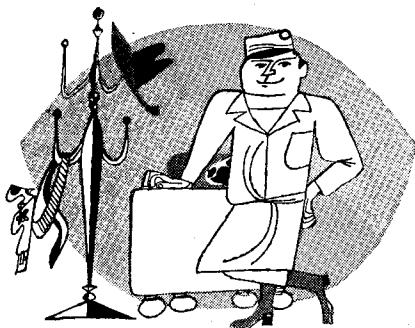
or—Why we have beef the year round instead of just at roundup time



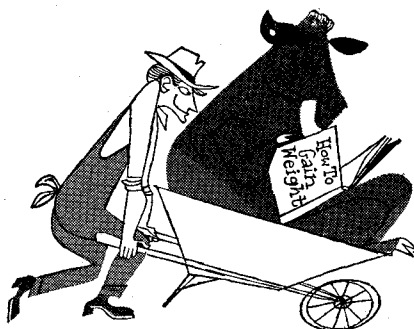
1. Tex and Buck were two steers which grew up on adjoining ranches. At roundup time (in late summer and fall, when the grass began to dry up) they left their home on the range to go to the city.



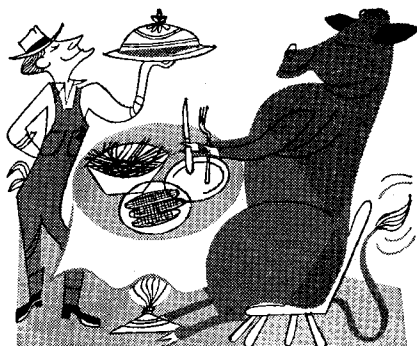
2. At the stockyards the steers were sized up by *two kinds* of buyers: (1) Meat packers, who estimated how much beef they could *get out of* them; (2) Cattle feeders, who estimated how much beef they could *put on* them.



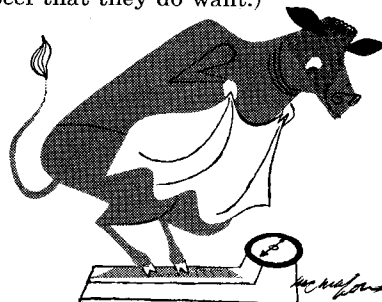
3. Tex, and others like him, was bought by a meat packer, and shortly thereafter contributed his share of fine pot roasts, stews, and hamburgers.



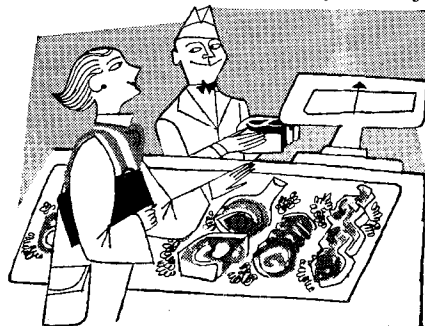
4. Buck, on the other hand, wasn't so well "finished" and was bought, along with some other steers, by a cattle feeder—a man who runs a "boarding house" for cattle.



5. Here Buck lives a life of ease—with nothing to do but eat. (Actually this is very useful work, because he is turning grains and grasses that people don't, or can't, eat into extra pounds of fine beef that they do want.)



6. In 3 to 6 months—after Buck has put on a lot of weight (200 to 450 lbs.)—he will return to the stockyards. He will arrive at the time of year when less beef is coming from the cowboy country.



7. Because farmers buy many cattle like "Buck" and add to their weight and quality, the supply of beef is evened out. If they didn't, we'd have much less beef in the winter, spring and early summer—and prices of all beef would be much higher between one year's roundup time and the next.

come up with an impressive solution, but such things take time.

Viewed from outside, the Himalayan problem looks more like a Sino-Indian one, and India's solution again is not impressive so far. The Chinese Reds and the Indian Congress are both revolutionary movements newly come to power. But the Reds have more momentum, for they were already used to power when they got it on a national scale, having run territory of their own, and an army, for two decades before that.

Then too the Chinese have long enjoyed fame as bargainers and intriguers. Those who know them do not expect others to bargain with them on equal terms and come off well. This is especially true if the bargaining is done on Chinese soil. The recent Sino-Indian talks on Tibet were held in Peiping, and the Indians did not bring back much from them. This has drawn criticism from many, including Indians used to British ways. Yet it seems rather early to complain. India's reaction against the old days is great. She is trying to work out a new style in foreign policy, and that takes time too.

From buffer to advance base?

The problem is beyond America's reach. We can't touch any of the Himalayan countries bordering Tibet without going through India first, and she is resolved that our touch shall be gentle. We have a small economic mission in Nepal; and American tourists, journalists, and scholars are allowed to travel in the Himalayas within limits. But they are watched.

Our policy toward China is frankly hostile, its aim being to check her forcibly where we can. India's policy is friendly, based on the idea that she can do business with the Chinese. She wants to try this out unhindered. She runs a big risk: that the Himalayas will turn from a buffer into the advance base of an enemy. If China had aggressive designs on India and controlled the Himalayas, she could sit in them impreguably and dominate the Plain from Delhi to Calcutta. She could do it cheaply, too, by using Gurkha manpower, which has played havoc among Indians in the past. This nightmare must have Indian leaders who ponder India's relations with China. But if they dream it they do not say so.

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France

ON JUNE 18 of this year there occurred one of those providential events which from as far back as the rescue of Orleans by Joan of Arc right down to the taxicab victory of the Marne in 1914 have periodically come to save France when her national destinies have seemed at their lowest ebb. This was the investiture of Pierre Mendès-France as the Fourth Republic's nineteenth Premier after one of the most memorable debates in the National Assembly in years. By a strange coincidence it occurred on the fourteenth anniversary of a date that has become a landmark in modern French history — the 18th of June, 1940, when General Charles de Gaulle appealed to his countrymen to carry on the struggle with the memorable words: "France has lost a battle, but France has not lost the war."

Probably never since the Liberation had France been confronted with more formidable problems. The situation in Indochina had grown desperate. In North Africa the increasing powerlessness of the Paris government to control the arbitrary actions of colonial administrators on the spot had allowed Arab-French relations to reach an all-time low and terrorism to become a savage feature of daily life.

Added to this was a growing crisis in the French army, which now found itself called upon not only to hold the disintegrating front in the Far East and to guard the approaches to the Rhine, but to maintain order in Tunisia and Morocco as well, and all of this on the strength of a compulsory military service of eighteen months.

Thanks to the continuing demagoguery of an Assembly which would do anything rather than demand unpopular sacrifices of the country, total officer casualties in the war in Indochina for the two years prior to Dienbienphu had been the equivalent of three graduating classes at Saint-Cyr, France's West Point. At Dienbienphu the equivalent of two more classes were either killed or captured by the enemy. That means five full classes in little more than two years. At that rate, in another five years there would be nothing left of the flower of France's army.

In the face of this decimation, the upper-class families of France, who have traditionally supplied

the army with its officers and who have had to bear the full brunt of these terrible losses, had long since begun discouraging their sons from following in the footsteps of their fathers. Combined with a critical military housing shortage and insufficient pay for officers in comparison with the remuneration of other government employees, the result has been a steady deterioration in the quality of those choosing the military profession as a career.

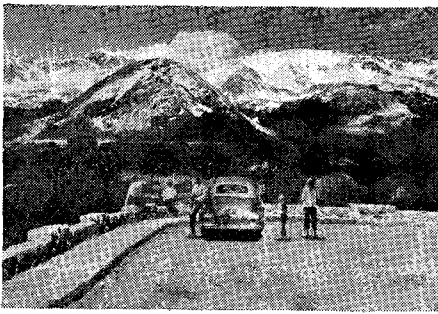
With each passing year the French Military Academy has been having increasing difficulty filling its annual quota of cadets. Nor is this all. The famed École Polytechnique, for example, which before the war used to provide the French army with from 100 to 150 engineers and artillery officers every year, last year furnished exactly eleven.

Government by evasion

Elsewhere in the national picture the situation was hardly brighter. Thanks to a hermetic system of protection which has pampered French industry and discouraged the introduction of more rational and efficient methods of production, the cost of most French goods is so high as to make them incapable of meeting competition on the international market. The result of this has been a chronic deficit in foreign trade.

In addition, the budgetary deficit was reaching an all-time high. Last year it was 727 billion francs, or about 20 per cent of the budget. This year, despite the efforts of Finance Minister Edgar Faure to bring it down to 650 billions, it is expected to exceed 850 billion francs. In part this was due to the increase in credits needed to strengthen France's army in the Far East after the setbacks of last spring. But only in part. Equally responsible was the unwillingness of Premier Joseph Laniel, for fear of treading on too many toes, to grant Faure the budgetary compressions that he demanded.

In this Laniel was acting true to form. Not in a long time has France had a government less capable of governing effectively or more amenable to the diverse pressures of butchers, bakers, millers, wine-growers, distillers, farmers, beet-root refiners, and other lobbyists. Insignificant as an orator, Laniel



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will be remembered more for his unusual silences than for his interventions. In forty-nine weeks in office this stubborn Norman linen manufacturer seems to have had one *idée fixe* — to outdo the record for ministerial longevity set in 1948 and 1949 by Henri Queuille. But even here he failed — by a margin of six weeks.

Under his uninspired leadership French government became more disjointed and chaotic than ever, with the inevitable corresponding increase of bureaucratic tyranny in the administrative departments. In just short of one year of office its only achievements were tergiversations, postponements, and catastrophic compromises on all major political issues in France.

It is little wonder, therefore, that for such a government Marshal Juin, that *enfant terrible*, should have shown open disrespect and that François Mauriac, the dean of French Catholic writers, should have started a polemical offensive against it in the columns of the Paris weekly, *L'Express*, which has become the mouthpiece for the new generation in France who want to see a change.

Beuve-Méry, the editor of the influential *Le Monde*, wrote at the time of the "Juin crisis" in early April: "It is from the inexperience and disorder of democracies that dictatorships are born. . . ." Predicting that the inevitable "renovation" of the French nation would one day be accomplished, either by an upsurge in the democratic system or by the installation of a dictatorship, he concluded that, whatever happened, "the French will soon have to change their style of life."

Lone wolf of French politics

It was to bring about the long-awaited and necessary change in the style of life of his countrymen that Pierre Mendès-France assumed the heavy responsibilities of office on June 18 of this year. For such an opportunity this lone wolf of French politics had spent nine years in ministerial exile, refusing, ever since he left De Gaulle's Cabinet in April, 1945, to accept a post in any of the successive postwar governments that have systematically preferred policies of facility to the solutions of austerity demanded by Mendès-France to put the nation on its feet again.

The first thing he did was to present President Coty with the list of a new, streamlined Cabinet of sixteen Ministers and thirteen Secretaries of State, a reduction of nine from the previous ministry. This was the youngest Cabinet to have been formed since the war. Its average age was exactly that of the new Prime Minister himself — forty-seven.

It was a characteristic act of a man whose whole life has been a bit that of an infant prodigy. He was the youngest man in France to have joined the Paris bar when he started law practice; the youngest deputy to have been elected to the Chamber of Deputies when he entered the French Parliament as a Radical Socialist in May, 1932; and the youngest member of the government when he became Undersecretary of State for the Treasury in the second Cabinet of Léon Blum in March, 1938. Mendès-France just missed being the youngest Premier of the Fourth Republic — an honor held by his party colleague, Edgar Faure, who was forty-three when he became Premier in 1952.

The appeal to the people

Well aware of the fact that his strength lies, not in the ranks of the seasoned, lobby-pressured politicians of the Assembly, but in the undisciplined, inchoate masses of the country, Mendès-France lost no time in addressing himself to the nation over the heads of his fellow Assemblymen. On the very evening of his investiture, he went on the air with the first of a series of Saturday night broadcasts which are as revolutionary an innovation in French politics as were Franklin Roosevelt's "fireside chats" some twenty years ago.

Simultaneously, to keep abreast of the tortuous negotiations in Geneva in his newly assumed role of Foreign Minister, he ignored the traditional home of French Premiers at the Hôtel Matignon in the fashionable Faubourg St. Germain, and moved himself and a flock of bustling young advisers into the normally staid and placid offices of the Quai d'Orsay.

While all these moves testified to the new Premier's determination to galvanize the stifled energies of the nation, it was obvious from the start that he could not afford to break completely with the traditions of the past and still hope to keep his place before

an easily dissatisfied and "ungovernable" Assembly. Mendès-France was therefore careful to emphasize that his long-talked-of plan for renovating the national economy would need some time to bring its first effects, and should not be considered an immediate panacea to all of France's economic ills.

In giving himself four weeks to negotiate peace in Indochina, he was not just taking a colossal gamble. He was showing himself an astute political realist. He wanted thereby to repeat the maneuver successfully pulled off on June 10 by Anthony Eden when he extracted the first concessions out of the Communists at Geneva by abruptly announcing that the participating parties might as well pack their bags and go home, if no one was prepared to make further sacrifices on the altar of peace.

In effect Mendès-France was telling Moscow and Peiping that here was their chance, but that if they deliberately dragged out the negotiations, the French people would be awakened to their duplicity and public opinion would solidify behind a right-wing government which would no longer be prepared to meet them halfway and which would openly seek the intervention of the United States in the Indochinese conflict.

Furthermore, by promising to resign if he could not obtain the peace he sought, he was protecting himself in advance against having to accept responsibility for carrying on a war that, as vociferously as any deputy in France, he has denounced for years.

Compromise on EDC

It was political realism again which dictated his bold announcement that he would seek a compromise on the controversial issue of the European Defense Community, which more than anything else has poisoned the atmosphere of contemporary French politics. For the fact is that a pro-EDC majority in France had ceased to exist in April, when 59 out of 106 Socialist deputies and all 6 of the Radical Socialist Ministers in the Laniel government had come out against EDC.

In seeking a compromise, Mendès-France was out to avoid an outright rejection of EDC, which would prove a catastrophe for France, for Europe,

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If they were faithful to these instructions, could the Apostles have neglected preaching Confession and Penance from the very beginning of their ministry? They and their disciples went everywhere proclaiming the doctrine given them by Christ, establishing churches, and appointing bishops and priests upon whom they conferred the same authority.

Christ was not speaking in parables when He said: "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained" (Matt. 16:19). No words could be plainer. And the subsequent actions of the Apostles leave no doubt that they understood exactly the responsibility and the authority vested in them.

The writers of the Church, whose testimony bears witness to the traditional belief and practice from the earliest days of Christianity, insisted on Confession as the necessary means of regaining God's favor. They tell us that Confession was made, not to laymen but to priests who exercised the power of forgiving sins by virtue of Christ's commission. Origen and St. Cyprian in the second century; Pacian and Aphraates in the third, and St. Chrysostom and St. August-



tine, in the fourth, all left historical testimony of the acceptance of the Sacrament of Penance by the first Christians.

For 1,500 years, the faithful of all Christendom confessed their sins to a priest, just as Catholics still do the world over today. And every Catholic, whether he be the ruler of a nation or the humblest of men, must be truly repentant and must confess his sins if he wants God's forgiveness.

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and for the world. By making General Koenig his Defense Minister, he succeeded in astutely lining up behind him the majority of the Gaullists, who have long suspected him of being an appeaser. At the same time, in promptly consulting Marshal Juin, he got the professional opinion of the army in order to browbeat the Socialists and the Popular Republicans into accepting the lightening of the top-heavy parliamentary control of the original EDC project.

But Mendès-France was under no illusions as to the difficulties such a policy faced. Shortly before his accession to office, a Communist deputy had defined them clearly in the corridors of the Assembly: "We are counting on the French Nationalists to reject the odious amalgam of EDC, and once this risk is averted, we are counting on the reasonable men of the center to reject the unilateral rearmament of Germany." Mendès-France's tremendous task was to pilot an amended EDC project between the Scylla of French ultranationalism and the Charybdis of anti-German Europeanism.

But Mendès-France's greatest challenge was presented by the link connecting the war in Indochina and EDC in Europe. For the past year Russia's Ambassador in Paris, Sergei Vinogradov, and members of his staff had been intimating obliquely to the French that "we shall help you to get peace in Indochina, if you agree to kill EDC."

At Berlin, Georges Bidault denounced this diabolic "planetary bargain" as one that he would have no part of. In this stand he was warmly supported by Mendès-France in the great debate on Indochina which took place on March 9. But now, having stepped into Bidault's shoes, Mendès-France found himself facing the same terrible dilemma: How could he get peace in Indochina without throwing the EDC overboard?

Just twelve days after his assumption of office, the Communist *Humanité* sounded an ominously significant note. The Communists, wrote Pierre Courtade, had cast their votes for Mendès-France to make peace in Indochina and also to scuttle the EDC. "The fact is," he wrote, "that France does not need the 'authorization' of Mr. Dulles to conclude peace

in Indochina, and that she can, by displaying a resolute opposition to the renaissance of a revengeful *Wehrmacht* in any form, impose a complete revision of Anglo-American policy in Western Europe."

Mendès-France gambles

In making the trip to Berne to talk things over with Chou En Lai soon after assuming power, Mendès-France was banking on a divergence of aims between Moscow and Peiping. This was the really great gamble he was making. Inasmuch as Soviet Russia can intervene in Indochina only through the intermediary of China, it was the task of French diplomacy to try to persuade Chou En Lai that it was to China's interest to have peace in Indochina.

An endless prolongation of the conflict, Mendès-France argued, can only be to the interest of Russia, which desires to keep France's army bogged down in the jungles and rice fields of the Orient, in order to hinder her military build-up in Europe. Is it not, after all, in the interest of China, he reasoned, that Russia should find herself preoccupied on her European front, so as to be less disposed to intervene in Asiatic affairs?

It is a subtle argument, and the Chinese are subtle diplomats. Behind the bland impassivity of Peiping's representatives at Geneva the diplomats of the Quai d'Orsay hoped to detect faint signs of a secret sympathy for this suggestion. All the more so inasmuch as peace in Indochina, followed soon by nation-wide elections, would certainly hand that country over to the Vietminh.

In France's present desperate fix, the price of strength in Europe is withdrawal in the Far East. This has been the issue all along. No one in France has understood it better than Pierre Mendès-France. "To govern," he has often said, "is to choose." It was his hard lot, in finally assuming office, to have to choose between two incompatible alternatives: strength in the Far East or strength in Europe. Most Frenchmen feel that it will continue to be an impossible choice for any French government, until Washington understands that America can expect France to be a pillar of strength in Europe only by assuming the burdens France can no longer shoulder in the Far East.



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Underpublicized, yet vital to national defense and the American economy, the natural gas industry has achieved in a few short years a dramatic record of phenomenal growth and engineering accomplishments. Here's the story, for Atlantic readers, by Gardiner Symonds, whose company was the first to tap the rich Gulf Coast area and transport its gas to the fuel-hungry East.

NATURAL GAS

From nature's stepchild to national treasure

by GARDINER SYMONDS

President, Tennessee Gas Transmission Company

Since the beginning of time, perhaps five billion years, natural gas has been waiting for man to use it. Primitive people feared and worshipped the "eternal flame" as a wild spirit. Only the Chinese, some 2000 years ago, saw a practical use for these burning jets of gas escaping from the earth's fissures. But even they restricted its use to drying salt. And until relatively recent years it was despised as a nuisance by oil drillers who burned and wasted it.

But in the last quarter century natural gas has come into its own. Today, this "stored sunshine" is an authentic, modern miracle revolutionizing the habits of the American people. Though lighter than air, its consumption in homes and industry last year was equal in weight to more than twice the 106 million tons of steel produced in the United States. And its $8\frac{1}{2}$ -trillion cubic feet of marketed production yielded six times as much energy as the entire electrical industry, enough to manufacture the total output of automobiles for twenty-one years at the current annual rate of production.

Cleaner, hotter, more efficient and requiring no storage by consumers, natural gas not unreasonably is called the perfect fuel. Some 21 million families use it to heat their homes and provide their automatic hot water, to cook and refrigerate their food, to power their air conditioners, and to fuel their laundry dryers and incinerators. Consumers turn it on and off like a water tap, eliminating all problems of delivery, handling and waste disposal. Most important, a dependable, year-round supply is assured. Natural gas likewise has become the indis-

pensable industrial fuel with some 25,000 different uses. Uniformity and ease of control have made it a necessity in a vast number of operations, ranging from the manufacture of steel, glass and machine tools to the production of textiles, plastics and paint.

In addition, heavy hydrocarbons are recovered in a process that both improves the gas as a fuel and yields valuable by-products such as natural gasoline, ethane, propane and butane. These are used in the form of "bottled gas" for rural and suburban homes, as an ingredient in motor fuel, and in the burgeoning petrochemical industry, which produces 25 per cent of the nation's chemical products. Finally, such commercial customers as hospitals, stores, laundries and restaurants have elected natural gas their preferred fuel. Ninety-five per cent, for example, of the 65 million meals served daily in public dining rooms are cooked with gas.

How Nation's Fuel Habits Changed

Obviously, natural gas has mounted to a high rung on the ladder of consumer preference. A half century ago, natural gas furnished only an inconsequential 3.3 per cent of the nation's mineral fuel energy. During the following twenty years it barely held its own in proportion to other fuels. By 1920 its percentage had edged up to just 4 per cent.

A vast change has taken place since then. In a generation, the volume of natural gas used in America has increased eight-fold. Today it supplies approximately one-fourth of our mineral fuel energy. Still more dramatic has been the



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accelerated growth since the start of World War II. Beginning with 1942, the volume of natural gas used in the nation has almost tripled, its percentage of the nation's mineral fuel energy has doubled, and its expansion has been at a faster rate than that of any other fuel.

The gains of natural gas meant losses by some other fuel. Coal has borne the brunt. In 1900, coal furnished more than 90 per cent of America's mineral fuel, with gas and oil providing comparatively minute quantities. In the early 1920's oil started to grow and recently dethroned coal as the leader. During recent years, natural gas has played the star role in rate of growth. Today, the rankings stand: petroleum 42 per cent; coal 34 per cent; natural gas 24 per cent. This trend underlines a recent prediction by an eminent petroleum economist that "natural gas may surpass coal within five years and in time challenge oil for supremacy as our leading source of energy."

Early Growth of Natural Gas Slow

The nation's first producing natural gas well was dug 133 years ago into the bank of a creek in western New York state. The bored-log pipes used at that first gas well gave way in the late 1800's to wrought iron pipes with screw couplings. These sufficed for the pipeline systems which spread through the Appalachian area from wells in Pennsylvania and West Virginia — leading natural gas producing states until 1923. Steel replaced wrought iron about 1900 where high pressures were involved, but natural gas transmission was still in its infancy, serving only local or regional needs.

Two new developments in the late 1920's set the stage for the great industry growth of later years. Improved metallurgy produced large diameter, thin-walled pipe strong enough to withstand great pressures. Techniques of electrically welding pipe sections together were introduced, making welds stronger than the parent pipe.

These innovations, and the discovery of the great Panhandle (Texas) and Hugoton (Kansas and Oklahoma) gas fields, led to construction of several major transmission pipelines to Midwest population centers and to Denver, in the late 1920's and early 1930's.

Depression Decade and Gas Flaring

In spite of inauspicious economic conditions, the natural gas industry moved ahead at a mod-

erate rate from 1930 to 1940, gaining about one trillion cubic feet in annual consumption. But gas flaring remained a widespread practice. Natural gas produced with oil was still providing sensational displays at wells far from markets, rather than delivering the fabulous energy of which it was capable when properly harnessed. Oil men of our Southwest partially utilized it in pressuring oil to the surface, but wells found to contain only gas often lacked accessible markets and meant a serious financial loss to the drillers. The gas from wells in which it was mixed with oil was piped a safe distance from the source, ignited, and burned as the oil was produced.

This flaring practice, which over the years constituted one of the most prodigal wastes in our national history, was not an arbitrary or negligent act. Behind it lay the hard economic fact that the sales price of gas did not pay the expense of gathering, since no practical method existed to convey it to distant markets. The development of long-distance pipelines dramatically altered this picture and transformed vast volumes of oil-well gas from a nuisance into a national treasure.

The War Years

The triggers that set off the rapid wartime and postwar growth were the shortage of gas and other fuels, and the sharp escalation of the price of other fuels. By war's end, the public had become impatient with such shortages and interruptions. When people discovered that natural gas was not only generally more economical than most other fuels, but also was cleaner and readily adaptable to automatic operation, they clamored for it. There have been waiting lists ever since.

By 1943, it was estimated that more than 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas was waiting to be produced and marketed. Most of this gas, however, was in the Southwest, while the fuel-hungry markets were hundreds of miles away particularly in the densely populated and industrial North and East. Gas transmission on a new scale was needed. From the Gulf Coast of Texas and Louisiana a parade of long-distance pipelines fanned out to the Northeast, spreading across the continent as the soul and sinew of the natural gas industry. These pipelines linked supply and demand to make possible the conservation of an important national resource.

Tennessee Gas Growth Typical

An example of this was the Tennessee Gas Transmission Company's original pipeline, first

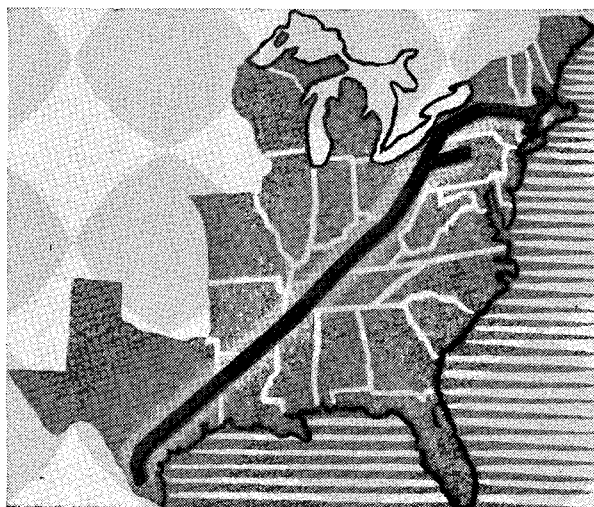


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link in its present multiple-line 2200-mile system — the nation's longest. This 1265-mile pipeline to West Virginia was built in eleven months during the war to meet a War Production Board deadline. It was the first cross-nation pipeline to tap the rich Gulf Coast deposits of natural gas, making them available to market. Following suit, some seven other major pipelines have been built from the Gulf Coast to the North and East.

Every year since Tennessee Gas went into operation has been one of expansion. Its system capacity in ten years has grown seven-fold, from 200 million cubic feet per day originally to one and one-half billion daily. The twenty-seventh compressor station, being completed this year to compress and push the gas stream along the system, compares with seven original stations.

Starting deep in Texas at the Mexican border, its pipeline system sweeps northeast across ten states and skirts Canada at Niagara Falls en route to New England. There, its lines extend into four more states. To gas distributing companies along



the way, this "wholesale" system delivers the fuel equivalent of more freight than is transported by many of the country's largest railroads. System pipeline mileage has been multiplied to 8,000 by extensions to new areas and by "looping," the industry term for building pipelines parallel to the existing system.

The growth of Tennessee Gas pipeline mileage is representative of that of the transmission industry. By 1953, total mileage of natural gas pipelines of all kinds larger than service lines aggregated 394,000 miles, more than the length of all the railroads in the country.

Inherent Efficiency of Pipelines

The expansion in the past ten years has brought natural gas recognition as probably the nation's fastest growing industry. That trend is expected to continue, with transmission especially having great growth possibilities. A major reason for this is that the pipeline is the low-cost, efficient transporter of fuel for any distance, but especially for long distances. It represents the continuous system of transportation in its most advanced form. Once laid and in service, a pipeline needs comparatively little labor for its operation. Less than 10 per cent of the total operating costs of Tennessee Gas are for labor, for example. This compares with some 65 per cent for railroads, and more than 60 per cent for coal mining. Nor does usage wear a pipeline out. By comparison, other media are subject to wear and tear including friction, jarring and jolting.

Pipeline transportation continues, beyond the reach of weather, 24 hours per day, every day of the year. Boosted forward at compressor stations spaced along the pipeline, the gas flows continuously to market at a 20-mile-an-hour average pace. This continuity of service is a key factor in the gas industry's future. But growth will be of a different character than in the past, when expansion came largely by extension of pipelines to new areas previously not served. This race for franchise territory appears about over. Thus future growth will be in depth: the addition of new customers in markets now served along with new services for existing gas users. The largest potential lies in expansion in the house heating field, but cooking, air conditioning, and other gas services will add customers in substantial numbers.

The New York metropolitan area is an example of such a growing domestic heating market. To serve new house heating customers there, it is estimated that each year for the next ten years an additional 150 million cubic feet per day will be needed. For the nation, it is estimated that approximately 2.2 million additional families will heat with gas during each of the next three years.

Underground Storage

House heating is seasonal with very high demand in winter and none in summer. This has posed the problem of how to integrate system operation with varying peak demand conditions and still obtain maximum efficiency and economy. It is being solved through an ingenious engineering activity: underground storage.



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Depleted gas fields located near consuming areas are ideal gas savings banks. These subterranean storehouses, usually porous-bearing sand under rock-dome covers, are painstakingly checked and sealed to make sure they will again hold gas under pressure. In summer unneeded gas is pumped into them from main lines, to be withdrawn in winter as needed to bolster the regular supply from the pipeline. This enables pipeliners to transport gas year around at economical near-full system capacity. It also assures further economies by eliminating the need for additional pipeline capacity that would be used only in winter and whose cost would be reflected in increased fuel bills. Most of all, underground storage provides a way of alleviating midwinter fuel shortages.

In the Tennessee Gas storage program, for example, five underground storage fields are projected. They will have some 77 billion cubic feet of top storage gas, giving the company an added peak-day deliverability of some 770 million feet per day for 100 sustained days in winter. In terms of equivalent aboveground storage, it would take 38,500 of the conventional tank type gas holders of 2 million cubic feet capacity to match our proposed underground facilities — enough, if placed side by side, to completely cover Manhattan Island from the Battery to the Bronx and from the Hudson to the East River. For every dollar the company will invest in this storage, three dollars would be required to achieve the same peak-day capacity by building more main lines from producing areas.

As a collateral project to this storage program, Tennessee Gas has applied for and contemplates completing a 1000-mile five-state pipeline loop tying into these vaults. It will bring an improved, more flexible gas supply to metropolitan New York and other eastern areas.

Gas Reserves Growing

The nation is fortunate in being assured of adequate, long-range supplies of gas already located and proven. According to leading geologists and engineers, proved recoverable reserves in 1953 rose to 211.4 trillion cubic feet, enough for about twenty-three years at present consumption rates even if no more were discovered. Expert opinion believes we have over twice the present reserve total in the United States alone, with some 200 trillion cubic feet more in western Canada. Mexico also has plentiful reserves waiting to be tapped for export. The depth of the rich Texas and Lou-

isiana Gulf Coast sediments are still only one-third explored; the area and potential of their offshore tidelands is thought to exceed anything comparable on land. Development of these marine structures, recently opened to leasing by the state and federal governments, is being stepped up. Significantly, each year since official reserve studies have been made, new discoveries and revisions of previous estimates of known U. S. reserves have exceeded the consumption by far, just as in the case of oil.

Tennessee Gas is strategically located with respect to reserves. The system not only splits the Gulf Coast producing area on land but also skirts the tidelands and touches the doorsteps of both Mexico and Canada. Ten years ago the company began with a twenty-year contracted supply for the 200 million cubic feet daily throughput of its pipeline. Now, ten years and 2.3 marketed trillion cubic feet later, it still has more than a twenty-year supply at $1\frac{1}{2}$ billion cubic feet daily, and its contracts permit it to withdraw up to 3 billion cubic feet each day. The reserve picture for generations to come is most promising in terms of its ability to meet mounting demands for its fuel.

Enlightened Regulation Needed

As important as any other factor in the future progress of this nationally vital industry is fair regulation by the governmental bodies given that duty by law. Enlightened regulation by the Federal Power Commission, the key agency in natural gas matters, the long look, and some industrial statesmanship are needed. The common phrase "fair rate of return" should be construed to mean not only fair to the consumer but equally fair to the potential investor. His money must be forthcoming if facilities are to be built to take people off waiting lists and put them on the end of gas lines.

The industry's past is replete with accomplishment. What then lies ahead for natural gas, which has grown from small and even mysterious beginnings to become the mighty sixth-ranking business in the nation today?

Its pipe dreams of yesterday have become its pipelines of today. In each postwar year it has climbed to new peaks. Based on a solid expanding market and a proved ability to meet its needs, the industry can see before it only an unlimited vista of greater progress and public service.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"A Workable Farm Policy"

SIR:

Our wholly admirable Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, in his article entitled "A Workable Farm Policy" (July *Atlantic*), observes: "The per capita consumption of wheat has been declining for a number of years." He might well have added that for the year 1950-51 the consumption of flour in all farinaceous foods in the United States amounted to 170 pounds per capita. Switzerland consumed 246 pounds, France 278 pounds, and Italy 371 pounds. It is obvious that if, instead of sending our wheat surplus to the storage warehouses, we had consumed it in the proportions usual in Europe we should have no surplus problem at all.

Mr. Benson delicately suggests that if we ate one more slice of bread per person each day, an additional 100 million bushels of wheat a year would be consumed. He probably has no wish to embark on a controversial discussion as to why we Americans are not eating that additional slice.

The reason is that our commercial bread is so poor that it is more and more the national habit to neglect it as a staple food. Our commercial bakers, instead of seeking to provide the delicious hearth-baked breads of Europe, prefer to delude the buyer with a hygienic paper wrapper concealing a mechanically sliced pan-baked loaf. Instead of giving us the color with which nature endowed our wheat, they prefer to employ a ghastly white bleached flour. Instead of sending us the baker boy every morning with a crisp, crusty hearth-baked loaf, they prefer to add a mysterious chemical to postpone the aging or spoiling

of the loaf they do supply. Is it any wonder that one of my correspondents in Maine writes: "I would just as soon eat fog"?

The American bakers should wake up to the inviting opportunity to double the volume of their business.

ROBERT P. SKINNER
Belfast, Me.

SIR:

Mr. Benson's scholarly article on the farm situation was not without interest. But his realistic and factual approach fails to touch upon the fact that lowered farm prices are not doing away with surpluses. Eggs at 26 cents for Grade A Large locally are not moving much faster into consumer channels than last year at 40 and 50 cents to the producer. Hens at 8 cents per pound have not produced a flurry of sales. Cutter cattle at 6 and 7 cents at South St. Paul have not suddenly made beef stew the most common article of food on American tables. Mr. Benson's forced reduction of butterfat — the largest source of income in this vicinity — did not rush the housewife to the grocer. In fact the forced reduction of dairy products to the producer has made scarcely a ripple on the price the housewife has to pay.

Here in the Midwest, except for grains which are still government-protected, prices to the farmer, compared with what we must pay, are about at the level of 1934, when, if you remember — so many have forgotten — we were pulling ourselves by our bootstraps from a depression. To consider all the people, what about the 135,000 men unemployed in Detroit and the many farmers who

would buy a new car if they could sell their farm products for enough to pay for one?

Mr. Benson does not mention the fact that the government spends the taxpayers' money for butter on one hand and then, "in order to save the taxpayer money," buys oleo to feed the armed forces while butter owned by that same government rots in its warehouses. Nor does he mention that same government's opportunity to dispose of this surplus in trade with Russia but its failure to do so.

MRS. ZOLA A. GRONDAHL
Staples, Minn.

"Churchill Was Right"

SIR:

Hanson Baldwin's "Churchill Was Right" in the July *Atlantic* raises two major questions in my mind.

First — and the less important of the two — of what constructive value is it to show that one opinion or another, voiced before an event, turned out, in fact, to be correct? The only point that could be inferred is that henceforward the viewpoint of the "right" person should be accepted without question.

Second, is there not, with Mr. Baldwin and with all the rest of us, a marked tendency to attach far too much significance to the acts, the sayings, the prognostications, and the executed instruments of individuals? Even official individuals?

In support of my implied affirmative answer, may I point out that Mr. Baldwin indicates that Soviet Russia is now in Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, East Germany, and several other places, largely because Roosevelt or Truman said it was O.K. for Soviet

Russia to take those countries. Yet Soviet Russia is also now in China, Indochina, Korea, and bids fair to be in several more places, both by relatively peaceful means and by warfare — by whatever means necessary — without the O.K. of either of these men — even in spite of the active resistance of one or both of them. Does that not indicate that the O.K. of Roosevelt or Truman is not very significant in determining where the Soviet Union will, or will not, attempt to advance?

ROBERT LOVELACE
Delray Beach, Fla.

SIR:

Hanson Baldwin has written an arresting article. Too bad the article itself wasn't arrested at two critical stages.

For Mr. Baldwin offers no factual review of the American war plans or political purposes. F.D.R., H.S.T., Ike, and George C. Marshall are mentioned only in passing. Their thoughts are tacitly discharged as approaching the whimsical. But this is only a minor criticism.

As to Churchill's "Balkan Front," we may ask about the consequences of it more firmly but with less assurance than Mr. Baldwin does. Had the U.S. and Britain invaded Europe through its "soft underbelly"; had troops occupied Central Europe, would the cold war have been avoided, delayed, stimulated?

Would the invasion have been a success? Or would the Russians have driven farther than some people assume? To Paris? Who knows? Yes, who knows? — because the answers are deep in an event that never happened.

ROBERT E. O'BRIEN
Oak Park, Ill.

SIR:

The Roosevelt Administration — perhaps somewhat naïve — hoped, as Churchill is hoping now, to gain the coöperation of a people we might have to fight should coöperation fail. Its hopes did not materialize. But Roosevelt and Truman, I believe, were determined that, should the Grand Alliance fail, the blame should clearly rest where it belonged, on the Soviet Government. This moral advantage has been of considerable aid in our efforts toward free world — and particularly Western world — integration.

One should also not forget that American public opinion in 1945, with

friendly thoughts about Stalingrad and Sevastopol coupled to an earnest desire to "bring the boys home," would have been hard pressed to agree to Churchill's policy, much less the possible consequences in a new war. We met the Russians 60 per cent of the way, and when they asked for 100 per cent we stiffened and took a more realistic, but disappointingly grim, view of our Russian policies with the support of the American people and most of the free world.

RICHARD WILSON
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

"The Horsepower Race"

SIR:

In the article entitled "The Horsepower Race," by Eugene Jaderquist in the June *Atlantic*, I believe the author has missed the point. I wonder if he has ever had the experience of driving mile after mile behind a huge truck-trailer which was cruising at its own top speed, say 50 m.p.h. Our so-called first-class highways are mostly two-lane affairs, and even with normal weekday traffic, one must have an awfully good chance if he is ever to get by such a rig. The popular low-priced car is fast, make no mistake about that, but at 50 m.p.h. its acceleration is so poor that passing the big commercial transport may take half a mile of clear road. Here's where horsepower really earns its salt.

Horsepower alone, however, can't be the answer. Were it so, Chrysler would be outselling its competitors. But horsepower together with other important design features, such as are incorporated in the modern transmission, may mean the difference between a sluggish automobile and one which is quick and lively. Horsepower offers speed only to the reckless driver, and he is going to drive at dangerous speeds until we educate him not to do so.

BENJAMIN BREWSTER
Birmingham, Mich.

SIR:

In his interesting article Mr. Jaderquist writes: "Comfort is mainly a

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matter of suspension and seat cushions, neither of which needs to be large in order to be soft." He should add — but it would kill his argument — "and neither of which is available in a small or sports car."

Why do so many Europeans buy, at a terrific cost, American cars, when they have such a wide choice of small cars? Simply because they have found that driving 600 miles in a sports car is, in spite of its thrills, a back-breaking affair; it may be fun at thirty, but at fifty it is an ordeal.

BERTRAND JAUNEZ
Papeete, Tahiti

I Personally —

SIR:

I send bouquets to the courageous June Johnson Caldwell ("Learn the Guitar," July *Atlantic*). I know Maestro J. Hubbadub well!

Being blessed with a quick-study type of mind (and a memory that won't serve me the length of a room), I was prepared, I thought, to fill those inevitable lulls at parties with entertainment of a singular sort (among our friends).

Also being blessed with musical talent, a couple of years at Juilliard, and the ability to sight-read rapidly, I envisioned myself as being greeted at the door with "Oh, Helen, you brought your guitar! How wonderful!" I just happened to have it with me, of course.

After a few weeks with Mr. Hubbadub, I decided the piano is my instrument after all. Neither Mr. Hubbadub nor my blessings helped in forming an F Major chord without incapacitating my left wrist for days. And to think my little boy wanted me to dance at the same time. (My husband found a handy exit.)

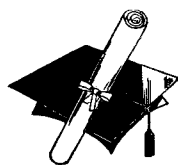
The dog liked it, though. He sang along, and I felt quite like a cowboy under the star-laden sky with coyotes on yonder hill.

HELEN R. SMITH
Great Falls, Mont.

SIR:

In the April issue you printed an *Atlantic* Report on Guatemala. As was foreseen in that report, the Communist government has begun its downfall. I compliment you on this very excellent report. I believe that it gives the present situation in Guatemala better than any other possible source.

LARRY PRATT
Hays, Kans.



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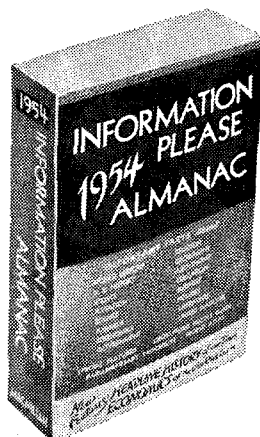
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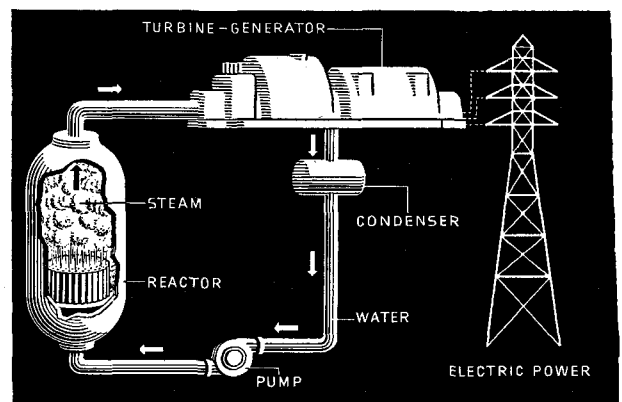
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WHEN RUSSIA IS READY

by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

WE WILL soon reach a point in the atomic race with Russia when, unless we become considerably more alert than we are, the supremacy in air-atomic power which to date has been ours will shift from us to Russia. The day is about to come when the Russians will have enough bombs and the aircraft with which to deliver them to make a sneak atomic attack on the United States which will destroy our major cities and most of our industry. The Russians are not likely to make such an attack unless they believe that at the same time and as part of the same assault they can knock out enough of our retaliatory Atomic-Air to make it possible for Russia to survive our enfeebled counterattack. So if we fail to build an air-atomic force which the Russians will fear to take on — and we well may — the supremacy in this absolute weapon will pass from us to them, no matter how many atom bombs we may have at the time.

We are moving relentlessly toward this date of absolute Russian air-atomic power, when they will have enough bombs and planes to destroy our cities, our industry, and, if we are not properly prepared, our ability to hit back. We should assume for the purposes of our national policies and planning that the Russians will reach this absolute point during the year 1956.

The Russians have and always will have one great advantage in the air-atomic race which we cannot take from them. This is the willingness — which they have and we do not — to make a sneak Pearl Harbor-type attack. Great as this advantage is, it can be beaten. The formula to beat it is to have a U.S. Atomic-Air so well defended and so overwhelmingly strong that the Russians would know that it could absorb a Russian sneak assault and then go on to destroy the Russian state in the counterattack. No one can stop the Russians from building the bombs and planes which will enable them to destroy our cities and industry in a sneak attack. We *can*, however, make it an act of national suicide for them to do it. But if we are to do this we need a radical change in our military policies and a searching restudy of our foreign policy.

We are coming to the end of a clearly defined first phase in the history of atomic weapons. We are about to enter another phase, in which conditions will be wholly different. In the first phase the United States was safe; the atomic bomb was a powerful asset in the American arsenal. In the second phase the atom bomb in the hands of the Russians will become a vital threat to our safety.

The moment it was certain that fission atomic weapons could be made, the military tactics and strategy which had been in use up to that time be-

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came obsolete and the power relationships of the nations were profoundly altered. This was not recognized at the time, and it is not fully understood even now when the fusion weapon — the terrible hydrogen bomb — has been invented and we are entering the time of atomic plenty, when atomic bombs of all kinds will be available to us and the Russians in great quantities.

We have been slow to realize how serious this Russian atomic threat will be, because during this Phase I — in which we still are — we have been far ahead of the Russians in air-atomic power. From the beginning of Phase I in August, 1945, until September, 1949, the United States alone had the atomic bomb. There was no reason for our fearing the Russians then.

There was not much more reason for fearing them after they did explode their first fission device in the autumn of 1949. A few bombs in the hands of the Russians were not a serious menace. But when the Russians reach the point of having enough bombs and enough airplanes to deliver them to destroy in a single sneak blow the cities and major industry of the United States, then we enter a new era, which I shall call Phase II.

2

DURING Phase I when we were ahead in the atomic race it would have been foolish for the Russians to attack us or to allow a situation to arise which would have led to general wars. The Russians were not foolish. They have conducted their foreign policy since 1945 with due deference to the air-atomic power of the United States. They have been difficult and truculent. They have allowed their Chinese Communist junior partner to be very aggressive in the Far East. But they have been careful not to allow any of their policies, irritating though they might be, to get near the point of producing general war with the United States.

We may expect the Russians during Phase II to be much more aggressive in their foreign policy, to be considerably more willing to risk war. They will know that we, the United States, will be less ready to take offense when we know that the destruction of our cities and our industry may be the result of our being too offended. And I fear also that when the fact of this Russian Phase II atomic power becomes generally known, it may have a damaging effect on the will to resist in some of the nations that are still free, and even possibly in the core of resistance to Communism, the NATO community.

This is why some men think of preventive war. Moral arguments lose their weight in the presence of a simple logic: to live under a threat of obliteration by the Russians, at a time of their choosing, is intolerable. The Russian Communist government is not likely to hesitate to blow us to pieces if

it thinks it would advance Russia's interests, nor will the Soviet government be deterred by the possibility of heavy losses in the course of the attack and of our counterattack; it is therefore wrong, immoral, the proponents of preventive war argue, for those whom we have elected to run the United States government to allow the country to be put in such a position; whereas if we should attack the Russians before they get their absolute power we could destroy this threat. Why do we hand the Russians this advantage of being the only ones who would strike first?

The fact is that we are handing the Russians this advantage, and I believe that we shall continue to hand it to them. I do not believe that the present Administration, or its predecessor, or any Administration that will succeed it, would or will make preventive war. Nor do I believe that any United States government, even when we have passed into this dangerous Phase II, will do anything but seek a peaceful solution with the Russians. I agree wholly with this attitude. It would, I believe, be a betrayal of our people if a government of this country were to do otherwise than its urgent best to avoid atomic war.

At a lower level of discussion, I add that preventive war is also wholly impractical. No first, or sneak, atomic attack by the Russians or by us, even before the Russians have their absolute power, can knock out wholly the other side's ability to strike back, unless the victim has been careless in his defensive preparations, which the Russians have not. The proponents of preventive war must therefore understand that if we take their advice we will have atomic bombs on American cities now, and in increasing numbers from now on, as well as on Russian targets. The phrase preventive war is a misnomer; the correct term is World War III. There are other practical objections, such as the fact that our air-atomic force is geared to NATO and cannot operate properly except as part of the NATO system — that is, with the agreement of our NATO allies.

We need, then, a new military strategy for Phase II. And we should start immediately to build the forces with which to carry out this strategy. Military strategy usually means how to fight a war. The new strategy of which I am speaking means something different. It means the organization of our U.S. military forces in such a way that the Russians will not dare use their air-atomic threat. The purpose of our new U.S. military strategy must be to concentrate with single-mindedness on preventing war from happening.

To do this the United States must build a U.S. Atomic-Air so well defended and so powerful in number and quality of its aircraft, missiles, and personnel that it can accept a Russian sneak attack and have enough power left over to go on to destroy the Russian state in the counterattack. It must

therefore be, *and it must be known to the Russians and to our allies to be*, overwhelmingly defended and overwhelmingly powerful against the best the Russians can put up.

But, it will be asked, is this new? Has not this been our policy since the end of World War II? Have we not always concentrated on the Strategic Air, even before the build-up of the U.S. military establishment which started in 1950? Did not Winston Churchill say, in 1948, before the NATO Defense Force was organized, that it was U.S. air-atomic power that was saving Europe from the Russian tyranny? And even after the Russians got the atomic bomb in September, 1949, they were respectful of the U.S. Atomic-Air; they were careful not to let their various moves against the free world or the aggressions of their junior partner China set off a general conflict. Has not the United States always kept ahead of the Russians in the air-atomic race; do we not now have and are we not planning for the future a Strategic Air of which the Russians are and always will be afraid? Why do we need to change our policies in any way, except to keep up to date with the changes in technology that are going on?

It is important to understand that we are not building the kind of overwhelming Strategic Air for Phase II which will make the Russians fear to make atomic war. If we continue to think that we now have or are building an Atomic-Air that will continue to keep the Russians and the Chinese under control in Phase II as we have done in Phase I, we will find ourselves in deep trouble. This complacency about our Atomic-Air is the greatest weakness in our defense planning.

The reason the Russians did not use their air-atomic power in Phase I was that they did not have it. They will have it in Phase II. The fact of great Russian air-atomic power compels our Strategic Air to a wholly new standard. In Phase I it was enough that our Air be able to deliver our stockpile of atom bombs against the opposition of an enemy ill prepared defensively, and with little offensive power. Now our U.S. Strategic Air will have to be overwhelmingly better than an enemy who will have concentrated the national effort of a great state on making its defenses as good as they can be and on building the best military and sabotage offensive it can to knock out by surprise our ability to counterattack, and who will have the bombs, the planes, and the missiles with which to obliterate our urban and industrial life.

There is no reason to be complacent about our ability to build a Strategic Air to this new and powerful level, or to think that we are now doing it. The standards of the Strategic Air for Phase II are much too low. If our Strategic Air is to be relatively so much stronger than the Russian Atomic-Air that the Russians will fear to attack, its absolute standards will have to be drastically improved.

The Russians cannot have thought seriously of a direct attack on the United States at any time during Phase I; they did not have enough atom bombs to do it. That is, they did not have enough atom bombs and planes, combined — as a Russian attack would be — with a fifth-column sabotage operation, to knock out the U.S. Strategic Air.

The U.S. Strategic Air thus did stalemate the embryonic air-atomic power of Russia, and her conventional military power as well, during this Phase I. Russia's use of military power so far has been vicarious. The Red Army has been inactive, and so too has the Soviet Long-Range Air Force. This is a fine achievement of the U.S. Strategic Air. But it was made possible more by the weakness of Russia than by the strength of the U.S. atom bomber fleet.

We took some chances in Phase I. The defense of the Strategic Air bases and of its fleet of counter-attacking planes was not as strong as it should have been. The base structure, especially, was weak. And at one time during the Korean War we denuded our air defenses almost entirely. But we cannot continue to take chances like this in Phase II.

There is only one standard of Phase I which must be continued into Phase II. That is the clear superiority of our Strategic Air over Russia's, both in bombs and in the means of delivery. The opposition to our bombers which the Russians will be able to put up in Phase II will be of a wholly different order from that of which they are now capable. The damage to our atomic force which the Russians will be able to do in their first blitz will be much greater. And the stakes of the struggle will change. As we come into Phase II the relative air-atomic strength of Russia and the United States may decide the survival or the destruction of the NATO alliance and the civilization of its members. The standards of the U.S. Strategic Air for this Phase II, in its defense and its offense, must be so much higher than those of the present as to make of it a force different in kind from what we have had.

In Phase I we have coasted on the strength of having first developed the bomb. The build-up of the Strategic Air which we made during Phase I was due in large measure to an extraneous event, the war in Korea. But now we are back where we cannot rely on external stimuli to make us do what we should to protect ourselves. Now we have no alternative but to anticipate the future, and to do what we know is necessary if we are to save ourselves.

3

THE Russians have shown that they are pointing toward some date in the near future which will be a peak of their air-atomic power. The great national effort they have put into their atomic program shows that their target date is near at hand. The pattern of their aircraft building shows the same

peaking, no doubt with the purpose of arriving at a high point in the number and quality of the long-range bombardment planes and missiles at the same time that they get the number of fission and hydro-bombs they want into their stockpile.

As World War II ended, the Russians started a great build-up of their air power. The program was to convert the 20,000 planes they had in their fighting units into first-class modern jet-driven aircraft. They started first to renovate their defensive airplanes, the interceptor aircraft, whose purpose is to knock down the attacking bombers. They gave us quite a shock. For after all our talk about the poor quality of Russian engineering, the Russian Air Force turned up with the MIG-15, a first-class interceptor, almost as good as our then best, the North American F86 Sabre jet. In some respects the MIG had better performance than the F86.

The Russian post-World War II long-range bombers had nothing like the same quality as the MIG. There were no planes in the Russian long-range fleet later and better than the TU-4, a copy of our now obsolete B-29, the big bomber of the war in the Pacific in World War II. Apparently the Russians, from 1945 to, say, 1950, were not interested in long-range bombers. This fits in with the theory that the Russians did not propose to make general war during Phase I — that is, until they got atomically ready. But they were interested in building their air defenses; not just the MIGs, but their radar systems and, soon after the MIG, a night-fighter interceptor capable of operating under all conditions of weather.

After the MIG the next high-class Russian jet to appear was a light bomber, the IL-28, a two-jet-engined plane as good as the British Canberra, the best in the NATO countries. This was more disturbing than the appearance of the MIG because the Soviet light bomber would be useful in ground attacks by the Chinese Communists in Korea or Indochina, or by the Russians in Europe. Still, there was the American Strategic Air, which the Russians knew would be used if they were to attack NATO, and at this stage of the Russian aircraft build-up they had no advanced type of long-range bomber to compare with their fine interceptors and light bombers. It seemed, at this point, if the pattern of Russian aircraft was a sure guide, that the Russians were not yet ready for a general all-out war with the United States and the other NATO countries. This comforting state of affairs was not to last long. For the Russians then started to build and renovate their Long-Range Air Force.

The reason is obvious. The bombs were about to come in to the Russian atomic stockpile in quantity. They therefore started to synchronize the bombers and the bombs, to build fine, fast, high-altitude, long-range jet aircraft of the modern type, comparable to the Boeing B-47s and B-52s which

are the best of our own long-range fleet. They apparently have these new bombers in production. On more than one occasion the Russians have said that they are working toward a rocket missile capable of carrying atomic warheads at supersonic speeds from Russia to targets in the United States. The Russians have been accurate about similar claims in the past. They really did get a fission bomb when they said they would. And they came up with a hydrogen device on the date that Molotov announced in advance. They may falsify history by claiming to have invented everything that ever existed, but they seem to regard the truth as a good tactic when they talk of their progress in the scientific revolution in armament.

The pattern in short is that the Russians are now synchronizing their atomic weapons with the necessary means of delivering them. The combination will give them their absolute air-atomic power.

4

IF WE try to guess what is in the Russian mind we shall, I think, reach these conclusions: first, that the Russians will not use their air-atomic power to destroy our cities and industry unless they think they can simultaneously knock out enough of the U.S. Atomic-Air to stop it from making an overwhelming counterattack on Russia; and second, that they are very busy working on a plan to do just that.

Here is where we in the United States are masters of our own fate. Because we will not start World War III, we cannot stop the Russians from reaching this level of absolute air-atomic power. But we can stop them from using it.

We may be sure that the Russians are working intensively on several plans of attack on the U.S. Atomic-Air. One plan is the direct military attack — physically to destroy it, or enough of it that the counterattack of what is left will not do vital damage to the Russian war machine and the Russian state. They would do this by a combination of direct air attack on the U.S. atomic planes and bases in the United States and in other countries and by a vast sabotage operation directed at the same targets, the two to strike simultaneously.

Another line of the Russians to break up the U.S. Atomic-Air is to create political difficulties among the NATO states with the result that the U.S. Strategic Air bases in the NATO countries will not be available to the U.S. Air on the day the Russians choose for their attack. The Russians are making good progress on this line.

And, possibly most important of all, the Russians are waiting watchfully for the United States to falter, to let its Atomic-Air fall to a point where the Russian defenses can take care of enough of the U.S. bombers to keep the blow to a level that Russia can accept. And, as part of this line, we

may be sure that the Russians are driving frenziedly to jump ahead of the United States in the scientific revolution, to rush their defensive electronics and defensive missiles ahead of our attacking bomber techniques, and to develop a ballistic rocket while we are still in the piloted-bomber stage — that is, to win the race for air-atomic power in the critical area of quality.

We can, I say, be masters of our fate about this. We can block the Russian plans. We can build our Atomic-Air to a level which will keep the peace in Phase II as it has in Phase I. Or we can fail.

If we let this battle for air-atomic supremacy go to the Russians, we will be in an intolerably weak position. The worst would be that the Russians, knowing they can knock out our Atomic-Air, will make an atomic blitz against us and our NATO allies. Those who argue that they will not — because they are winning the cold war anyway, or for some other reason — are dangerous counselors to listen to. But even if the Russians were to shrink from using their terrible power, their possession of air-atomic supremacy would be intolerable. Imagine a situation in which our survival was at the mercy of a decision of the rulers of Russia.

The NATO alliance would fall to pieces if the United States were to let the Russians win the race for air-atomic superiority. The United States would be back in its Fortress America, and the Fortress would not be very strong.

The first and indispensable step toward winning the race is to realize that we can lose it and that we shall lose it unless we make radical changes in our military planning. We are bemused by the ease with which we held our air-atomic superiority during Phase I. We must understand that the Russians were only warming up during Phase I and that the race starts for keeps only as we enter Phase II.

Unless we concentrate single-mindedly on combating the numerous Russian drives to break down our retaliatory air-atomic power, we will lose this race. I know that this requires the reversal of the main lines of our military thinking because it is rooted in the past and in the present — both of which are now out of date. We must have a totally different concept of the composition of our military forces than we now have. And it will be very difficult to have this concept because to have it we must look to a future and radically different set of conditions from those we have known and now experience. As things look now, we will not win this race with the Russians. In the interest of holding the NATO alliance and of our own immediate self-defense, we should get urgently busy to win it.

5

THE keystone of our strategy to nullify this Russian threat must be to block overwhelmingly the several avenues of attack on the supremacy of our air-

atomic power which the Russians are now planning. This calls for heavy increases in the defense of our Atomic-Air and a great build-up in our base structure and in the number and quality of the counterstriking planes and missiles of our retaliatory air-atomic force — both far beyond the inadequate Phase I standards in defense and offense we are now planning.

This would require the following major changes in policy: —

1. Remembering that the Russians must knock out a substantial part of our Atomic-Air before they dare use their own, we must improve our general air defense for the continental United States and for the rest of NATO territory so as to take a heavy toll of the Russian bomber stream before it can reach the bases of the Atomic-Air in the United States and abroad. The Russian direct attack on the Atomic-Air bases and planes would be from two sources: a bomber atomic attack with or without air-to-ground missiles (and, as science marches on, with intercontinental missiles) and an atomic attack from submarines by ship-to-shore missiles with atomic warheads.

The bomber atomic attack is now the most serious menace. To meet it we need a greatly improved air defense system, based on the principle of forward interception — that is, hitting the Russian bombers as far out from their U.S. targets as we can. We are now only sketching the beginnings of such a system.

2. We need a new structure of bases for the U.S. Air Force.

Bases are the most neglected part of the Air Force, its most vulnerable part. Bases always come last in the affection of the Air Force planner. First come the airplanes and the personnel. Far down the line are the bases without which the aircraft and the personnel are of no use. Here is the great opportunity for the Soviet to knock out the U.S. Strategic Air. We may be sure they have it in mind. We are disturbingly unaware of this critical weak spot. It is standard procedure in our military budgeting to cut the money for bases first, and to restore it last.

How the Russians must be counting on this! Even the bases in the continental United States are vulnerable, because there are too few of them and because individually they are not properly protected, granted the high importance of the Strategic Air equipment. A direct Russian attack, combined with a fifth-column sabotage operation, could take a dangerously high toll on our SAC bases unless we increase greatly the defense of them.

We could reduce the damage to the Strategic Air bases and planes in the United States from air attack and from sabotage to an acceptable level if we were to disperse our Strategic Air equipment by having more SAC bases in the United States and by building better dispersal facilities on each base, and

by bettering substantially the defenses of each base. This would call for underground installations for SAC airplanes and important supplies and for other devices to protect them against direct or sabotage attack.

The SAC bases abroad need even more improvement. Foreign bases for SAC will be indispensable during all this Phase II. We shall indeed have to have them as long as piloted aircraft are used to carry the atomic attack. The range of piloted aircraft will increase with the improvement in jet engines, in aircraft design, and in refueling techniques. Someday, not very late in Phase II, nuclear-powered aircraft with practically unlimited ranges should make their appearance. But chemically fueled airplanes already can go great distances with refueling. Several years ago an Air Force plane flew around the world nonstop. But distance affects the effectiveness of the attack. Even after wholly guided and ballistic missiles supplant piloted aircraft, intermediate bases will be valuable.

The present base structure abroad is inadequate for Phase II. It is vulnerable to Russian direct attack because it is not thick enough. It does not have enough concentric rings at various distances from the Russian bases so that U.S. planes may stage safely and be widely dispersed against the Russian concerted D Day effort to knock them out. And the bases are not protected as they should be by underground installations for planes, personnel, and fuel and other storage. Underground installations and wide dispersal are doubly important in foreign countries, where protection against sabotage and direct attack is much more difficult than in the United States.

3. Perhaps most important of all, there must be more emphasis and more money spent on research and development. We stand a good chance of losing the race for quality. We are subjectively vulnerable on this subject. We seem to be incapable of admitting, even after the masses of evidence that have poured in on us, that the Russians can equal us in quality. We confuse our ability to mass-produce with quality. The recent Russian claims of their jump to Phase III ballistic missiles should alert us to stop neglecting quality.

4. The quantity of the planes in the U.S. counter-attack must be overwhelming. We must assume a Russian air defense at least as advanced technically as that of the United States; we must take into account the probable damage which a concerted Russian direct and sabotage attack on our Atomic-Air bases, aircraft, and personnel would do; and then, allowing a margin for error, we should have enough planes and crews left over to overwhelm the Russian defenses and destroy the Russian state in the

counterattack. Our present plans are far short of this standard.

A Strategic Air such as this would be a wholly different force from that we are now planning. I have necessarily described it in general terms. It is, however, a difference between a force which would make it known to the whole world that the Russians would not dare start an atomic war and a force which by advertising weakness would encourage them to attack and would bankrupt U.S. leadership in the free world.

Numbers of wings in the Air Forces will not measure for the reader the true condition of our Strategic Air. For there are wings and wings. In the composition of the Air Force wing listing there are strategic wings, interceptor wings, fighter wings, and troop carrier wings. So it depends on what the wings are, and also on what the Russian defensive strength is. The all-important factor of quality is not revealed at all by the statement of the number of wings, nor is the condition of the base structure. That is one reason why they are so far behind.

The best, although imperfect, barometer by which the reader can judge whether a serious effort is being made to build a counterstriking Atomic-Air of the dimensions and quality proper for Phase II will be the dollars appropriated to the Air Force for New Obligational Authority each year. If this figure is below \$18 billion in any of the next four or five years (the figure for the current fiscal 1955 year being about \$12 billion) the presumption is almost conclusive that we are still not preparing for the terrible threat before us. If it is at \$20 billion, the reader can be almost sure that the Russians will not be able to use their new air-atomic power either to attack the free world or to bully it into surrendering its freedom. A few years of figures like that and the level-off annual cost could be lower.

An Atomic-Air like this is not all we need in our military establishment. But it is the keystone without which the other elements are useless. If we are to have it, we shall have to make it the Priority I of our military establishment; it must have the first call on the dollars available to the military services. Only when the needs of this retaliatory force are fully satisfied should we allocate money to other military tasks.

It will be hard to get this principle accepted and this force built, not because anyone is likely to deny that our national survival depends on our having it, but because tradition and the way the military services are organized under the Acts of Congress make it almost impossible to set up a system of priorities within the military establishment. And without a system of priorities, no really effective counterstriking Atomic-Air can be built.

This is the first of two articles which the Atlantic is privileged to draw from Mr. Finletter's forthcoming book, Power and Policy, to be published this fall by Harcourt, Brace. His second paper, "The Strength to Win," will be featured in the October Atlantic.



*A young English traveler and biographer, MICHAEL SWAN, now in his early thirties, free-lances where he pleases and writes about the people and places that invite his pen. He is the author of *Ilex and Olive*, a book descriptive of his peregrinations in France and Italy; of a short biography of Henry James; and of *Temples of the Sun and Moon: A Mexican Journey*, which has recently appeared in England. The portrait which follows was written in Spain, where he went in quest of new source material.*

LORCA'S GYPSY

by MICHAEL SWAN

I

FROM the red Moorish ramparts that dominate Granada from the Alhambra hill, we looked across to the slope of the Sacromonte, where the evening sunlight had begun to turn the smooth planes of the prickly pears into trembling mirrors, a silver-green setting for the patches of whitewash that patterned the hillside almost to the church of San Miguel on its summit. Nestling close to the two hills of the Alhambra and the Sacromonte lay Granada, narrow at the valley's end, broadening out across the great plain that was now bright green with young corn and red with rich, iron-laden earth. The sounds of the city itself didn't reach us, but from the Sacromonte we heard the click of castanets and the butter-pat sound of the rhythmic clapping for the dance — or sometimes an Oriental arabesque of notes as a gypsy practiced a *saeta* to be sung during the processions of Holy Week. It grew darker, and in the center of the patches of whitewash on the opposite hill appeared blocks of light; the candles had been lit in the gypsy caves and the Sacromonte was preparing for its nightly business of entertaining tourists with flamenco singing and dancing and a censored glimpse of gypsy life.

The gypsies settled on the Sacromonte some two hundred years ago, cut caves in the granite of the hill, and lived the life of pariahs. Each generation was taught to think of the gentile Spaniard — or *Busné* as they called him in their own language — as an enemy to be hated, to be stolen from at every opportunity, to be used cynically. It was towards the end of the eighteenth century that Spain decided to do something about its gypsy problem; laws were passed giving the gypsies the rights of citizenship and they were encouraged to give up their language and their distinctive, brilliantly colored clothes. But today, although few of the families of the Sacromonte are without a strain of Spanish blood, they have managed to remain a people

apart and to keep their own manner of thinking, speaking, and living. They still feel that all who are not gypsies are legitimate prey — and tourists are heaven-sent. Though you know that their desire to please is mercenary it has a form of sincerity, a passionate genuineness of its own. It is the same when they dance; their gestures and the movements of their bodies are sensual and passionate, they tumble their hair and flash their eyes.

In the moonlight we walked down the path to the trickle of the river Darro and across into the streets of the Monte itself, the gypsy quarter of the town. Our Spanish friend, Jaime, was taking us to see Lola Medina, the acknowledged queen of the hill. We climbed the zigzag path in the transforming light, past the simple wooden doors set in the white-washed rock and the dense plantations of prickly pear. Feeble candlelight came through the cracks in the doors and occasionally we heard the sound of singing — but we were on a part of the hill where the gypsies sing for their own amusement, far from the stretch of road dedicated to the tourists. We walked on until, at a lower level of the hill, we suddenly came to a different world. Instead of a primitive cave we found ourselves in front of a forged iron gate beyond which lay a flower-surrounded patio and a fountain on whose base were carved the initials L.M.

Jaime had spoken of "Lola's cave" and had told us nothing of iron gates and patios; he smiled at our surprise and said that if we looked closer we would see that what appeared to be a charming villa was, indeed, a cave. A servant opened the gate and we entered the patio. The walls were flat and white-washed; doors and windows were in the positions you would expect them to be, but above there was no neat roof of red pantiles, only a continuation of rough rock sloping up the hillside. We stepped through the doorway into a large whitewashed room

brilliantly lit by electric bulbs set in the center of a dozen shallow copper bowls; brass and copper pots of all sizes hung like metallic eyes on the granular surface of the walls and cupped the reflected light. The floor was made of terra-cotta tiles, some of them glazed and colored and bearing the names of famous men of Granada; Manuel de Falla, Pedro de Alarcón, Federico García Lorca. Above a simple chest six pairs of castanets hung from a rack, and above them a striking portrait of a gypsy dancer, inscribed "Lola Medina" in bold writing on the rose-madder skirt. It was of a woman in her early thirties, with a face of no great beauty but of a compelling strength.

Before I could look more closely at the portrait, our hostess entered from a side room and received us with no great show of interest — indeed with an almost regal condescension. She was dressed, not in gypsy clothes, but in a smart dress of clearest red that contrasted with her jet hair. From her face you knew that she was in her middle forties, but her figure was that of a rounded girl, and soon you knew that you could never tire of the play of her eyes or the swift kaleidoscope of her expressions. She spoke quietly in a singsong voice, and during the first half hour there was little temperament in her manner, and temperament was the one thing we had expected to find in her. It was cold in the cave and she asked us to join her at her *brazero*. It was a brass dish containing a burning log and placed beneath a round table from which hung a brightly colored cloth of heavy wool. Our legs went beneath the hangings of the cloth and soon the uninsistent heat traveled through our bodies.

"I put sandalwood or herbs on the *brazero* sometimes," said Lola Medina. "I love scented woods and when I'm alone and lonely I put all I've got on the *brazero* until the whole cave is a sea of scent, and I just lie there listening to music on the gramophone — music from the East, that's what I like best of all. My records of *Scheherezade* are almost worn away."

A small keg of brandy was at hand; and as we drank more and more of the pale red brandy of Paz Varela, the temperament began to appear. The long slim hands began to play an accompaniment to her speech; she laughed at her own jokes like the cut of a whip and banged the table and cried "*Qué pasa?*" when for a moment it seemed to her that the tension of the atmosphere had slackened. She decided that the two Englishmen would, after all, do, and told us that we were both her *novios*, her sweethearts. When we tried to express our pleasure without embarrassment she roared with laughter, cried "*Ole*" to our efforts, and cracked her fingers.

Lola Medina was born on the Sacromonte in a cave some two hundred yards from the one where she now lives. Her parents were poor and she never learned to read or write — her only education was

in the singing and dancing of flamenco. Her father had died when she was ten, and within a year her mother had been married again, to a man whom Lola grew to hate. Before she was thirteen she had left home and come to live in the cave in which we now sat — but in those days it had been a miserable hovel composed of only two small rooms furnished with a wooden chair and a mattress of dried leaves on the puddled earth. In the summer, water would ooze through the rock and drip into the earthenware pots that had always to be there; she had one flamenco dress and one petticoat, a privation she hated more than any other. She would wear the dress when the petticoat was drying from the wash and earn a few pesetas by dancing in the street for tourists; when it was dirty she would wash it and spend the day in the cave wearing no more than her petticoat. During the tourist season she could make enough to live on, but for the rest of the year her meals were usually a plate of chick-peas and a cutting of sugar cane. She hated her poverty and hated even more the thought that her neighbors should think she hadn't enough to eat. To show them that she ate as well as they she would collect eggshells from rubbish heaps and ostentatiously leave them on her own rubbish heap. This extreme poverty didn't last long; *Busnés* from Granada saw that she was no ordinary gypsy dancer, that she stood out among the rest as a subtle artist. She began to organize her own *zambras* of dancing for the tourists but, unlike Carmen Amaya, she never left the Sacromonte to dance in theaters. Hers was an intimate art, she knew, and the great spaces of a theater could never produce what flamenco singers and dancers call the *duende*, the pure creative fire that must come to them before they can give their all. Today Lola Medina has an odd position in the society of Granada. Her legend has spread throughout the town and highly colored stories about her abound; the gypsies themselves fear and reverence her, while her many *Busné* friends treat her like minor royalty.

2

It was during our walk back to the Alhambra hill from the Sacromonte that Jaime told us for the first time that Lola had known Federico García Lorca. The gypsies fascinated Lorca all his life, and the Sacromonte inspired much of his most popular book of poems, the *Romancero Gitano*. Night after night he would visit the hill and talk with the gypsies. Sometimes he would recite his poetry to a group of dancers and excite them to break into wild dances that would satisfy his own love of *duende*. Lola had been one of his closer gypsy friends and we decided that when we next went to the cave we would see what we could learn from her of Lorca. She had invited us to a party to celebrate her name day, the Feast of Dolores, and on the following

Friday evening we arrived at midnight to find the *zambra* well started, wine and cognac flowing and a riot of color where the *gitanas* sat in a semicircle round the guitarist and clapped the rhythm for *La Danza*.

Lola was dressed in her usual rose-madder with a red carnation above her ear — taken, she told us, from the bouquet we had sent her earlier in the day. She had been entertaining since noon; guitarists and accordionists from all over the hill had come to play in her honor, and friends and relations had called to wish her well and drink a glass of wine. *Fandango* followed *seguidilla*, and when anyone asked Lola herself to dance she would murmur that she would dance when the mood came over her. In the early hours of the morning the mood came and she began to take out the pins that held her hair in place; all knew what this meant and the room hushed. Lola moved to the middle of the floor and slowly began her dance, a dance of the hands, the arms, the upper part of the body and, almost above all, of the face, which she transformed into a series of tragic, ecstatic masks as the mood of the dance changed; the long hair fell over her face as her head came forward and she threw it back with a sudden toss. An animal eroticism pulsed through her body, the tempo increased and then, at a second, she drew her head back, her body ceased to move, and the music stopped in the middle, it seemed, of a sentence.

As soon as the dance had finished, Lola's face made an astonishing transformation from ecstasy to a kind of girlish shame, and as she sat down with us her hands went up to cover her cheeks. "I am sorry," she said. "When I dance, something comes over me, I can't help myself, a fire goes through me, it's like making love."

Some minutes later, when she had calmed down, we decided to introduce the subject of Lorca. "Federico!" she exclaimed. "You know of Federico! Do they know of him outside Spain as well?"

We told her his poetry was famous throughout the world, and after an incredulous glance she went on: "Then I will tell you something: in this very corner we are sitting in, Federico used to come to write his poems. That was when he was very young, perhaps eighteen or so, and nobody knew of him. I was thirteen then, when I first met him. He knew us all on the Sacromonte but I like to think he had a special fancy for me. He'd bring me sweets or money or food whenever he came, but he'd never just give it to me — always make me dance for my *regalito*. He loved asking questions — about my mother and father, how they'd treated me and what they said, stories about the family, what we gypsies thought about this and that, and he'd make me teach him words of our language, *Calé*. He'd go away often for months at a time but I always knew he would turn up again. I remember one lovely day when he took me to the fair at Loja

and we were both photographed with our heads pushed through screens that had been painted with crazy figures — and I put mine on a man's body and he put his on a woman's. And all this time he'd often come up to spend an hour or two in my cave when I wasn't there, and I'd ask him, 'Federico, why do you come to my cave when you have your beautiful home out on the *vega*?' and he'd say that he was writing poems about us gypsies and he liked to write in my cave, and, as I say, it was on a wooden chair in this corner that he wrote."

The *gitanas* had begun their clapping once more and a young man was playing a *fandango* from Huelva on his guitar. His head hung down over the strings to display his fine crop of heavily oiled hair. "You need less brilliantine on your hair," cried one of the party amiably, "and more on your fingers, Paquito." Lola began to clap her hands and the stream of her story was lost for the moment. But before we left she asked us, since we had a car and appeared interested, if we should like to take her to the place where Lorca was shot and buried in August, 1936.

3

WHEN we arrived, two days later, to pick her up we found her sitting in the patio, wearing a red *torero* skirt and a plain black blouse, her hair hanging demurely in a bun at her neck. On her lap was a bunch of some fifty dark red carnations, in the center of which was a solitary flower of greenish blue. She was silent during most of the ride, but warmed into speech as we approached the mountains. She told us that on the day the Nationalists arrested Lorca they took his chauffeur as well, intending to shoot them both. But at the last moment the chauffeur was spared and it was he who, with the return of peace, took Lola out to the Sierra de Viznar, to the place of execution and burial. We asked Lola if the exact spot was known.

"No," Lola smiled, "but the place is not large and I have chosen a place which I call the grave. What does it matter? Federico's body lies nearby." She told us that she made pilgrimages to the grave whenever she could and each time she would make a rough cross from a branch — but always it had disappeared by the time of her next visit. She relapsed once more into silence, which she eventually broke when she told us how much she regretted the loss of her little mementoes of Lorca; he had given her little poems and she had photographs of him, but when he was murdered she grew frightened and burned everything.

The road climbed northwest from Granada, and before we reached the little town of Alfacar it degenerated to little more than a goat track. Caravansaries of donkey carts held us up as they returned empty from Granada, where they had been with bread for the wealthier Granada families; for

the water and the wheat of Alfacar combine to make the finest bread in Andalusia. We moved from the bright green fields of wheat higher into a harsher, rock-strewn landscape; a goat track wound steeply up the hillside and we began to meet the donkey loads of fuel logs and carbon that were being brought down to Alfacar from the higher slopes of the Sierra de Viznar. Below, the great plain of Granada spread out in a pale blue mist. To the west, from the level plain suddenly rose the camel hump of a hill; the Sorrow of the Lovers it is called because so many unhappy lovers have thrown themselves from its height. To the east, like a magnificent theatrical backdrop, lay the unending snow-covered slopes of the Sierra Nevada, clear-cut against the amethyst sky.

Our route grew in harshness; towering above us was a peak of silver-gray granite, a white cross on its summit to mark a battlefield of the Civil War. Climbing still higher we turned into the opening of the col, granite peaks on either side forming a savage mouth wide-open to the sky, yet seeming ready to snap shut in a moment. Then, as is the way with cols, the climbing ceased and we came to an open space with a grove of pine trees to one side where we could make out the remains of Falangist dug-outs.

At this point Lola told us to stop and we walked with her some twenty yards from the roadside to where a single pine tree, three feet high, grew from a concentrated patch of rosemary and sage. The tree, said Lola, marked the grave. We knew that Lorca's bones did not lie beneath these bushes, yet it was not difficult to be moved in the presence of this simple, symbolical grave, to make, in the mind, a genuine obeisance. Perhaps it would have been more difficult had we known then that this col had been the execution yard for thousands from Granada and its province, that Lorca's bones did not rest here alone.

Lola untied the bunch of carnations and threw them one by one among the tall herbs. As she placed the last flower, the green-blue carnation, at the foot of the tree, she murmured the line of Lorca's, *Verde que te quiero verde* (literally, "Green how I love you green"). She walked some paces backwards and fell to her knees, where she remained for two minutes, her lips moving in a rapid, mumbled prayer. Then we walked with her to the pine grove and broke off a branch to make a cross, which we bound at its joint with some string Lola had brought with her. We returned to the grave and Lola pushed the cross into the earth beside the little pine tree. We stood in silence for a moment and then Lola clapped her hands and said, "*Huy*, let us go."

She brightened on the return journey and talked a great deal. At the foot of the pass we came to a solitary house near a spring and she suggested that the motorcar was thirsty and needed a drink of white

wine. We sat in the patio of the house with a bottle of strong wine and a plate of black olives sprinkled with sage. Lola needed no encouragement now to talk of Lorca and soon she was telling us the most remarkable of her anecdotes of him.

"It was when I was about twenty-three," she began. "Federico had been away and had come to meet his old friends on the Sacromonte. We were sitting in the inner cave — you remember I told you the big room was divided into two small ones in the old days. He had been questioning me about all sorts of things and reading me his poems and watching me to see what my face did when I heard this thing and that. I remember I told him I got a horrible pain in the stomach at one of the poems and he slapped his knee and said that was just right. Then suddenly he told me to dance, told me to wear an Oriental costume I had — you know, two round things over the breasts and a skirt. I lit some incense and then began to dance. Not flamenco, something much softer than that — Eastern — I love the East. I just stood where I was and danced with my body, my arms, and my face — moved my body like a snake. Then something began to come over me in the way it often does when I dance. I felt I was leaving my body, that I wasn't Lola Medina any longer, that I was watching her dance from a corner. And Federico seemed to know what had happened. He began to speak, not ordinary words, and he didn't seem to be speaking to me at all. It was like a huge poem that I couldn't understand, except that he was making it up as he went along. We went on for what seemed like hours and got wilder and wilder. *Ay*, yes, it was real ecstasy. Then suddenly I collapsed and Federico had to pick me up. We didn't speak for some minutes and then he said, 'Lola, we shall never know whether we've been visited by an angel or a devil, whether we've been in heaven or in hell. We shall never know anything like this again.' We never did. That was the closest Federico and I ever got to each other."

She looked away up the mountainside towards the col where Lorca lay. He was, as she knew, one of thousands lying in their shallow pits in the barrancas of the sierras. For us and the world he was the chosen symbol of that terrible political martyrdom; for her he was a man whom she had known and who had been pointlessly murdered. Her eyes lowered and she looked across to the spring of pure mountain water that was surrounded by clusters of violets. No scene could have been prettier, more peaceful, and it was not till later that we discovered this place had been the clearinghouse for those who were trundled out daily from Granada to their death. They had drunk at this spring for the last time. The violets would not have been there that arid August, but the grass, kept fresh by the spring, would have been as green as the day Lorca made his last march up the hillside to dig his grave.



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HITLER'S GAMBLE

by H. TREVOR-ROPER

1

ON June 22, 1941, suddenly, without warning, Adolf Hitler hurled his armies across the borders of his ally and accomplice in crime, Soviet Russia. It was the high moment of his career: the long-awaited, long-prepared, long-postponed — but no longer postponable — adventure whose success, he thought, would give stability and significance as nothing else could to the New Order in Europe, but whose failure was, more than any other cause, to spell the final, costly ruin of his vast ambitions. If any single moment in Hitler's career is to be isolated as crucial, it is surely this.

There had been other moments of bold decision in that career of hazardous gambling and brilliant coups: the seizure of power in 1933, the purge of Roehm and the SA in June, 1934, the seizure of the Rhineland in 1936, the *Anschluss* with Austria in 1938, the Munich crisis, the attack on Poland; but these were all, in a sense, subordinate crises. Failure in any of them might indeed have spelled ruin to Hitler's career, but success would not have been, and was not, final: it merely marked the turning of another corner, the passing of another milestone, on the road to the New Order.

The invasion of Russia was far more than this: it was the last great decision, the culmination of a whole career, the inauguration of a new era. Had Hitler succeeded in that desperate gamble, all future decisions would have been, in his eyes, minor, almost routine matters; indeed, his declaration of war on America six months later, in the wake of his Japanese allies, was announced as a mere routine matter, like the renewal or the nonrenewal of a treaty. As it was, he failed, and all his decisions thereafter were of a defensive nature. His philosophy left no room, after such a decision, for anything but mopping-up operations — or disaster.

But first, before I elaborate such a theme, let me state clearly my position, for some will certainly

contest it. Indeed, they have already done so. It has been said that Hitler's real war was against the West; that he declared war against Russia only in order to break the blockade imposed upon Germany by the West; that the war against Russia was in fact an irrelevant, perhaps even an unwelcome, tactical necessity in that more serious struggle against the West to which, after the swift completion of this diversionary Eastern campaign, Hitler intended to return with renewed vigor and refreshed supplies. And if it is pointed out that Hitler in 1941 did openly declare that this was the crucial moment of his career, indeed of modern history, then other critics will reply that, in those circumstances, it would be surprising if he had not done so. Had he not earlier spoken of the decisive struggle with France? Would he not later speak of the decisive struggle with America? In fact, is it not possible that Hitler had a series of interchangeable philosophies, each to be paraded before his hearers as the opportunism of his policy required?

I do not think that either of these theories is valid. I do not think either that Hitler's real struggle was against the West or that he was a pure opportunist; but I think that such theories ought to be examined before they are dismissed.

We cannot reject *all* of Hitler's statements as false. Our task therefore is to discover a criterion of selection. I believe that such a criterion can be found. I suggest that Hitler's statements concerning his policy and philosophy are to be believed, provided that they are not only explicable by the tactical circumstances in which they were uttered but are also consistent both with a general philosophy regularly expressed even in adverse circumstances, and with practical long-term preparations which he can be shown to have made. Now if we apply this criterion, I believe that all the other philosophies and programs which Hitler from time to time

uttered are found to be temporary tactical expedients only, while the philosophy and program of Eastern conquest proves to be the permanent message and ultimate aim of his career.

2

TAKE France. In 1923, when Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*, he declared summarily that "France must be annihilated," and much play has been made with that — for Hitler — hackneyed phrase. But what were the circumstances in which those words were written? In 1923 France dominated Europe; by its Eastern alliance, the Little Entente, it enclosed Germany not only on the west but on the east, blocking any expansion. As Göring explained to the American ambassador in 1937, "the sole cause of friction between Germany and France" was France's "policy of building up alliances in Eastern Europe to prevent Germany from achieving her legitimate aims." Once that system of alliances was broken, Hitler would be almost indulgent to France, for France would then be merely a nuisance in his rear when he faced to the East. As such it was conquered in 1940, but it was not "annihilated." It became a satellite, not a victim, of Germany.

Similarly England. In 1940, when he was seeking to draw Spain into complicity in his Mediterranean campaign, Hitler did indeed represent England as his ultimate enemy and the British Empire as the ultimate booty to be shared. The visiting Spanish Foreign Minister was treated to discourse about "Eurafrica" as the new continental unit to be dominated, in part, by the Latin powers. A little later, when he was seeking to lull Russia into quiescence, Hitler dangled before Molotov other morsels of this gigantic quarry. "After the conquest of England," he said, "the British Empire would be apportioned as a huge world-wide estate in bankruptcy of forty million square kilometres. . . . All the countries which could possibly be interested in this bankrupt estate would have to stop all controversies among themselves and concentrate on the partition of the British Empire." Germany's ambitions, Molotov was assured, lay exclusively in Central Africa "in the region of the former German colonies." Would Russia care for India?

The next year, when the German armies invaded not Africa but Russia, Hitler naturally explained to Mussolini and to the German naval command — both dismayed at this enormous diversion — that the invasion was actually the quickest way to defeat the real enemy, Britain. But all these can be regarded as special arguments for special occasions. Is there any evidence that Hitler had long-term plans for the conquest of the British Empire?

The answer is, none at all. Throughout his career — except when he was advancing these special arguments — Hitler regarded Britain as irrelevant to his designs. That does not mean that he could

ignore Britain, for there was always the danger that Britain would choose to intervene between him and those designs; but he constantly hoped that Britain could be persuaded, or frightened, into non-intervention. Would not Britain be content with a maritime empire? Hitler was prepared to "guarantee" such an empire. What interest had Britain, he asked, in Eastern Europe? What hope of effectively interfering there?

In *Mein Kampf*, and again in the lost book on foreign policy which he wrote in 1925, Hitler expressed his dream of a British alliance which would neutralize French opposition and make possible the German conquest of the East. The war which broke out in the West in 1939 was declared by Britain. Hitler would have done anything to avoid this tedious diversion in his rear. To the last minute he had offered to "accept the British Empire," and often afterwards he declared himself ready to repeat that offer. Britain and Germany, he always declared, were compatible powers. The war in the West in 1939 was, as far as Hitler was concerned, an unwanted war.

Further, although Hitler sometimes spoke largely about the dismemberment of the British Empire, there is no evidence that he had ever made any specific plans concerning it. Like Bismarck, he despised colonies. It was the crime and folly of the Kaiser's ministers, he said in 1923, "instead of a sound policy of territorial expansion in Europe," to have chased the mirage of overseas colonies. "We will not copy liberal capitalist policies which rely on exploiting colonies," he said in 1937. If he occasionally seemed to claim colonies from Britain, it was only in order to be a nuisance — in order, like Bismarck, to be paid for abandoning such claims.

How different was Hitler's attitude to Russia! There was a period of agreement, of course — in 1939–1941 — but it was a reluctant and treacherous agreement, and it was with a cry of relief that Hitler finally jettisoned this irksome expedient, so contrary to "my whole past, my ideas, and my previous obligations."

The policy of agreement with Russia over the dead body of Poland had a respectable history in Germany, but it had always been the policy of the Army, the monarchists, the Prussians, never of the South German nationalists from whose ranks Hitler had sprung. It entailed a revival of the old imperial frontiers, the frontiers of 1914; but to be content with those frontiers, Hitler had declared in *Mein Kampf*, was "a glaring political absurdity, positively criminal in its consequences." And in 1934 he stated: "I am not in the least interested in the former frontiers of the Reich. The re-creation of the pre-war Germany is not a task worthy of our revolution." Therefore, except in the period of tactical necessity between 1939 and 1941, Hitler had consistently repudiated it. His constant mes-

sage had been that Germany must transcend those ridiculous, accidental, dynastic boundaries in order to conquer and colonize Western Russia: there lay Germany's "colonies," there its "living-space."

It was not only in the years of triumph — in 1941-1942, when fulfillment seemed possible — that he had uttered this doctrine. He had uttered it in 1920, when Germany was defeated and dismembered. Then he had publicly praised (in comparison with the cruel *Diktat* of Versailles) the "infinite humanity" of the Treaty of Brest Litovsk, whereby Germany had seized the richest provinces and some 50 per cent of the productive capacity of Russia. He had uttered it again from his Bavarian prison, in 1923, when the German Communists came nearest to making Germany a Russian province. And he would utter it once more as his valedictory message to the world before taking his own life in his underground bunker while the Russians stormed their way into the ruins of Berlin.

3

IF Hitler's program of Russian conquest and colonization thus represents not a temporary, makeshift manifesto of 1941 but a constant part of his philosophy, it corresponds, as his other more opportunist declarations of policy do not, to the long-term practical organization of the Third Reich. For whereas, when Hitler received the declaration of war by Britain or perfunctorily announced his declaration of war on America, he had no clear plans or machinery for the conquest or disposal of those countries, for the conquest of Russia he had not only an army and a policy but also a specially indoctrinated elite, the SS.

To us in the West the SS appeared merely as a particularly brutal kind of police; the basis and purpose of this brutality eluded us. But the more the organization of the SS and the personality of its leader, Heinrich Himmler, are studied, the more obvious it becomes that the SS was not a mere engine of coercion at home: it was also the special formation destined to push the new Germanic Empire to the Urals and hold it there forever. The SS were Hitler's crusaders; they were a religious order, like the Teutonic Knights of the Middle Ages. Himmler himself, the mystical apostle of Eastern conquest, was described by Hitler as "our Ignatius de Loyola." It was with Himmler, he said, that the SS, from being mere toughs, became "that extraordinary body of men, devoted to an idea, loyal unto death"; and the idea to which they were devoted was the idea of the German Empire in the East. Hence the numerous departments of the SS whose concern was with colonization: the *Lebensborn*, or Fountain of Life, which sought by sponsored procreation to increase the supply of colonists; the SS Race and Settlement Office; the "cultural" departments which collected evidence of such

German colonization in the past to justify its repetition in the future.

This crusading quality of the SS was recognized even by its enemies. In its body, declared Ulrich von Hassell, the diarist of the conservative opposition, there lurked, in strange confusion, two souls: on the one hand an idealism, a hatred of Bolshevism abroad and the corruption of the Party bureaucracy at home; on the other hand a sectarian barbarism. This barbarism, this cruelty of the SS, was moreover inseparable from its Eastern mission. Hitler's war in the West was, comparatively speaking, a gentlemanly war; there the laws and conventions of war were observed. But the war in the East, he always insisted, was different; it was an "ideological" war, a war of extermination. And behind the German armies there advanced, independent, uncontrolled by the General Staff, responsible only to Himmler, the exterminating forces of the SS. The SS outrages which we saw and shuddered at, at Lidice or Oradour-sur-Glane, were merely the intrusions into our "gentlemanly" war of the regular features of the ideological Eastern struggle. Publicly, of course, the idealism of the SS was directed against Bolshevism, just as the idealism of the medieval crusaders was directed against Islam; but ultimately, in both cases, it aimed or was directed at the conquest of territory. Hitler had no fundamental hatred of Bolshevism; he admired the "genius" of Stalin, whom he recognized as a worthy rival in tyranny, and he openly expressed his preference for Communists over aristocrats, for Spanish Reds over the renegade Fascist Franco. His real hatred was not for Communism but for Russians, and the real crime of the Russians was not their doctrine but their occupation of the "living-space" which he coveted for Germany.

Thus the war against Russia, unlike the war against England or France or America, had behind it not merely a manifesto but a plan, a program, a policy. It also had a philosophy. For Hitler in his crude, half-baked, imperious way was a philosopher, forcing arbitrarily chosen, half-digested facts into a rigid totalitarian system as ruthlessly and tyrannically as he forced recalcitrant but overborne nations into his New Order. The roots of this philosophy lay scattered and various in the intellectual soil of Germany: its taproot in the theory of the will of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, the geopolitics of Haushofer, the cyclical history of Spengler; its casual suckers in the nationalist froth of Viennese and Bavarian journalism, the cynical anticlericalism of Frederick the Great, and the decomposing litter of miscellaneous pseudoscientific dogmas. But by the time it had been through Hitler's crude, powerful mind, it had acquired a grim, systematic simplicity, and from the first record that we have of it, in *Mein Kampf*, to the last and fullest expression of it, nearly twenty years later in the record of his Table-Talk, it never changed.

Hitler, like Spengler, saw history as a series of almost geological ages, each characterized by a special "culture" and separated from the others by crucial periods of transition in which the old era, the old culture, gave way to the new. There had been the ancient era of Mediterranean culture, the medieval era of frustrated Germanic culture, the post-Renaissance era of wicked capitalist culture dominated by the maritime powers; and now at last — did not all the omens show it? — that era had in turn reached its fatal period and must be replaced by a new. But what would this new era be? Whose culture would dominate it? How would it be brought to birth out of the dying convulsions of the old?

To all these questions Hitler had thought out his answer. The new era would be a "geopolitical" era, for the conquest of space had rendered the old maritime empires obsolete — that was why he could afford to "guarantee" the irrelevant British Empire. It would be dominated — the geopoliticians had said so — by whoever dominated the mass of Central and Eastern Europe. That might, of course, mean the Russians, who were more numerous, powerfully organized under a totalitarian genius whom he admired, and already there. But Hitler did not want it to be the Russians: he wanted it to be the Germans; therefore, in answer to the third question, he declared that it would come about not by a natural economic process but by a violent change, a crusading war of conquest and colonization, a war of giants in which he, the demiurge of the new age, would by sheer human will power reverse the seeming inevitability of history and plant upon conquered Eurasia that German culture which would dominate the world for the next thousand years.

Such was the vast, crude vision which inspired Hitler's demonic career — the vision for the sake of which he had revolutionized and rearmed Germany, ruthlessly and cunningly solved all intervening problems, created an elite of mystical crusaders, and now, in June, 1941, suddenly launched what would be for him the ultimate, the only relevant campaign: the Armageddon that was to decide, not petty questions of frontiers or governments, but the whole next era of human history.

4

BUT why, we may ask, did Hitler choose to launch his campaign at that time? Why, in particular, did he challenge Russia while Britain was still unconquered? Often before he had stated that he would never, like "the fools of 1914-1918," involve Germany in a war on two fronts; yet this is what he did, and did deliberately, in 1941. Why did he do it?

The answer is, I think, that Hitler had miscalculated. His miscalculation was not in respect of Russia; indeed, the invasion of Russia was carried

out according to plan. His miscalculation was in respect of Britain. His error was not in 1941: it was in 1939.

For to Hitler, obsessed by the great crusade which he was to launch against Russia — the be-all and end-all of his policy — and negligent of the West, which he underrated and failed to understand, the timing of the Eastern Armageddon was of crucial importance. Convinced that only he was capable of reversing the course of history, of carrying through "the Cyclopean task which the building of an Empire means for a single man," he was determined that the Russian war must come quickly, in his own lifetime, before chance or the assassin round the corner — "some idiot" with a bomb — should, by removing him from control, ruin forever the prospect of a millennial Reich.

Moreover, there were other reasons for haste — reasons of finance and population. The huge German armed forces were expensive to maintain, their weapons would become obsolete with delay; the Nazi movement and its leadership were aging, the birth rate declining. On the other hand, the Russian population was increasing, Russian industry was expanding; in ten or fifteen years Russia would be "the mightiest state in the world," invincible for centuries. Therefore, Hitler had declared in 1937, "it is certain that we can wait no longer. . . . If the Führer is still living, then it will be his irrevocable decision to solve the German space-problem no later than 1943-5. . . . After that date we can only expect a change for the worse." If Hitler had merely contemplated war against the West, which he supposed was in decay, then there would have been no such hurry, no such pressing timetable; it was the Eastern war which had its fixed, essential hour and could not wait.

Unfortunately for Hitler, East and West were not so easily separable. It was all very well to say that the West was irrelevant, or secondary, or could wait; but suppose the Western powers did not choose to wait? Hitler could not attack Russia without first crossing the lesser countries of Eastern Europe, the client-states of France. How would France and England react to that German conquest of Poland and Czechoslovakia which must precede the attack on Russia?

In 1938 and 1939 Hitler had wrestled with this problem. At Munich he seemed to have solved it, but still the British position seemed ambiguous; Czechoslovakia, the ally of France, had gone, but Poland now had a British guarantee. Nevertheless, in 1939 Hitler decided he could wait no longer.

Hitler did not (as has so often been said) rely on British neutrality; he never blinded himself as Ribbentrop did. "The Führer," he declared in May, 1939, "doubts the possibility of a peaceful settlement with England. We must prepare ourselves for the conflict. . . . England is the driving force against Germany," and he enumerated grimly

the strength of the British people, a people "proud, courageous, tenacious, firm in resistance, gifted as organisers," lovers of adventure, accustomed to power, rich in financial sources, protected by "strong sea-power and a courageous air-force." Naturally he *hoped* for British neutrality; for if Britain could be frightened into neutrality, then the road to the East lay wide-open to him; but if not — if Britain challenged him over Poland — then the challenge must be accepted and both Britain and France be crushed so quickly that the essential Eastern timetable could still be kept and Russia still be conquered in the brief period before it was too late. This was the risk which Hitler took when, in September, 1939, he threw his armies into Poland and left the Western Powers to make up their minds whether they would declare war or not.

We know the result: they did. And having conquered Poland, it was essential for Hitler to defeat them quickly and reduce them to terms; for the East was calling. Already the Russians were advancing into Eastern Poland, hammering at the gates of Finland, swallowing up the Baltic states. Hitler crushed France quickly, but England he could not crush. Irreducible by sea or from the air, the obstinate island remained unconquerable and irreconcilable. Hitler tried force, he tried threats, he tried bribes. He offered peace terms, he menaced ruin. He tried direct invasion in the Mediterranean. He tried to enlist Spain, dangling before it the visionary prospect of Gibraltar; he tried to make his next victims his accomplices, dangling before the Russians the rich bait of India; he tried to enlist the Japanese, dangling before them the Eastern Gibraltar, Singapore. He was even prepared to put at the disposal of the Japanese his unique military knowledge: "the Führer," they were informed by Ribbentrop, "who must certainly be considered the greatest strategist of modern times, would advise Japan on the best method of attacking Singapore." All was of no avail. Neither the Spaniards nor the Russians nor the Japanese would oblige; the British remained undefeated. Yet the Eastern campaign could not wait. Already, from August, 1940, the German Army General Staff had been working on the plans. Hitler could postpone it no longer. If he waited to conquer England, it might be too late. Had not Winston Churchill said that England would go on fighting, "possibly for months, possibly for years"? What was Hitler to do?

There was one thing he could do: he could behave as if England were already conquered. If the German Army, for all its strength, could not reach England, equally there was no immediate danger that the British Army, defeated and disarmed, could invade the Continent. Therefore, after his failure to defeat England in 1940, Hitler felt that he could safely keep to his plans. It would not really be a two-front war, for the Western front was in

abeyance and would be in abeyance for a long time. During that long time, the great Russian crusade could be launched and the conquest of Eurasia completed. After that, England would surely recognize the futility of further resistance and wind up the irrelevant Western war. After all, Hitler did not want anything from England. He would give generous terms. "If the British were to come to me tomorrow," he said in August, 1942, "and propose peace on the basis that each of us bore his own costs, I should most probably agree. . . ." The conquest of the East would already have given Germany all that it required. The ultimate purpose of his life would have been attained. "Gains in the West may add a measure of charm to our possessions . . . but our Eastern conquests are infinitely more precious, for they are the foundations of our very existence."

This was the line of reasoning Hitler adopted. Rather than postpone the unpostponable war with Russia, he preferred to leave unterminated the interminable war with England. On November 12, 1940 — the same day on which he was receiving Molotov in Berlin and seeking to chloroform him with vague promises — he gave orders to "continue all preparations already verbally ordered for the East." Plan Barbarossa, the crusade, was to begin.

5

ONCE this great decision of policy had been reached, only the details had to be arranged. One detail was the date. Hitler originally hoped to launch his attack on May 15, but here an unfortunate incident intervened. To Mussolini, Hitler's Russian projects were of course of no interest; he only wanted pickings out of the British Empire in the Mediterranean and a suzerainty over the Balkans. Although he was kept in the dark about Plan Barbarossa, he was extremely chagrined by some heavy-handed German interventions in the Balkans which were preliminaries to it. He decided to take his revenge on Hitler by a show of independence. "Hitler always faces me with a *fait accompli*," he told Ciano; "this time I am going to pay him back in his own coin. He will find out from the papers that I have occupied Greece."

Unfortunately what Hitler was to find out was not that Mussolini had occupied Greece but that he was being roundly defeated by the Greeks. The whole Balkan Peninsula, which Hitler thought that he had firmly settled as a necessary preliminary to Barbarossa, was in flames; worse still, the Western enemy, Britain, driven out of the Continent at Dunkirk, might now creep back through the Piraeus. Hitler had no time for long recriminations; it was essential to liquidate the new theater quickly.

A brisk reproof to the Duce ("He fairly smacked my fingers," Mussolini ruefully admitted) and the

Führer took charge of Balkan affairs. Prince Paul of Yugoslavia was summoned to Berlin and bought by the offer of spoils from his innocent neighbor; when Yugoslavia revolted against the infamous pact, it was terribly punished. The British were driven out of Greece. And when the peace of the grave had been imposed on the Balkan Peninsula, Mussolini was paid back, as he had tried to pay back Hitler, "in his own coin." At three o'clock in the morning he was awakened to receive a long letter from Hitler explaining that the German armies were now invading Russia. The Balkan interlude had postponed the attack for five weeks, no more. A year later Hitler looked back and congratulated himself on having forced the Russian war so promptly. "Stalin," he declared, with that grudging admiration which he could never conceal, "is half beast, half giant . . . if we had given him another ten years, Europe would have been swept away, as in the time of the Huns: . . ."

Thus the Wehrmacht rolled into Russia. It rolled, as it seemed, irresistibly. Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev all came into the range of battle: the symbolic city, the evacuated capital, the incomparable riches of the Ukraine. Behind the Wehrmacht came the SS; behind the warriors the priests of the New Order, with their fire and their fagots, their holy books and horrible ritual. "Within the area of operations," Hitler commanded, "the *Reichsführer SS* is entrusted, on behalf of the Führer, with special tasks for the preparation of the political administration, tasks arising from the struggle which must be carried out between two opposing systems. Within the range of these tasks, the *Reichsführer SS* shall act independently and under his own responsibility." And behind the armies and the SS, at his new Eastern headquarters — first in East Prussia, later in the Ukraine itself — the prophet and war lord who for twenty years had lived for this moment triumphantly envisaged the realization of his dreams. Before the winter, he was confident, all European Russia would be his, and the great work of colonization would begin.

Gleefully, as he sat over his tea and cakes, he outlined the New Order that now at last would be established as the basis, for a thousand years, of the Greater German Reich. Over a native population reduced to hewers of wood and drawers of water, the German *Herrenvolk*, in sole command of all the resources of the country and proud with "that self-assurance which is born of vast spaces," would rule in undisputed, indisputable mastery. They alone would control the strategic cities and the fortresses, the communications and the factories, the great new *Autobahnen* which they would build and the great productive estates which they would seize. And below them the abject natives, unarmed and illiterate, taught only enough German to read road signs and understand orders and to know that Berlin is the capital of the world,

taught contraception to reduce the birth rate and denied hospitals or vaccination to increase the death rate, unable to compete, unable to resist, doomed to dwindle, would provide a starved, submissive, scattered supply of Slavonic helots, sustaining the wealth and "culture" of their Teutonic lords. Thus the new German Empire would be a self-contained, self-sufficient continent, "an impregnable fortress, safe from all threat of blockade." Autarchy would make it unassailable from without, tyranny would make it irreversible from within; it would be "a closed society, like a fortress"; why should it not last forever?

A dreadful millennium! Could it ever have been established? It is easy to say that it could not — that the Russian steppes and the Russian population, even if conquered, would gradually have absorbed their conquerors; that the phase of brutality and the priests of it would have passed with the circumstances that had called them forth. The Israelites settled down among the men of Canaan. Tyrannies soften with time; men cannot live always at fanatical tension, and the most monolithic ruling class is specialized into groups and splits into parties long before a thousand years. On the other hand, is not this what was said of Nazism in its earlier days — that its excesses were the irresponsible excesses of opposition, that it would be mellowed by power, that the old Germany would absorb and tame the new?

We cannot say confidently that Hitler's New Order could not have been realized in Eastern Europe; all we can say is that it was not. Hitler misjudged the strength of Russia. Confident that he could annihilate its armies and its political structure in a few months, he did not even prepare for a winter campaign. His armies had to struggle for four winters in the Russian snows. After the first of them he told Goebbels that he never wanted to see snow again, it had become "physically repulsive" to him. "Bormann," he declared on another occasion, "you know I've always detested snow, now I know why: it was a presentiment." Like Napoleon, he was to see enough of the Russian snow. And meanwhile, while his armies struggled year after year in those hideous Russian wastes, the irrelevant West was preparing to return to the Continent in his rear. The two-front war which Hitler had thought by the rapidity of his conquests to dodge had caught him up; he was doomed.

Nevertheless, although it was in the West that he had miscalculated, it was not at the hands of the West that he was prepared to accept defeat. If he must go down, he would go down in the Titanic struggle against the East; in his last weeks of power he would himself vindictively destroy Germany for having failed him in that crucial struggle. "The German people," he said contemptuously, "has proved itself weak: the future belongs solely to the stronger, Eastern nation."



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



LYDIA DAVIS of New Zealand followed her husband "Dr. Tom" back to his home island of Rarotonga and was his valiant ally during the six years of his uphill struggle as medical officer in the Cook Islands. When Dr. Tom had won through, the Davises sailed away on their dream ketch, the *Miru*, a 45-footer, bound for Boston where he had been offered a fellowship at the Harvard School of Public Health. With their young sons and two deck hands, they crossed 12,000 miles of the Pacific in an epic voyage of 155 days. All this they tell in their joint biography, *Doctor to the Islands*, which has just been published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint. That their life was not always one of strain and buffeting can be judged from the enchanting glimpses in Lydia's short story.

FLAT TIRE IN RAROTONGA

by LYDIA DAVIS

PAPA NAPA twisted impatiently on the driving seat and joggled the reins. "Oro-mail! Oro-mail! Hurry along there! Have you boys got everything now? The sacks? The baskets? The machete? No, I thought as much. Going to cut bananas and no knife to do it with. *Auo-uo koe!* That I should have such fools for sons!"

"Here they are," shouted Kiu, crashing a couple of sharp-bladed machetes onto the floor of the buggy. "Let's go, Papa."

"Go we must," grumbled Papa. "There would be no pork or fruit for the Xmas feast if I waited for you boys to remember everything at once, and the sun is high already. *Aere*, Beauty, we're off."

Papa cracked his whip (a branch broken from the wild hibiscus tree), and the ancient nag, Beauty, broke into her idea of a trot. The buggy lurched into motion but made no sound as it wobbled over the flower-strewn road, for the wheels were shod with rubber truck tires, a relic of more prosperous days when Papa Napa had driven a Model T instead of this ancient horse and cart.

Not even vanished prosperity could rob this island of Rarotonga and its single road of its beauty or lessen the pleasure and sense of unchange it had always brought to Papa and his family. To either side piled the weeds, hothouse blooms gone mad; in scarlet, purple, and yellow, the colors the sun likes, they edged each other and tangled round the

trunks of the trees. Great tasseled blossoms from the giant *utu* trees plopped onto the road, contrasting with the crushed carpet of flame from the poinciana flowers and the rich purples of the bougainvillea vines. Pink, white, and red oleanders shone primly from among waxy leaves. None of this could ever be permanently damaged. No matter how drastic the trimming of such lushness might be, if nature brought hurricane and tidal wave, if men came with their machetes, riot would soon hold sway again.

Papa Napa may never have put this into words even to himself, but it was this very reliability of island disorder that made him cling to his home when others thought it wiser to move to more profitable surroundings. Napa *ma*, as the family were known on the island, liked disorder. It was so much a part of their lives (as of the lives of their neighbors) that they either ignored it or treated it as their normal scheme, adjusting and forgetting.

The family had once been rich; now they were poor again, but their pleasures were little changed and their concern with their present circumstances was a matter only for passing thought, never of sufficient importance to mar the aimless harmony of their days. They were none of them lazy; they simply felt that exertion would not add materially to their contentment.

There was just as much pleasure in a drive to

their plantation plot to pick fruit for a family feast as there would have been if the fruit were exchanged with the traders for money and fleeting luxury, so that now, on the early part of their drive, they sat contentedly on the floor of their buggy, seeing the loveliness of their island as if with new eyes.

"Tire's flat!" shouted Kimi, aged six years, who had for some time been hanging perilously over the side of the cart, her curly head, innocent for many days of contact with brush, comb, or insecticide, turning from side to side as she kept a close watch on the old rubber tires. Kimi had been working, watching for the inevitable, and now, her work finished, she flopped back to the floor of the cart.

"Flat already?" grumbled Papa. "*Aue-t'aue-t'aue*. Always flat. *Whoa*, Beauty my lady. *Tapu koe*. Stop." Papa pulled hard on the ropes that did duty for reins, but Beauty did not immediately obey. She had her eye on some water grass a few yards ahead. She too knew that a flat tire was an inevitability but, horselike, had been hoping that the calamity would occur near some feed. Water grass was not her first choice, but it was filling.

"Everybody off," ordered Papa.

There were no complaints as the Napa family unplied. This was something bound to happen and each would enjoy the spell. Kimi, the first to scramble over the side, was closely followed by Peter. Peter looked just what he was, the six-year-old son of the missionary, clean, neatly dressed, brushed and combed to the last degree to set a good example on this treat of a buggy ride with his little Rarotongan friend.

"Put leg on wheel, then yump," advised Kimi, hitching ineffectually at a trouser leg.

Peter "yumped." He was a little vague as to the reason for the stop, for he did not clearly understand the Rarotongan dialect, relying on Kimi's idea of English for any running commentary.

"What's the matter?" he asked, landing on his bottom in the dust and ruining his spotless linen suit.

"Sick the buggy. Tire fall down," volunteered Kimi, then left him to work that out as best he could, her attention now diverted to more pressing matters. "Pua, hold your skirt down. Peter will see your underwears."

Sixteen-year-old Pua was not of the age or inclination to consider the feelings of any male of such tender years as Peter. She leaped from the buggy in one jump, tossed her long black hair away from her face, and with apparent absent-mindedness sauntered off up the nearest path.

Kimi's eyes followed her with suspicion and disapproval. "Same as always. Runs away when she thinks she might have some work to do. I wonder where she's gone this time." But she had no time to dwell on this problem. "Quick, Peter, back! Here come Mama."

Kimi and Peter quickly moved aside and stood

tense. Kiu and Tami, the two grown-up Napa sons, had already sprung over the side of the buggy in order to give Mama more room for her maneuvers, for with Mama the simple action of descending from the back of a cart became a major project in strategy. Kiu and Tami selected two large coral boulders from the beach side of the road and arranged them, step fashion, below the rear axle. Now they too stood aside and waited anxiously for Mama to do the rest.

2

By Rarotongan standards, Mama was a very handsome woman — that is to say, she was fat. Viewed from a distance she was in fact approximately square, a sure sign that she was a desirable wife. Her husband adored her so much that he allowed her to sit and spread while he showered her with attentions. Her face was still pretty despite the overgenerous curve of her cheeks, but the pressed line of her mouth showed her to be a woman used to having her own way.

She was well dressed too. Not for her the plain cottons bought off the bolt in the local trading store. Her generous expanse was draped in real silk all the way from Paris via nearby Tahiti. It may have been mere chance that brought the figures so profusely scattered on the material into just those particular places where they seemed most at home, but it seemed the result of the skill of a dressmaker with a sense of humor. Across Mama's enormous bosom there sailed an outrigger canoe loaded with fishermen in hot pursuit of a swordfish that was rapidly taking itself and its sword out of danger beneath Mama's left arm, while in the dead center of her proud stomach a cockfight was in lively progress. From the rear, Mama was no less interesting. On either buttock poised an angry warrior, his spear at the ready and his teeth bared for the kill; but when Mama walked, these two cannibals forgot their differences and wiggled into an animated hula. Mama's taste in dress was the envy of the island.

"Ready, boys?" snapped Mama, swinging her treelike legs over the side of the buggy.

The lads steadied the boulders with their toes and each reached an arm to assist their mother.

"Now slide," said Kiu.

With a sigh Mama obeyed, dusted off the two warriors, and looked around for a comfortable place to sit down. Under the mango tree seemed shady. "Kimi, stop playing with those pebbles, and you and Peter climb up and bring me down some mangoes. If I've got to wait here, I'll need something to eat."

Peter could not climb the tree quickly enough; he hardly paused to toss his snowy kid shoes into a nearby ditch (not noticing that it was full of stagnant green water). Clawing and clutching his way

up behind the more agile Kimi he was secretly gloating over the palette of yellow mango juice and green bark stains added to the gray coral marks already on his shirt. Today he was going to get dirty, really dirty.

Now the three men, as men should, were considering the matter of repairs.

They squatted on their haunches for some minutes, just staring at the punctured tire as if to make sure it was flat, or perhaps hoping for some miracle that would restore it to its natural fullness. But no, that tire was really flat. Papa stood up, removed his hat and shirt, and tightened the woven belt round his middle.

"Everything ready?" he asked in much the same manner as a surgeon checking on the preparations for a major operation.

"Ready, Papa. Mending kit, the one we borrowed from Public Works last September, plenty sennit, and the wire cutters. All here. We'll unhitch Beauty first, then prop up the buggy."

Tami led Beauty out of the shafts and hooked the reins back out of her way. He did not need to tie her, for she had found a patch of buffalo grass beneath an ironwood tree and she knew as well as he that this, her favorite feed, grew nowhere else. The boys added to the coral boulders and by main strength easily hoisted the heavy cart onto its perch. Then the three squatted down to consider.

"No use pumping even if we had a pump. It will have to come off," announced Papa. "Kiu, the wire cutters."

No buggy tire in Rarotonga is joined to the axle with anything except pieces of wire. The arrangement is impermanent, but tires have to be removed so frequently that it is more convenient to hack through twisted wire than to exert the energy necessary for the removal of stubborn bolts and nuts.

"Good wire, this," commented Papa holding up a short length. "Where did you get it, Tami?"

Tami examined the piece carefully.

"Oh yes, I remember. You know that new radio aerial that Dr. Tom put up in his garden last week?"

"Good boy, Tami," said Papa with approval; "you have learned well that Dr. Tom gets always the best. Is there any more?"

"The aerial fell down the other day, Papa. There should be plenty more now."

Papa finished removing the wheel, tossing the fragments of wire into the ditch. They could have been used again, but that would involve tiresome splicing and twisting — it would be much easier to find a fresh length. While the two boys removed the inner tube and set about patching the puncture, Papa settled under the mango tree and joined Mama in the refreshments, extra servings being tossed down by the children.

"It's the *papaa* again. Stupid white men. That one that rules over the fruit-growing has just the other day given out the nails for the orange cases.

I sometimes think he scatters them all round the road just to annoy us. He gets his own tires mended by the Government and doesn't care about all the worry he causes such as we."

3

NEITHER Papa nor any of the family appeared to be worried. The children, high in the mango tree, were content; Pua, now out of sight, was doubtless the same. Mama and Papa were munching and the two boys sang as they worked.

"*Kia ora'ana, Napa ma. Aere koe kiea?* Where are you going?" It was Mrs. Takuke, whose family happened to own the land and, incidentally, the mango trees where the buggy had stopped.

Papa politely rose and shook hands with his hostess. "*Kia ora'ana*, we go into the sunrise to collect our fruit but, as you see, we have met with trouble."

"Hmmm. So I see," said Mrs. Takuke with narrowing eyes. "Those are fine mangoes you are eating, Napa Vaine. Did you bring them with you?"

Mama looked hard at the other woman; then slowly, with maddening deliberation, she licked the last lush morsel of fruit off the mango, wiped her free hand across the back of her mouth, and carefully blotted her fingers on the clean grass beside her. Before condescending to answer, she meticulously picked off the last shred of yellow fruit fiber, folded her plump hands across the fighting cocks, and met Mrs. Takuke squarely in the eye. "I didn't see you at church yesterday, my dear. Not enough money for the collection box this week?"

Mrs. Takuke was taken aback. "I was sick," she answered quickly, saying the first thing that came into her head.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Mama replied, her voice showing not the least concern. "What was the trouble?"

"Er. . . . Well, you see, I was out fishing for *ruri* on the reef Saturday night. I must have caught cold, for Sunday saw me in bed with a fever. Only a miracle of the Gods could have given me the strength to attend the church."

"Fishing on Saturday night, Mrs. Takuke? I am sorry to hear that you must eat tough sea foods on Sunday and forgo even a tin of beef. But there, your health is the main thing. You look so well today I can hardly believe that only yesterday you were ill. You are a very lucky woman to recover like this. Don't you agree, Papa?"

Whether Papa agreed or not, Mrs. Takuke was not there to hear — she had wisely fled.

"Kimi!" shouted Mama, as loud as she thought necessary for Mrs. Takuke to hear every word. "Throw down some more mangoes. Those at the top look the juiciest."

Papa broke his judicious silence to rebuke his

wife. "You are not kind, Mama. Perhaps the woman truly has not enough money for the collection and is ashamed to enter the church."

"Ashamed?" snorted Mama tossing away another stone. "She should be ashamed, grudging a neighbor the fruits off her trees."

Papa hastily joined his sons lest he say something that Mama would make him regret. "How is it now, boys?"

"Nearly ready, but we must borrow a pump. Mrs. Takuke has one," and before Papa could intervene Tami had run off up the path.

Through the trees sauntered Pua. The dreamy smile on her face was a taunt to the watching Kimi. "Where have you been?" her small voice piped through the mango branches. She did not expect an honest answer from one so sophisticated as Pua.

"Gathering gardenias, can't you see?" Pua answered, lifting a scented basket.

"Doesn't take all that time to get a few gardenias. You've been with the boys."

"I haven't, but if I had, it would be none of your business," said Pua smugly, starting to thread an *ei*.

Kimi's brown eyes snapped. "You wait, you'll get a baby, that's what will happen to you."

"What are you saying?" asked Peter, unwilling to be left out of what promised to develop into a brisk argument.

"I tell her too many boys, she get baby inside," Kimi translated freely.

Peter's eyes opened wide, then his lip curled. "Kimi, you talk silly. Pua get a baby, indeed! Don't you know girls can't get babies unless they have husbands first?"

"Now you silly," retorted Kimi. "Only white girls need husbands. Island girls get babies all the time."

Peter was floored. He was not going to admit it, but there was no doubt of the truth in Kimi's words. That girl that used to cook for his mother had a baby now but she didn't have a husband. Peter's brain whirled and he climbed down to the bottom of the tree to sit, chin in hand, eyes glued on Pua, and consider the matter. Perhaps he could ask his mother about this when he reached home tonight, but he had a small feeling that his mother would be angry over such talk. It was all too confusing, so he called Kimi to help him look for lizards under the rocks in the sun and forgot about the problems of life.

Mama, surrounded by a circle of mango stones, rested her back more comfortably against the tree trunk and considered her daughter. Pua was well aware of the lovely picture she made, seated cross-legged, threading the heavily scented flowers onto a strip of hibiscus bark. She had tucked the largest bloom behind her left ear, where the creamy petals contrasted so well with her honey-brown cheek.

"You are grown, Pua," said Mama. "Sixteen last rainy season, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sixteen at last," smiled the girl. For an islander, sixteen was the perfect age; Pua would have liked to remain sixteen forever.

"Soon you will be ready to marry. Maybe a white man — would you like that?" asked Mama, not so much in gentle inquiry as in calm calculation.

"White man?" repeated Pua, hoping that her voice did not betray the fact that Mama had mentioned her favorite daydream. If Mama thought her good enough for a white man, then she must be beautiful indeed. "If I should find a white man, then I will have plenty of dresses and give tea parties and be asked to Government House like the other white women. That would be nice." Pua's imagination soared now. "And I could go to the stores and get everything I wanted just by putting my name on that little slip of paper. And think of the house I could have. With walls made out of concrete instead of crooked hibiscus sticks, with a roof of iron and a real bathroom that is not just some coconut mats round the garden tap. Oh, what a fine white woman I could be!"

Mama kept to the matter in hand. "Is there any white man that seems to like you?" She was not thinking so much of Pua's projected social triumphs as of her own when she might show off her blue-eyed grandchildren to her friends.

Pua giggled. "White men look so funny, such a funny shape with their nobbly shoulders and ginger hair all over them." The thought drove her into peals of laughter in which, surprisingly, Mama joined wholeheartedly, immediately establishing herself as one who had been young once and was willing to act as conspirator. In delight at this new relationship, Pua lifted the lei over her mother's head and kissed her cheek.

"We will see, Mama," she said and ran off to join the children.

4

MEANWHILE Papa and the two boys had mended the tire. The pump, reluctantly lent by Mrs. Takuke, had been returned and now all that remained was that the wheel be reunited with the buggy.

"Wire," muttered Papa. "We need wire."

He looked at the fence of the Takuke estate. Barbed wire there, quite useless. He peered over the matting surrounding the garden tap that was the Takuke bathroom. It was held in place by wire, but only by a selection of short lengths. That would not do. Wordlessly he raised an eyebrow to his sons, and as if by order they all tilted their heads back. There, right along the side of the road, ran miles of good, strong telephone wire, not ideal for the attachment of buggy wheels, but better than nothing.

"*Aere-mail Aere-mail* Come here, everyone," he called. "Kimi, and you Peter, stand at either side of that bend in the road back there. Pua, you

stand along this way. Tami, up the tree with you. If anyone comes along, make a sound like the flying fox and make it loud. Mama, watch the house and if Mrs. Takuke comes out keep her talking. Kiu, up the pole with you. And you might cut off a little extra this time, it is handy to have. Be careful to take only the strongest pieces."

The family scattered to their allotted lookouts. Peter was a little puzzled to know what this was all about, but he felt sure that there was a conspiracy and an element of danger included, so instantly he became one of the masked bandits he had met in his comic books. He watched for the mail coach. Mama lumbered to her feet and casually examined the garden on either side of the path of the Takuke house.

Kiu stripped a length of bark from a wild hibiscus and knotted this into a loop which he slid to his insteps. Then, as if it had been a ladder, he shinned up the smooth sides of the telephone pole. It was not so simple to find a length of wire that had not already shed some part in the interests of continued transport, but Kiu took what he wanted (and a little extra) and tossed the coil down to Papa.

Now the wheel was in place, Beauty — quite puffed out from gorging buffalo grass — was patiently standing between the shafts, and the steppingstones were ready for Mama to climb aboard.

Peter was not the clean little boy of an hour ago, and forgotten in a ditch a pair of white kid shoes slowly sank beneath the slime. Everyone was stained with mango juice; the two women were garlanded and wore knowing expressions. Papa and his sons were glowing with the exertion of a job well done. In the bottom of the buggy, coiled neatly and tied with strips of bark, lay a good twelve feet of telephone wire, the property of the Government, while Mama clasped a large basket of ripe mangoes.

The hour had been well spent, and it was quite likely that soon the rattling piece of roofing iron on the Napa house would be wired in place, the garden tap that refused to stand upright be secured forever, and the bedspring that could no longer endure the strain of Mama's weight be replaced.

Papa flicked Beauty gently over her rump and they were on their way again. Pua started a song, and lacking a guitar or ukulele the boys beat out the rhythm on the side of the cart. Everyone joined in. Kimi lurched to her feet and favored the company with her version of the hula. Peter tried it too, but when the tires went over a pothole he fell laughing to the floor. Mama led the chorus, drowning out the rest with the voice that had earned her the nickname of "Hurricane" in the church choir.

And then, around a bend of the road, there came into view a strange figure. It was Father David, the priest from the next village. As his legs pumped at the pedals of his bicycle, he looked like a large bat, heaving from side to side. Even at a distance, the shine of perspiration and exertion glowed from

his red and angry face. His soutane flapped around his legs, threatening at any minute to become entangled in the wheels, while from the hem of his sable skirts there poked two large white and bony ankles that disappeared into a pair of cracked patent-leather shoes.

Seeing the buggy, Father David welcomed the opportunity for a chat and a rest from his pedaling.

Papa touched the brim of his hat. "*Kia ora'ana. Aere koe kidea?*"

Father David propped his bicycle against the side of the buggy. He pushed up the brim of his ancient panama hat and with the edge of his palm swished the perspiration off his pinkly bald head.

"Ach, I go into the sunset," he replied in Rarotongan heavily tainted with the accent of his native Holland.

"Surely, Father, are you not teaching in your school today?" asked Papa.

"Yes, that is where I should be, but everything goes against me and I must leave my children alone. I must visit my bishop, for there is an urgent message for him."

"All the way to see the Bishop, Father? That is a long ride at this time of day," said Papa.

"Of course it is too far," snapped the priest, "but what am I to do? Our church has little money, yet we take some and from the Government we buy a telephone." Here Mama, her mind working fast, discreetly lowered the basket of mangoes in front of a certain coil of wire. "This beautiful machine that hangs on my wall, what good is it? Even though all the many miles from New Zealand comes the white man who they tell us is an expert in the mechanics of this telephone, it does not work. Even though your lovely poinciana trees are cut down to make space for their ugly poles that they may string their wires right round your island, it does not work. In all the many months I have had that little machine, two times, only two times mark you, have I heard the smallest sound from it. Experts! They know nothing. And now when I have a message for my bishop, I must climb onto my old velocipede and, old man that I am, pedal my way fifteen miles when the sun is high to deliver my message."

Papa sighed, rather wishing that he was headed in the opposite direction and could help the Father. "You are right. It is always the same with the things of the white man. They do not work. Even my buggy here with the wheel covering that is the invention of the white man, often it too does not work. I must be thankful that it is God who gives me my fruit — the *papaa* cannot spoil that."

"That is a true word," agreed the Father, balancing his foot on the pedal. "How much easier it would be for us all if we would put our faith in the things that are God's rather than the ugliness that is man's. But now I must be on my way. *Kia ora'ana, Napa ma.*"



Chairman B. Carroll Reece and his House Committee to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations are convinced that the great philanthropic foundations are part of a "diabolical conspiracy" to promote socialism in the United States. In May the committee began a series of hearings after Norman Dodd, research director of the committee, reported that a group of "little known" persons "have established tight control" over education and research. The country's foremost economist, SUMNER H. SLICHTER, examines the Dodd report and shows why the committee decided to shut up shop, at least for the present.

UNDERMINING THE FOUNDATIONS

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

1

EVERYONE knows that during the last fifty years Americans have radically changed their ideas about the responsibilities of the government and of individuals, about the need for group organizations of various kinds, and about the appropriate role of the country in world affairs. These changes in thinking have led to great changes in economic and political institutions, in public policies, and in the Constitution itself. In the field of domestic public policy there stand out the development of the Federal Reserve System with its considerable control over credit and money, the policies of regulating railway rates, of supporting the prices of farm products, of encouraging the organization of labor, of imposing a floor under wages, of providing insurance against unemployment and retirement, of providing public housing, of encouraging private housing by Federal insurance or guarantee of mortgages.

In the field of foreign affairs the majority of Americans more or less willingly accept the position of leadership which events have thrust upon this country.

Particularly interesting have been the changes in the Constitution. The income tax amendment (one of the most radical changes of all) and popular election of United States senators became effective in 1913, and the women's suffrage amendment in 1920. In 1937 new interpretations of the commerce clause and the "due process" clause gave broad additional authority to the government, especially to the Federal government. Recently, the sweeping segregation decision of the Supreme Court has given new fundamental rights to millions of Negroes.

These radical changes in thinking, policies, and institutions have usually been explained by changes in the conditions of life and technology (the auto-

mobile, the airplane, the radio, the extraordinary growth in the use of electric power, the atomic bomb), and by the impact of world-shaking events — the two world wars, the great depression of the thirties, the rise of dictatorships and of great movements of revolt, such as Communism, and the awakening of Asia. Surely it would be a stupid and a custom-bound people which would not develop its thinking and its institutions to meet such great changes in the ways of living and in the world itself.

Now, however, the country is offered a new explanation of the changes in thinking, policies, and institutions. It comes from Norman Dodd, the director of research of the House Special Committee to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, and is found in a report prepared by Mr. Dodd for the committee. Mr. Dodd has made some extraordinary discoveries. He ignores the great changes in policies and in the Constitution that occurred in the first several decades of the century and asserts erroneously that the changes in social philosophy and policies were concentrated in the four years 1933 to 1936. These changes, according to Mr. Dodd, are not due to new conditions of living or great events; they have been the result of a plot, engineered by a few leaders in education and research who have been aided and abetted by some of the great philanthropic foundations, chiefly the Rockefeller and the Carnegie.

Although Mr. Dodd is the author of the report, B. Carroll Reece, the chairman of the committee, and Jesse Paine Wolcott and Angier Goodwin, the Republican members who have been absent from most of the meetings but who have given Mr. Reece their proxies, are fundamentally responsible for the committee's one-sided and unfair treatment of the foundations. In the first place, Mr. Reece, the prime mover in persuading Congress to authorize

the investigation, seems to have started out with the purpose of getting the kind of report which Mr. Dodd has produced. In asking the House to authorize the present investigation, after a special committee of the Eighty-second Congress had made a report favorable to the foundations, Mr. Reece charged that the foundations were part of a "diabolical conspiracy" to promote socialism in the United States. In the second place, Mr. Reece, Mr. Wolcott, and Mr. Goodwin are responsible for denying the foundations and other organizations an adequate opportunity to reply to Mr. Dodd. After hearing Mr. Dodd present his report at great length and hearing various witnesses in support of the report and only one witness in rebuttal, the Republican majority of the committee voted to terminate the hearings. The foundations and other organizations attacked are to be given the chance to reply by sworn statements or briefs, not through public hearings — the medium through which they have been attacked.

But let us see the nature of Mr. Dodd's charges. The principal villains in the conspiracy, according to Mr. Dodd, are the various research and educational councils — the National Research Council, the Social Science Research Council, the American Council of Learned Societies, the American Council on Education. They have been assisted by various other organizations named by Mr. Dodd — the League for Industrial Democracy, the Committee for Economic Development, the National Education Association, the John Dewey Society, the Parent-Teachers Associations, the National Council of Churches, and others. "Our study of these entities and their relationship to each other," says Mr. Dodd, "seems to warrant the inference that they constitute a highly efficient and functioning whole."

What has this "highly efficient whole" been able to accomplish? Mr. Dodd says: "The result of the development and operation of the network in which the foundations have played such a significant role seems to have provided this country with what is tantamount to a national system of education under the tight control of organizations and persons little known to the American people." The curriculum in this tightly controlled scheme of education, says Mr. Dodd, is "designed to indoctrinate the American student from matriculation to the consummation of his education. It contrasts sharply with the freedom of the individual as the cornerstone of our social structure. For this freedom, it seems to substitute the group, the will of the majority and a centralized power to enforce this will presumably in the interest of all." The "development and production" of this curriculum "seems to have been largely the work of those organizations engaged in research, such as the Social Science Research Council and the National Research Council."

The result of this control of education and research, Mr. Dodd asserts, has been to condition the

American people to endorse the revolutionary economic and political changes which, he says, were concentrated between the years 1933 and 1936. Had education not prepared people to accept these changes, they would never have occurred without violence — at least so says Mr. Dodd. In addition to his broad, general charge that a group of "little known" persons have established "tight control" over education, Mr. Dodd has a number of specific charges against the foundations and the councils. Let us first examine his general charge.

2

THE last fifty years have been a period of extraordinary educational, scientific, and artistic awakening in the United States. As a matter of fact, the awakening began early in the fourth quarter of the last century and was fairly well started by 1900. In 1875 the United States had scarcely any first-rate universities and few scholars or scientists of first rank. Even as late as 1900 the numbers of first-rate universities and scholars were small; and while many Americans went to Europe for advanced work, few Europeans came here to study.

In the short space of seventy-five or even fifty years, the United States has become a world leader in scholarship, science, and many of the arts. Evidence of the change is found in the growing number of Nobel prizes awarded to Americans. During the first nine years of Nobel prize awards, only 2 out of 62 went to Americans, but in the twelve years 1941 to 1953, Americans received 23 out of 69 awards. Furthermore, the number of Europeans coming to study in the United States is greater today than the number of Americans going to study in Europe. As everyone knows, the rise in university enrollments and in professional personnel has been spectacular. In 1950, colleges and universities granted 16 times as many bachelor's and first professional degrees as in 1900 and 18 times as many doctoral degrees, and the number of professional and technical workers in the United States (people in the arts, letters, science, technology, law, teaching, and medicine) rose from 2.8 per cent of the labor force in 1870 and 4.2 per cent in 1900 to 8.2 per cent in 1950.

It would be foolish to imagine that a great intellectual awakening could occur without affecting the public policies and the institutions of the country. And it would be foolish to deny that some of the foundations and the research and educational councils have played important roles in stimulating intellectual life. It is the purpose of the foundations and the research and educational councils to stimulate intellectual and artistic activities, and they would have been failures had they not done so. Most of the foundations and councils, it is true, did not come into existence until the great awakening in America was well under way, but there is no

doubt that they have greatly invigorated intellectual life during the last two or three decades.

But the charge by Mr. Dodd is not that the foundations or the councils have influenced and stimulated intellectual life — the charge is that they have established “tight control” over it. Mr. Dodd has nothing to say about the mechanism by which this control over education and research has been established or how it has been accomplished without attracting attention or even stirring up strong opposition. His charge is particularly puzzling in view of one of his subsidiary complaints — namely, that only a few of nearly 1000 colleges studied by his staff have received grants from the foundations. Mr. Dodd does not explain how the foundations exercise “tight control” over hundreds of institutions to which they give no aid.

But the principal reason why Mr. Dodd’s charge is so obviously ridiculous is that it impugns the intelligence and integrity of so many thousands of persons. When Mr. Dodd attacks the foundations and councils for establishing tight control over education and research, he is also attacking other persons for abdicating their responsibilities and accepting the control of the foundations and the councils. These persons include thousands of local boards of education, the trustees and regents of hundreds of colleges and universities, and, above all, the entire teaching profession of the country. Mr. Dodd’s charge implies that all of these people have been either extraordinarily gullible or extraordinarily irresponsible and have been persuaded to accept without proper inquiry the educational ideas that the foundations and councils wish them to accept.

Mr. Dodd’s charge is an especially serious attack upon the teachers of the country. He asserts, in effect, that the teachers have so misunderstood the nature of education and their responsibilities to their students that they have been willing to give up any efforts to encourage students to think for themselves and, in place of such efforts, have endeavored to indoctrinate their students with a particular set of ideas. Finally, Mr. Dodd’s charge amounts to the assertion that these many thousands of teachers, though lacking ideas of their own, were nonetheless such remarkably stimulating and persuasive instructors that they have been able to induce a substantial proportion of their students to accept views that “denied the principles underlying the American way of life” and conditioned their students to support the “revolution” which Mr. Dodd says occurred between 1933 and 1936. A charge so broad and so extreme and applying to so many thousands of persons falls of its own weight.

If Mr. Dodd’s general charge is correct, then thought-control has been more successfully accomplished by the “little known persons” in the United States than in any other place in the modern world! Not the Nazis, not the Fascists, not the

Communists, have been the most successful practitioners of thought-control, but American educators, researchers, and their collaborators in a few of the foundations! Their success has been all the more extraordinary because it has been achieved without the victims’ suspecting what was happening to them and also because it has been accomplished without suppressing freedom of expression and communication — steps which other controllers of thought have regarded as imperative. Rival political parties have continued to function, thousands of competing newspapers and magazines have continued to be published, hundreds of radio programs have continued to broadcast, and yet the thinking of Americans, according to Mr. Dodd, has been so skillfully controlled that no one outside the “highly efficient and functioning whole” that Mr. Dodd has discovered knew what was going on. Surely the Russian and Nazi controllers of thought have been crude amateurs compared with the American educators! If Mr. Dodd is right, Mr. Malenkov would do well to send his propaganda experts here to take lessons from the “little known” persons who have controlled thought in the United States.

3

MANY specific charges are made by Mr. Dodd against the foundations and American educators — too many to be discussed in a brief article. Four of his charges, however, deserve special attention because they raise fundamental issues of social philosophy. One charge is that the foundations, or at least the few selected by Mr. Dodd, have concentrated their aid too much among men on the staffs of a few institutions — Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, California. A second is that aid has been given to persons and organizations with leftist sympathies. A third is that aid has been given in the support of empirical methods of research. A fourth is that the foundations are helping to promote “ideas and practices incompatible with the fundamental concepts of our Constitution.”

1. Aid by the foundations has been concentrated among too few institutions. This charge prompts the question: “In a free society may not donors select the recipients of their gifts?” The judgment of the foundations as to who are best able to study certain problems or to carry on certain investigations may not coincide with the judgment of Mr. Dodd or of some government bureaucrat. But would Mr. Dodd have the government control the choice of recipients? At various points in his report Mr. Dodd makes it clear that he thinks that the government interferes too much with the lives of its citizens. Is Mr. Dodd suggesting a new kind of government interference?

As a matter of fact, the foundations and the research councils which they have sponsored have enormously improved the opportunities of students

and scholars at all institutions, especially those with meager resources. The fact that a college lacks funds does not mean that a promising student or young scholar is necessarily denied help in pursuing his research. In 1953, the Social Science Research Council, using funds supplied by the Ford Foundation, awarded 41 undergraduate research stipends to superior students in 25 institutions; the same organization, using funds from the Rockefeller Foundation, awarded 39 research training fellowships to graduate students or recent graduate students in 19 institutions, and with funds from the Carnegie Corporation gave 25 grants-in-aid to 25 mature research workers in 24 colleges and one outside organization. Of special interest are the 156 awards to residents of the United States made by the Guggenheim Foundation in 1952. These awards went to men and women from 67 colleges and universities, 6 museums or private research agencies, and 6 government organizations, and to 17 independent artists, writers, and professional workers. The need for more help for unusually talented scientists and artists is very great but, thanks to the foundations, the scholar or artist of exceptional talent has a chance for help no matter how poor his employer may be.

2. Aid has been given to persons or agencies of leftist sympathies. To this charge the appropriate answer is "So what?" The criticism is not that the grants were made to people or organizations *because* they had leftist sympathies — that would have been a serious criticism. But if scientific or artistic merit is the basis for awards, some people with leftist sympathies are bound to receive help. So are some people with rightist sympathies. Mr. Dodd's staff neglects to call attention to the fact that the foundations have given aid to people and organizations of all shades of political sympathies. Scientists who have surrendered their freedom by submitting to the discipline of a political organization are a special problem and may in some cases properly be denied aid that they would otherwise merit. It would be a sad day for the arts and the sciences in America, however, if aid for creative work and research depended upon the political views of the recipients. We have heard much of the political control of art and science in Russia. Does Mr. Dodd wish to introduce that sort of thing into the United States?

3. Aid has been given in support of empirical methods of research "undisciplined by either a set of principles or proved experiments." Mr. Dodd is certainly entitled to his views as to what methods of research should be used in developing the social sciences. But the social scientists are equally entitled to their views. Every social scientist would gladly use controlled experiments to test theories if that were possible, but usually it is not.

The alternative is to test theories by experience — the method which Mr. Dodd does not like. It is

not a perfect method because experience often alters behavior. The very fact that people reacted to certain conditions in a certain way on one occasion may mean that the next time they will behave in a different way. Social scientists are aware of the limitations of empirical research and try to allow for them. Mr. Dodd seems to have a preference for deductive methods, but these methods are far less useful than empirical methods. Deduction can produce propositions to be tested, but it cannot produce proofs of the truth of any proposition. The basic issue raised by Mr. Dodd's criticism is whether the scientists themselves should not decide what methods are most appropriate for investigating any particular problem. Surely in a free country neither the foundations nor the government should attempt to regulate methods of research.

4. The foundations have used their funds "to finance ideas and practices incompatible with the fundamental concepts of our Constitution." By this Mr. Dodd apparently means proposals that would substitute group or government decisions for individual decisions. But if Mr. Dodd thinks that the transfer of decision-making from individuals to groups or the government conflicts with the Constitution, he is wrong. The Constitution leaves us pretty free to select such institutions as we desire. It simply restricts the *means* that may be employed in making changes. Due process of law must be observed and, if property is taken, there must be just compensation, but we are free to set up any kind of economy we desire — *laissez faire*, socialism, a planned economy, a welfare state. When Mr. Dodd suggests that the Constitution binds us to certain economic institutions and deprives us of our freedom to change our economy, he himself is championing ideas that are "incompatible" with the fundamental concepts of our Constitution. If the Constitution did not safeguard our right to make changes, there would be no sense in requiring that changes be made by due process of law.

Although Mr. Dodd accuses the foundations of using their funds "to finance ideas and practices incompatible with the fundamental concepts of our Constitution," and although he attributes to educators and scientists extraordinary capacity to control the thinking of the country, he does not suggest what should be done about the matter. His only suggestion is a most unfortunate one. It is that the trustees of foundations shall not "abdicate responsibility" for the conclusions of the investigations financed by them. This suggestion is obviously impracticable. No self-respecting scientist would consider for a moment spending time on a study which he knew might be censored by the organization which put up the money for it.

The clear implication of Mr. Dodd's conclusions, however, is that the government should do something about the "tight control" he thinks has been

established over education and science. Certainly if thought-control of the sort alleged by Mr. Dodd were possible, the community would be faced with an extraordinarily painful dilemma. It would have to choose between thought-control by the foundations and thought-control by the government. It is fortunate, therefore, that Mr. Dodd's charges are so fantastic and so lacking in factual support.

Freedom of foundations and research councils to select the projects for support is no less important than academic freedom itself — indeed, it is an aspect of academic freedom. Unless foundations and research councils can exercise their best judgment, the honest scientist cannot count on being able to win support for research by scientific merit and scientific merit alone. Mr. Dodd's report, therefore, is an attack upon one of the country's most precious freedoms. If his fantastic charges were believed, and if broad and new government controls were established over education and research, education and science would be made instruments of a particular kind of political propaganda. No democracy can flourish in which people are denied the opportunity to do their own thinking, in which scientists may not select the problems for their own investigations and their own methods of inquiry, and in which persons and organizations may not freely urge their own views concerning economics, politics, philosophy, and religion upon their fellows.

Mr. Dodd has selected for attack some of the most admirable elements in American life. Some tax-exempt foundations exist solely for propaganda —

to push a particular economic or political philosophy. Most of the foundations which specialize in propaganda may not be very useful, and some of them are dedicated to pushing crackpot ideas. The few foundations that Mr. Dodd has selected for attack are the ones which have most scrupulously avoided propaganda. And the research organizations that he has selected for attack are the very ones that have stood most firmly for scientific integrity and for improving methods of research. The country needs more foundations similar to the Rockefeller and the Carnegie, which abstain from propaganda, which exert no censorship over the work of scientists beyond attempting to assure themselves that the scientists are honest and competent, and which endeavor to support the search for knowledge at those points where the scientists themselves believe that investigation will be most fruitful.

The decision of the Reece committee to stop public hearings after listening to only the attack on the foundations and one witness in rebuttal obviously raises a fundamental question of propriety in investigating procedure. Is it not elementary that investigating committees should not be permitted to restrict hearings, as the Reece committee has done, to only one side of the controversy? The Reece committee either should make a formal finding that Mr. Dodd's charges are so ill-founded and fantastic that they require no reply or it should give the foundations and organizations attacked by him a chance to answer through public hearings.



ALL TERMINABLE THINGS

by CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

THIS terminable body once was yours,
 burnt in each fire of your desired burning,
 was whole again by all yourself endures,
 flew on strong pinions borrowed from your discerning,
 walked upon waters by your passionate faith,
 drowned in your absence at both dusk and dawn —
 till grosser substance turned transparent wraith
 as undemanding love from flesh was born.
 So to all terminable things, farewell!
 Farewell to flesh that was both yours and mine,
 that once on lusty mountains could dispel
 all dubious clouds with but one mutual sign,
 and made the sun that would have set too soon
 stand in his heaven till we were done with noon!



American pioneer in industrial medicine, ALICE HAMILTON took her medical degree at the University of Michigan at a time when women doctors were as scarce as hen's teeth, did graduate work in Germany and at Johns Hopkins, and then enlisted under Jane Addams at Hull-House. Her mission was the protection of workers in the dangerous trades. And her life, as she told it in her autobiography, Exploring the Dangerous Trades, is a valiant record of a twentieth-century pioneer. Dr. Hamilton now lives in retirement at Hadlyme, Connecticut.

WORDS LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN

by ALICE HAMILTON, M.D.

WORDS have always been of great interest to me, and their misuse gives me a sense of more than discomfort: of actual indignation, as if a friend were being mistreated. I cannot claim to be a writer, but then a music critic is not a musician, nor an art critic a painter. I am a reader, so I feel I have a right to criticize authors, journalists, editorial writers, who, to my mind, are doing violence to the English language by surrendering precious words to base uses or by substituting cheap words for valuable ones.

Take some of the lost words. It is hard to see why the useful and simple "because," "since," "owing to," should have been lost, but apparently they have been pushed out by the would-be elegant "due to." This is no longer an adjective and does not have to qualify a noun; it is a preposition on its own, and its queer new use increases all the time, invading even the highbrow weeklies and the "slick" magazines. "Due to the fact that" is bad enough — such a cumbrous substitute for a simple "because" or "owing to" — but what are we to say to such sentences as these, which I have been picking up for a long time? "There were no homeless children due to a local wave of adoption." "He lost time from work due to drinking." "No accident can happen due to glaring headlights." "The amount of undernourishment is not large due to past plenty." "The man died soon after help came due to the injuries." Somehow "because" and "since" are rejected as lowbrow. The educated say "due to the fact that"; the uneducated, "on account."

Among the stolen words are some valuable ones, such as "advice" and "advise" — and that does seem a pity, when we have the perfectly good word "inform." We even have "tell," though I suppose no businessman's secretary could use words as simple as "tell" or "say." "Yours of the 14th

instant received and contents duly noted. In reply would advise . . ." But what shall we use when "advise" is completely surrendered to the business world? "Counsel"? But how formal. Business is also stealing another good word which it does not need but which we do. To be "interested" now is to be induced to buy or subscribe to something.

"Middle" seems to have strayed away, and its place is being taken by its brother "midst," which for some mysterious reason seems to impress itself on writers as more elegant. Webster says that "midst" implies a number of enveloping objects, as, in the midst of a forest; while "middle" is the part of an object which surrounds the center. But we do not keep to this rule, and "midst" is more and more pushing into the places formerly held by "middle," so that now we continually come across queer things such as these: "in the midst of the session"; "in the midst of the controversy"; even "in the midst of his life." Shall we come finally to "the midst years"?

"Satisfied" is straying, is pushing into the place long filled properly by "convinced" or even the lowly "sure." The result is sometimes startling. For instance: "The man's family is satisfied that he was murdered." Of course that may be literally true, but the family did not mean to tell the world so. Apparently the reporter who wrote about Bernt Balchen's unsuccessful rescue mission did not realize how callous was his statement that "Balchen is satisfied that none of the missing men is still on the ice."

The journalists have stolen another useful word which they do not need at all. "Argument" has a definite meaning and a dignified one. Then why make it take the place of "quarrel," "dispute," or even a "drunken brawl"? "The murder followed an argument in the saloon." What are we to use, for instance — if "argument" is lost — when scien-

tists disagree about the atom bomb, or economists about a depression?

More amusing is the increasing rejection of "believe" and "think" in favor of "feel." Notice how often statesmen, journalists, commentators, tell you what the "feeling" is in the State Department, the Foreign Office, the Pentagon. Both American and English public men seem now to depend on their "feelings" about the most controversial questions. Does it show that we accept the dictum of the newer psychology that all our decisions are based on emotion, not on thought?

It is to me especially irritating to see the word "sick" straying so far into limbo, though it is not yet irreparably lost. Here we are slavishly following the English in rejecting it for "ill." The English seem to be too modest to use such coarse words as "vomit" or even "throw up," and to be "sick" in England is to do just that. I came across an amazing sentence in an English medical article. "The man was plainly very ill, but had not yet been sick." And just the other day I found this in an English novel: "I think I'm going to be sick. It's not anything I ate. It's that I have a delicate nervous system. Excitement makes me feel ill. I get sick with it." — "I should go and get it over." — "Be sick, you mean?" — "Yes, it's a wonderful feeling."

The trouble with "ill" is that it has so many bad associations: ill will; an ill wind; ill luck; ill used; "ill fares the land" and Annie of Lochroyen's tragic cry, "Oh woe betide my ill mother. An ill death may she die!" Yet more and more our newspapers avoid the vulgar "sick" and substitute "ill." Do not we all shrink a little when we read "an ill baby," "an ill woman"? And even the English could hardly say "a love-ill swain."

The word "obscene" has a definite meaning and there is no other word to take its place, but it is being stolen and made to serve as a simple hate-word. It is used to describe extreme cruelty, such as that of Buchenwald and Auschwitz, or the destruction of the Warsaw ghetto, even the Ku Klux Klan, the deliberations of the Politburo, the Dies Committee. Edna St. Vincent Millay used it to describe the Sacco-Vanzetti case; Borgese, the Fascist salute; Waldo Frank, the members of the Reichstag; the *Nation*, the Horst Wessel song. Mencken wrote that the Scopes trial was "so farcical it was almost obscene." Now, however detestable all these may be, we have no right to call them obscene and thereby rob ourselves of a useful word when we have no other to take its place.

English-speaking people have long prided themselves on having the word "home" in their language, while the Latins have to use some weak substitute like *chez soi*. But now we are letting "home" stray into low company so far that we

are in danger of losing it altogether. This is because of our inveterate belief that if we put a nice word in the place of one we dislike ("mortician," for instance, the man who takes charge when we "pass away") we thereby change the thing we dislike to a likable thing. So we call an undertaker's establishment a "funeral home"; and all sorts of institutions for the sick, the insane, the delinquent, are called "homes" when there is and can be nothing homelike about them. When I lived at Hull-House, "home" was far from being a beloved word. A poor widow said to me, "I'll work my fingers to the bone before I'll let my children go to a home." The once beautiful word "asylum" is straying along the same down-path.

That brings us to the wickedest of steals, "disinterested." Think what a valuable word that is and how irreplaceable. The quality of disinterestedness is one of the finest of which human beings are capable, and there is no way to describe it in a single word except just that one. Yet out of sheer laziness we are letting it substitute for the perfectly adequate "uninterested," and this crime is being committed, not by the uneducated or the business world, but by "intellectuals" who know better. Editors ought to join a crusade against this unscrupulous steal and reject any manuscript that contains such outrages as: "The statement met with complete disinterest on the part of the assembly." "Unfortunately the man was disinterested and I came away depressed."

I will not go into the many forms of gobbledygook — legal, medical, business, sociological — that plague us. Bad as they are, they are read mostly by professionals only; they do not often invade literature. My own profession is pretty bad, but certainly less so than the legal. However, it is hard to understand why it has given up the good word "fever" and taken to using "temperature." You will hear not only a layman but a doctor ask, "Has he a temperature?" Well, if he has not he must have been dead a number of hours. And why should a patient be "ambulatory" instead of "up and about"? Why should we give up that convenient old word "bedfast"? Social workers have their own dialect and have rejected "poor." We may still use it provided it does not deal with physical poverty, but we must no longer speak of "the poor" except when we quote the Bible. We must say "underprivileged" instead — not "a poor child" but "an underprivileged preadolescent."

Changes in language that lead to greater clarity or conciseness or vividness — as some of our American slang does — are to be welcomed, but that is not true of any of the examples I have given. Maybe we need an "Académie américaine" to call a halt and rescue our lost, strayed, or stolen words.



An Atlantic Story



JAMES YAFFE made his first appearance in the Atlantic with his short story "Mr. Feldman" in January, 1949, when he was twenty-one years old. Since then he has had another story in the Atlantic and has published a collection of short stories and a first novel both in the United States and in England. His stories have appeared in anthologies, and for three years in succession he has won a prize in the Ellery Queen Mystery Contest. His new novel, *What's the Big Hurry?*, of which the following is an excerpt, is the story of a Chicago businessman; it will be published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint this month.

ONLY A CRAZY MAN HAS DAUGHTERS

by JAMES YAFFE

WHEN a father has a complaint to make about his son, all he has to do is take the boy aside and yell at him: —

"What do you mean by getting home at three o'clock in the morning? Your mother was worried to death!"

"Twenty bucks? You want twenty bucks? My God, the way you spend my money, you could be the United States government."

"A car of your own? Listen to him, will you? He's still wet behind the ears, and he wants a car of his own!"

This is the sort of thing that goes on every day. Sarcasm, grumbling, out-and-out rage — how else should a father in this modern world express his affection and concern for his own son?

But between a father and his daughter it isn't so easy. Because a father can't yell at his daughter, or wave his fist at her threateningly, or call her a good-for-nothing. More than one father has, of course. But he usually ends up with a terrible feeling of guilt over it. And then, when she smiles up at him and puts her hands on his shoulders and murmurs that pet name which he's always been a sucker for, the most determined father in the world is as helpless as a baby.

Such was the case with Dan Waxman. His daughter Barbara — Bobby he called her, this was his favorite nickname for a girl — was his only child. Ever since she was old enough to cry or flutter her eyelashes, she had very little trouble getting her way with him. But she more than paid

him back for this. When she was little she paid him back in laughter and high spirits, in showing him how much she enjoyed her life. "Sarah," he used to say to his wife, "what are we bringing up in this household, a little girl or a wild Indian?" "A wild Indian!" Bobby used to shout out gleefully, and jump around the living room giving war whoops.

And now that she was almost grown up, she paid him back in quieter, more ladylike ways. She told him her secrets, the ones she wanted him to hear. She asked his opinion of her clothes and her hairdos. She even laughed at his jokes. Not out of diplomacy either, but heartily and spontaneously, because she thought they were funny and she liked to see him in a good mood.

He hated it, absolutely hated it, when he had to be mad at her. Last year, for instance. . . .

"It's not normal," Dan said. "Frankly, I don't understand it. It just isn't something that a normal human being would do."

"She isn't a normal human being," Sarah said. "She's a member of the younger generation, and we're simply her parents. It's not our business to understand what she does."

"That's supposed to be an answer? That's the silliest thing I ever heard. By that reasoning, when she was two years old and threw her cereal across the room, we should've kissed her and given her another bowl and told her to do it again."

"It's not the same thing, dear. Bobby is grown up now."

"Who says she's grown up? Twenty years old, since when is that grown up? And look at all the experience of life she's got. Two and a half years at Vassar College — very grown up. Answer me just one thing. If she was so grown up, why would she do a crazy thing like this? Thanksgiving dinner — her own family that she hasn't seen for two months — and she's 'terribly sorry,' she 'hates to eat and run,' but she 'just happens to have this early date.' Early dates! All of a sudden our daughter has early dates on Thanksgiving."

"It's her life, Dan. She's capable of making her own decisions."

"Then why did she make *this* decision? There's the proof of what I'm saying. She isn't capable of blowing her nose."

It was after ten o'clock on Thanksgiving night. Dinner was over a long time ago, and the family, Sarah's sisters and brothers and nieces and nephews and in-laws and so on, all of them stuffed and puffing and red in the face, had straggled out to the air and their own homes. Behind them, in Dan's duplex apartment on Park Avenue, they left a trail of empty plates and full ash trays. It was in the midst of this debris that Dan and Sarah had their talk.

And still later, with the debris cleared up and the living room no more rumpled than usual, Dan continued to sit with an angry look on his face, and wait up for his daughter to come home. Sarah tried to persuade him not to do this. "We don't want her to think we don't trust her," Sarah said. But Dan just grunted and said, "Why not? It's the truth."

Even after twenty-four years of dealing with Dan's temper and smoothing down Dan's feelings, Sarah hadn't learned the secret of making him do something he didn't want to do.

Finally, around midnight, she moved around the room, emptying out ash trays, then stood for a moment in the archway. "Don't say anything you don't really mean, dear" were her last words before she went up to bed.

2

FOR the next hour and a half Dan sat and chewed a cigar — or paced up and down and chewed a cigar. Finally, he heard Bobby's key in the front door. For a second he got a little flustered. It occurred to him suddenly, for the first time, that Bobby's new boy — this mysterious boy that nobody had ever seen or knew anything about, except that he could drag her away from her own family on Thanksgiving — might be with her now. Dan didn't know whether he should step out to the foyer and announce himself quick, or hunch down in his chair and keep very quiet. Before he could decide, the front door had opened and shut, and it was clear that Bobby was alone.

"Who's there?" came her voice. And then she was in the room with him, smiling, her face a little flushed. "Daddy, you didn't have to wait up."

"Who waited up? I was reading a detective story, and I lost track of the time."

"You and your detective stories." Bobby said it lightly and fondly, with maybe the smallest shade of superiority in her voice. Since she started going to Vassar, she had become just a little bit of an intellectual.

"Did you enjoy yourself tonight?" Dan said, trying to keep the gruffness out of his voice, and knowing he couldn't do it.

"Oh, I had a nice time," she said, in an offhand way. Three years ago she would have cried out "I had a *marvelous* time!" But that was another thing Vassar had taught her — the naïveté and immaturity of expressing enthusiasm.

"Where did you go? What did you do?"

"Oh, we went to lots of places. We made the usual tour of the Village." Bobby yawned delicately, and patted her mouth even more delicately. "Well, I'll see you in the morning, darling." She gave him a quick kiss on the forehead, then started to the archway.

"Wait a second, what's the big hurry?" Dan said, raising his voice a little. "Join me in a night-cap, why don't you? Then we can go upstairs together."

"I really *am* tired —"

But Dan couldn't just let her run off like this. He couldn't just go through the whole night with this thing on his mind. "It'll only be a quick one," he said, leaning forward a little and putting more urgency into his voice than he really wanted to.

Bobby hesitated a moment, then she smiled and nodded. "All right, just a quick one."

Dan was on his feet immediately, bustling up to the liquor cabinet, making the drinks with a great deal of excess motion, calling out very professionally, "Scotch is what you like, isn't it? I seem to remember your drink is Scotch." A few minutes later he was back in his easy chair again, and they both had glasses in their hands, and they were facing each other across the room.

"You ran out of here pretty quick after dinner tonight," Dan said finally. "This date of yours must've been pretty special."

"No, no, nothing special." Bobby sipped her liquor.

"What's his name, this fellow who's nothing special?"

"You've never heard of him, Daddy. He doesn't come from New York."

"People don't have names outside of New York?"

"Of course they do. What I mean is, his name won't have any particular significance to you."

"All right then, if it's so insignificant why not tell it to me? Why make such a big mystery out of it?"

"I'm not making a mystery, Daddy. His name is Harvey Harris."

Dan's eyes narrowed a little. "Jewish boy?"

"As a matter of fact, he is. Not that it really matters."

"If he isn't from New York, where is he from?"

"He's from Ohio. Beewick, Ohio — that's a small town right near Cincinnati."

"And what's he doing so far away from home? Does he go to college here in the city?"

"Oh no. Harvey doesn't go to college. As a matter of fact, I don't think he's ever been to college. He's working now. He's in business with his older brother, and he's in New York now to sell things."

"In business." Dan's belligerence eased up a little when he heard this. How mysterious could this Harvey Harris be, if he was in business? "What kind of business is he in?"

"Well —" Bobby laughed, "it isn't very romantic, I'm afraid. He makes soap. That is, his brother is in charge of making it, and Harvey spends most of his time trying to sell it. It's a small business still, but I guess they're doing very well."

"Soap." Dan thought it over a moment, then nodded his head, and even smiled a little. "What's wrong with the soap business? I was reading an article the other day, where it said that the United States of America uses one and a half times more soap daily per person than any other country in the world, except Switzerland." Dan could feel himself getting more genial every moment. He leaned back in his seat and actually enjoyed his next mouthful of liquor. "How did you meet him, this young soap magnate? I thought you only got to meet a lot of crazy college kids with nothing on their minds but crew haircuts."

"Daddy, you've got such funny ideas about your own daughter. After all these years you should know that I don't care for that type any more than you do. Harvey was in Poughkeepsie on business, and he happened to go to one of the Vassar dances, and I realized right away that he was superior to the other boys."

And now, for the first time, there was a definite note of enthusiasm in her voice. And with it, the enthusiasm went right out of Dan's voice. He went on, full of suspicion, "How come he didn't pick you up at the apartment tonight, this fellow? Were you afraid to let us get a look at him?"

"Now you know that wasn't the reason. Harvey was busy with some buyers for cocktails, and he thought it would save time if I met him right at the restaurant."

"You went to the restaurant by yourself and waited for him there?"

"He was waiting for me, Daddy. Harvey is always on time, wherever he goes."

"And how come he didn't bring you home tonight?"

"He did bring me home. He let me off downstairs, in his car."

Dan grunted. He had a dissatisfied feeling. He felt that there were a lot of things he wanted to ask about this Harvey Harris, only he couldn't seem to think of them at the moment. And then, there was one big thing that he *could* think of at the moment — "How do you feel about this boy? Do you like him a lot? Do you like him particularly?" This was the question that popped into his head whenever Bobby went out on a date nowadays — and it was just the question that he could never bring himself to ask.

And then Bobby's voice was breaking into his thoughts. "I'm through with my quick one, Daddy. It's really awfully late."

Dan looked at her a moment longer. Then he nodded and got to his feet. "Yes. Sure. You're right."

They went up the stairs together. They kissed on the second-floor landing, and Dan turned towards the door of his bedroom. Then he stopped himself and turned back to Bobby. "I'd like to meet him, this boy. That is — if you're planning to see him again. If you're not, don't bother —"

"Of course you can meet him, darling. He'll be picking me up for dinner tomorrow night." Then she blew him a kiss and disappeared into her room.

Dan woke Sarah up and told her about it. Two nights in a row, he told her. And there were only three nights for her vacation. Didn't it look strange? Was it possible that something was up? What was Sarah's opinion? And when Sarah answered that she didn't have any opinion at all, Dan snorted and grunted and muttered irritably, "No opinion. She's your own daughter, isn't she? My God, you should have an opinion." And so, in five or ten minutes, he had muttered himself to sleep.

3

THE way he fidgeted the next evening, before this Harvey Harris arrived, you'd think he was expecting somebody really important. You'd think a famous celebrity was coming, or an important client, instead of a nebbish little soap salesman from Nowhere, Ohio.

The first sight of Harvey Harris was a surprise. Whatever Dan may have been expecting, he certainly didn't expect a man in his thirties, a man at least twelve years older than Bobby was. He was tall and round-shouldered, with a long face and square rimless eyeglasses and a sort of fishy white complexion. When Bobby rushed up to him in the living-room archway, he patted her hand a little, and looked down at her with a thin smile, and said, "How are you this evening, Barbara?" And right away, there was something about the way he said it. It was almost like a teacher giving a lesson to one of his pupils. It was almost as if — not in so

many words, but strictly through the formal dignified tone of his voice — he were criticizing Bobby for showing how glad she was to see him.

And it made Dan wince a little, to see how Bobby herself seemed to get the point. She blushed, and then right away she made her face serious and dignified too. And as she introduced her guest to her parents, Dan couldn't miss the nervous, uncertain looks that she kept stealing at him, to see if she was doing all right and if he approved of her manners.

But now this Harvey Harris was standing right in front of Dan, holding out his hand. "How are you, Mr. Waxman? I've been looking forward to meeting you. Barbara has told me so much about you."

Dan gave a grunt — the restrained, slightly sour grunt that he reserved for people who told him how much they'd been "looking forward" to meeting him. Then this Harvey Harris began to shake his hand — that is, he touched Dan's fingers, and applied a sort of flabby pressure, and pulled his hand away again leaving a wet clammy feeling behind.

As secretly as possible, Dan reached into his pocket and wiped his fingers on his handkerchief. Then he put on a smile and tried to be hearty. "So how about a drink?" he said. "Scotch, rye, Canadian Club — a little sherry maybe? We've got a complete selection here at the Waxman Bar."

"No thank you, Mr. Waxman," Harvey Harris said, smiling his thin smile and shaking his head. "The truth is, I never drink, except when business requires it of me. I believe in keeping my mind clear."

"Harvey says that he went through that stage when he was a boy in high school," Bobby put in, that same look of admiration in her eyes. "Now he's grown out of it."

Dan laughed a little uneasily. "Well, as one who hasn't grown out of it yet — you don't mind, I hope, if I —" He cut himself short and hurried over to the liquor cabinet.

"By all means, Mr. Waxman," said Harvey Harris. "I certainly don't mean to impose my own little ways of doing things on anybody else. I believe in tolerance and broad-mindedness, if I believe in anything." Then he cleared his throat and added, "Besides, Barbara and I really must be going along."

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to stay for dinner?" Sarah said. "We've really got plenty."

"No, no, thank you so much, Mrs. Waxman," Harvey Harris said, once again shaking his head. "We have our plans all made."

"You wouldn't be interfering with anything," Sarah said. "Mr. Waxman and I were just going to spend a quiet evening at home. We could all have a game of bridge."

"Very kind of you, Mrs. Waxman." Harvey

Harris pursed his lips together, and seemed to be smiling at some sort of private little joke. "But the truth is, I've never acquired the taste for playing cards. I was a poor boy, as Barbara may have told you, and I've had to work very hard all my life. I never had time to play games, like people who were born with silver spoons in their mouths."

Bobby was looking at him all through this speech. And her eyes were sparkling. With pride and admiration they were sparkling. Dan could see it, and it made his stomach feel funny. "Harvey is a self-made man," Bobby said, still not taking her eyes from him. "He never had any of the advantages. He's worked himself up from the bottom."

"Well, I admire that," Dan said. "I'm a self-made man myself. Only it seems to me, a young fellow could enjoy himself too —"

Harvey Harris gave a laugh — another one of those satisfied schoolteacher laughs. "When I get to be your age, Mr. Waxman, I'll be able to *afford* to enjoy myself." Then without waiting for Dan to answer him, he turned to Bobby: "It's really getting very late, Barbara. I'm not sure they'll hold our reservations. And I don't want to make a bad impression, because I take so many buyers to eat there."

"Yes, of course, Harvey," Bobby said, and she looked terribly concerned and worried for a moment.

Then Harvey Harris said good night, and how pleased he was to meet them, and how pleased he would be to see them again — and Dan got another handful of moisture. And then Bobby kissed him quickly on the cheek and said, "Good-by, Daddy." And obviously her mind was a thousand miles away. And so, the young couple was gone.

4

DAN did a lot of talking about them after they left. The fact is, he hardly talked about anything else for the rest of the night. "What does she see in him?" he kept saying. "I don't get it, I just don't get it. A young, healthy, lively girl like Bobby — how can she go on with a fellow like that? He's old. A regular old man."

"He's only thirty-two, Dan," Sarah said. "Twelve years difference isn't so much nowadays. Look at my sister Nellie."

"You look at your sister Nellie. I'm not talking about years — years is bad enough, God knows, but I'm talking about the way he acts. The way he talks. The kind of fellow he is. Old! Like he hasn't been a young man for years and years."

"Well —" Sarah wavered a little, different feelings struggling with one another on her face, "at least he's mature and steady. That's a great deal in this world."

"Mature and steady. How many girls do I know of, lively good-natured girls like Bobby, who got

married to these mature steady old men, these mature steady *cold fish* — and look what happened to them, look what they got turned into in a few years. Dishrags. Squeezed-out old dishrags. My own brother Herman is a man like that — my own brother. God forgive me for saying it — look what poor little Doris was like before he married her, and look what she was like the day she died.”

“You’re exaggerating,” Sarah said, with a little laugh. “There isn’t going to be any marrying. She’s only going out with the boy.”

“There better not be!” Dan cried, with a sweep of his arm. “Marry that stuffed shirt! I’d just like to see her try it — I’d come down on *that* so hard that they wouldn’t know what hit them. Self-made man, is he? All my life I’ve had an admiration for self-made men — all my life I’ve been proud of the fact that I myself am a self-made man. And now, after two minutes listening to that stuffed shirt, I think I’d prefer it if she brought home a lazy good-for-nothing who wanted to live off my money.”

And later in the evening, when it looked as if the subject had been dropped, he suddenly burst out with it again: “She’s too good-natured. She’s too kindhearted. I always said it, didn’t I? I always warned her, didn’t I? ‘Don’t be such a good schnook all the time,’ I said. ‘It’ll get you in trouble someday,’ I said. And now it’s happened, just like I said. This slimy little snake comes along, and gives her a story about what a poor boy he was and he never had the advantages and he’s too hard-working to enjoy a decent healthy normal game of cards — and she falls for it hook, line, and sinker, she’s all choked up and thinking what a wonderful fellow he is, and how superior he is to all the other poor dopes — and he’s got her in the palm of his hand! My poor kindhearted baby, she’s an unhappy woman for life.”

He wanted to wait up again until Bobby came home, but Sarah convinced him he shouldn’t. “It’s nothing now,” she told him. “There’s nothing to it at all. But if you keep waiting up, and pumping her with questions, and letting her know you’re upset, then you never can tell, she might start thinking seriously, you might push her right into his arms.”

Grudgingly Dan agreed, and he went up to the bedroom when Sarah did. But he couldn’t fall asleep that night, he tossed and turned until he finally heard the sound of the front door downstairs. Then he sat up in bed and switched on the light and spoke up. “I’m going down. I want to talk to her.” But Sarah sat up too, and reached out and put her hand on his arm. “Please, Dan,” she said. “Please don’t be foolish.” He glared down at her hand for a moment, then without a word he switched off the light and lay back on his pillow. And he had to grit his teeth a little to keep himself still.

And then, the next morning, just before she

dashed out for a luncheon date with one of her girl friends, Bobby announced that Harvey Harris was picking her up for dinner again that night.

This was so upsetting to Dan that he didn’t even go to the club for his Saturday afternoon gin game. “The third time in a row,” he said. “Every night of her vacation, every single night — and she spends them all with *him*. So it isn’t serious, is it? So it’ll all blow over, will it? Tell me that again. Tell me that it isn’t serious.”

He put on a scornful belligerent expression, as if he were challenging Sarah to speak any such foolishness to him — and yet, underneath, he wanted the foolishness, he was waiting anxiously to hear it from her, he was depending on her for that soft easy tone of reassurance.

The reassurance didn’t come. She lowered her eyes and murmured quickly, “I don’t know, Dan. I still don’t think — I just don’t know.”

He grunted and buried himself behind the afternoon newspaper.

5

HARVEY HARRIS came for Bobby on the dot. It was just like the night before — the same way of patting her hand, the same thin smile, the same wet handshake. And along with all this, there was a little laugh and an apology “for spiriting Barbara away from her home like this.” But the reason, he explained, was a “most important” one. “Mother is in town,” he explained. “She’s here for the annual convention of the International Elocution Teachers. You know, that’s how Mother got along and supported the family before my brother and I could work — before we reached the age of fourteen, that is. She gave elocution lessons to wealthy children in Beewick. Now, of course, it isn’t necessary for her to do so, but she still likes to keep active.”

“Your mother sounds like a remarkable woman,” said Sarah.

“She *is* remarkable,” said Harvey Harris. “Naturally I’m very anxious for her to meet Barbara.”

The words were on Dan’s lips — “Why so anxious? Why so naturally?” But he didn’t say them. There was a dryness in his throat, and he let the moment pass.

And then Bobby and Harvey Harris left for the evening, and he was alone with Sarah.

It was funny, how they both stayed away from the subject. Without a word ahead of time, they both seemed to agree on this, and they talked of other things. Through dinner they talked about the food. After dinner they turned on the television. They looked at Sid Caesar, and they laughed at the jokes, and then they stopped laughing, they lowered their eyes, they gave themselves up to their own thoughts without any more pretending.

And then, when it was time for bed, Dan gave a

sigh and a shake of his head. "I'll wait for her," he said. "She's taking such an early train tomorrow. It may be the last chance to talk to her."

And Sarah nodded just as easily and unprofitably as if they had discussed this move in detail. "Yes, you'd better," she said. And after a moment, "She's always listened to you. She has a great respect for your opinion." Then she got to her feet slowly, a little wearily. She made her usual round of the ash trays, and ended up by kissing Dan good night. And for just a moment longer than usual she kept her hand in his. "I'll be waiting upstairs," she said. "I won't sleep."

When she was gone, Dan sank back into his easy chair. The light was suddenly hard on his eyes. He switched it off and sat back in the darkness, smoking his cigar, thinking about the past. "Sarah," says a voice — his own voice, sort of weak and faded, from a long, long distance. "What are we bringing up in this household, a little girl or a wild Indian?" "A wild Indian!" comes the answer in a shout — a shout as soft and delicate as the tinkle of a little bell. And there she is for a moment, dancing and prancing before his eyes —

"Daddy, you're not still up?"

The light blared out at him. He looked up and blinked, and for a moment it was a terrible shock, what he saw. It wasn't a little girl at all. It was a grown-up young woman, tall and good-looking, dressed in the newest fashion, with high heels on her shoes and lipstick on her face. And the only trace of that lively little girl was the spark of pleasure that was glowing out of her eyes.

"I didn't hear you come in," he said, still blinking, confused.

"You must've fallen asleep," she said. "Why did you do it, darling? Waiting up for me like that. You don't have to worry about me, as if I were a baby."

Why did he do it? It rushed back on him now, the great worry that was on his mind. He shook his head to get rid of the confusion. A heavy responsibility was ahead of him, and his senses had to be clear. "Listen, baby," he said. "Sit down, will you."

"Yes, Daddy." She laughed and perched herself on the edge of the sofa. Her cheeks were flushed. More so than usual — Dan couldn't help noticing it. It was happiness that caused it — he couldn't help noticing that too. Then he got hold of himself, he pushed away stray thoughts.

"Let's have a little talk," he said. "It's a long time since we had one of our little talks."

"I know it, I know it," she said. "Poor Daddy, I've been neglecting you terribly, haven't I? Up at college, and going out all the time, and all. You make me feel so guilty."

"Guilty." He laughed, quick and a little nervous. "I don't want you to feel guilty. God knows, that's the last thing I want you to feel. It's your

happiness I want, baby. You know that, don't you?"

"You're the sweetest father in the world. You've spoiled me terribly."

"Spoiled you? Have I? I never thought about it. Maybe because I've been spoiling myself at the same time. But that's not the point," he went on hurriedly. "That's not what I want to talk about." He stuck out his jaw. Now is the moment, he told himself. Firm and courageous. After this, it'll be too late.

"It is the point, darling," she said, leaning forward suddenly and giving one of her brightest smiles. "You've always looked out for my happiness, and you've succeeded. I *have* been happy. I don't think a girl could ask to be happier. That is, I've been miserable too —"

"You've been miserable?" he put in quickly.

"Like all girls my age," she said, laughing. "A girl wouldn't be satisfied if she wasn't miserable every once in a while. And you know, I think that some men are like that too." She laughed again, then her face softened, and her smile grew gentler and more serious. "But now even *that* is all over. Now I won't even be miserable any more. Because of what's ahead of me, Daddy. The biggest happiness of all. I can't really talk about it yet — it's not absolutely and completely settled — but it's coming any day now."

"It's coming?" Dan said. "Something is coming?"

Bobby got to her feet and moved up to him. "Let's not talk about it, Daddy. We'll talk about it later — pretty soon we won't be talking about anything else." And she put her arms around him and kissed him, almost as affectionately and contentedly as she used to do when she was just a little girl.

The touch of her lips against his cheek made Dan weak. It set his knees to wobbling. Pull yourself together, he kept telling himself. Firm and courageous. But even as he told himself, he knew it was useless. He returned her kiss softly. A vague little smile came over his face. "All right, we won't talk," he said. "Whatever it is, baby — Is it right for you? Then it's right for your mother and me."

They separated a few minutes later. And Dan went to his room and to Sarah. She was lying back on her pillow, and the light cast heavy shadows across her face. But her eyes were very wide, staring and anxious. Dan walked up to the bed without a word, looked at her, then turned away and started to undress for the night. It wasn't till he was in his own bed, and the lights were out, that he spoke up sharply, with sudden fierceness.

"All right, it's her life," he said. "She's old enough to make her own decisions."

And a silence came over the two of them, dark and heavy and oppressive. It was a long time before either of them could get to sleep.



In an ancient Cape Cod cottage, the Farm House, the walls of which were decorated by his uncle, the artist Frank W. Benson, DR. WYMAN RICHARDSON spent some fifty summers. Here he came to know the moods and ever-changing beauty of Nauset Beach and the great salt marsh within; here he developed his extraordinary knowledge of the shore birds; and here he guided his family and friends on happy expeditions for the striped bass or the blue crab. We shall miss his friendly presence in the Atlantic.

AROUND THE HORN

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

THE Nauset Marsh at Eastham on outer Cape Cod is a most unusual salt marsh. Most such marshes are protected to the seaward by a barrier beach through which an estuary enters. This estuary is widest at its mouth and divides into smaller and smaller branches which lead into denser and denser bodies of solid sedge.

Not so the Nauset Marsh. It contains more water than sedge and has large bays at the upper end. Even the Main Channel, while nearly two miles from the Inlet, is a quarter of a mile wide. (The "Inlet" is the passage through the barrier beach.) The sedge is divided into sections. The large ones are called "flat" or "marsh," and the small "hummock." The largest such piece, Porch Marsh, is about a mile and a half from north to south. Its nearest, or north, edge is about a mile from the Farm House. We call the southernmost tip Cape Horn, and the shallow passageway that makes a tiny island of it, the Strait of Magellan.

One of our best expeditions is to "round the Horn" in the canoe. In order to do this, there must not be so much wind that paddling becomes a task, and the tide must serve in such a manner that we can drop down the Main Channel on the ebb, meet the flood at the Horn, come up with it, and get home at a comfortable hour for dinner.

The tide is right for us the ninth of one October. There is a light breeze from the northeast and the air is sparkingly clear. From the Farm House piazza the water in the marsh channels is a clear blue, while through the dips in the dunes we can see the deeper blue of the Atlantic Ocean.

As we leave the mouth of the Salt Pond Creek and begin to negotiate the twists and turns of the upper channels, we see many ducks along the edge of Tom Doane's Hummock. Most of them are black, although we note two hen mallards, one pintail, and perhaps half a dozen baldpates. As we ap-

proach, the black ducks begin to take notice. Their necks become straight, long and stiff—at least twice as long as a duck's neck should be. The nearer ones separate from one another and luff up into the wind, a sure sign that they are about to fly. And away they go, with that spectacular jump of theirs. They drag off others which are not so close, and these in turn drag off others, until at last the whole caboodle is in the air in a great straggling, lacy flock. Most of them go straight to the eastward out across the dunes to the ocean where, presumably, they will spend the rest of the day asleep.

We soon come to that deep part of the channel south of the Cedar Bank, where we put out a bucktail fly and begin trolling. This is simply to protect ourselves; for what with the bright sun and very low water, it does not seem like a very good chance. The flats are pretty well covered with shore birds. "Winter" yellowlegs and black-bellied plover represent the larger birds, while the smaller ones are mostly red-backed sandpipers. Suddenly we hear their shrill alarm note, and at once every bird is in the air.

"Must be a duck hawk around," I observe.

My wife snatches off her white hat. A day or two before, when she was sketching, a duck hawk had come along. She had taken up her binoculars and, just as she had them focused on the hawk, he had made a pass at her hat. This, as seen through her glasses, had been truly terrifying.

"Leave it on," I suggest. "You may attract him."

"Here," she says, "you wear it."

"I guess I won't," I reply, lamely enough.

White hat or no white hat, a handsome full-plumaged male duck hawk comes directly over our heads. Soon he begins to soar and in an incredibly short time disappears to the northeast.

At this point five huge shore birds come low over

our heads and light on the flat in front of us. A quick glance through the glasses shows that they are all godwits, four marbled and one Hudsonian. We all have a good look at these magnificent birds, the largest of our shore birds. We let the canoe drift up to within thirty feet of them. The marbled godwits show at the base of their long, upturned bills an orange tinge which we have never noticed before. The Hudsonian is considerably darker and there is a bit of the white patch at the base of his tail which is obvious when he flies. We leave them to their bickerings and their worms, as the ebb takes us slowly past.

We go by Hay Island, where some bass boil ahead of the canoe and corroborate the old adage that "a boiling bass never bites." Past the mouth of Jeremiah's Creek, where we put a night heron in a dither as to whether to fly or not to fly. Past the outermost end of Porchy Bar, which so many neophytes have tried to cheat by cutting across too soon, only to find themselves hopelessly stuck on the sand riffles. Past Broad Creek, now, at low water, almost dry except for a few deep holes here and there. Past Deep Water Point, which is no longer a point and where there is no deep water. And finally, down to the sand bar to the south of the Horn.

The sand bar is covered with herring gulls, perhaps two hundred of them, and we wonder why they are standing so still and so erect with all eyes turned in the same direction. And then the reason for this rapt attention becomes apparent. At the upper end of the bar, austere aloof, is a large brown bird, about as big as the gulls. When we get the glasses focused on him, we realize he is a brown gyrfalcon. He seems to be eying the gulls with a malevolent expression. As we approach, he turns his baleful glance on us, as if to say: "Get to hell out of here."

But it is he at last who moves. He allows us to come within about fifty yards and finally takes off. As he does so, every gull turns and faces him. He flies directly over them and makes several dives at them. Each time, the target gull spreads his wings, opens his beak wide, and screams. And each time, the gyrfalcon swoops up, inches from the gull's head, without touching him.

The gyrfalcon does this about three times and then, off to the east, he spies a marsh hawk. He dashes away and comes down on the marsh hawk from above. But just before he gets there, the marsh hawk flips over on his back, with upraised talons, and again gyrfalcon swoops up and away. Time after time, this performance is repeated, until finally gyrfalcon tires of the sport and lazily flies to the south. In fact, what with his lazy flight and his over-all brown color, one could almost mistake him for a year-old herring gull.

After this excitement, we go ashore at the end of the sand bar and wait for the flood tide to take

a hold. We walk over the riffled sand in our bare feet, looking for items of interest, but we find nothing more interesting than that savage shellfish, *Polynices heros*. He is the common big round "snail" which makes a trail in the sand ending in a very suggestive hump. He is equipped with not only a powerful foot but also an effective rasp as well. He it is who destroys so many mollusks, and he who fashions that smooth sand collar which never meets in the middle but which nevertheless holds many thousands of *Polynices* eggs.

When we went ashore the tide was rising on the flats, while still ebbing in the channels. This is a peculiarity of estuaries which it is not too difficult to understand. One can see how the water, while still running out of the estuary system, must meet the flow from the sea. In the resulting struggle the water may, and generally does, rise while it is still flowing out. After about twenty minutes or so the current will coincide with the rise.

But it is more difficult to visualize the reverse process. The tide will generally start to fall even while it is still flooding. And this brings up a very curious situation. At the mouth of the estuary the tide will be ebbing and falling; and at the head, flooding and rising. What happens at that critical point in the middle? It would seem as if the two parts of the watershed must separate and leave a dry place in between. Of course, no such thing occurs. I have been much puzzled by this matter, but I have taken comfort in finding that Hilaire Belloc reports, in *The Cruise of the Nona*, his own mystification.

At any rate, when we climb back into the canoe the tide is flooding strongly. We make our southing and turn with the tide, leaving Cape Horn to starboard. The channel takes us close to the Tonset Shore where eelgrass, five or six feet long, has come in thick. We skirt the edge of it and are just approaching the rocks, when suddenly the rod man's reel begins to screech.

I back water sharply to stop the canoe's progress; but the fish continues to tear off line. Not only that, but he starts weaving around some lobster pot buoys which are always to be found in this region. I do my best, in the strong current, to weave the canoe around after him, and must confess to a feeling of relief when he suddenly kicks off. At this moment someone spies a large white object in the Skiff Hill pastures, a quarter of a mile ahead. "It's a mushroom," say I, making a rather poor joke.

At the foot of the pastures, we land and climb the green slope. And a mushroom it is! Nine and one-half inches across the top it measures, with a stem an inch and three-quarters thick. In the old Farm House log, my father wrote of mushrooms as big as dinner plates. Well, this pasture is full of dinner plates and we pick a mess of them.

These mushrooms, we find later, are not the com-

mon field mushroom, *Campestris agaricus*, but a close relative, *Campestris arvensis*, or horse mushroom. They are just as good to eat — if not better — as their smaller cousin. The very young ones have white gills and we are chary of them. For, although we think we know well the deadly *Amanita phalloides*, our rule is never to eat a white-gilled mushroom of any kind. Consequently, we are careful to pick only those more mature ones with delicate pink or brown gills.

The mushroom-picking diversion allows the tide to catch up with us and we all pile back into the canoe. Even so, the upper flats are still out. The Skiff Hill Channel is plenty deep but it shoals to nothing when we get up towards our hill. We follow a run which turns and twists through the West Cove flats. For some time it is satisfyingly deep. However, it peters out just as we approach the first bend of the Main Channel. When we come to a stop, there is some talk about getting out and dragging. But the hazards of wading in bare feet through soft mud are too great. We prefer to wait.

And we are repaid for our waiting. As we sit quietly, an army of sandpipers lights beside us. Each little bird begins frantically to scurry to and fro, constantly probing with his bill the soft surface and evidently getting something to his liking. We

watch them through our glasses, trying to tell the difference between the semipalmated and the least sandpiper. The least is darker and has greenish legs, and the semipalmated is lighter and has black legs. They look very small beside their cousins with the down-curved bill, the redbacks. The latter, who are winter visitors, seem to specialize on a small, pink worm which they carefully dunk in the water before swallowing.

So engrossed do we become looking for darker backs and greener legs that we are surprised when the canoe suddenly begins to move. The tide is not only rising; it is flooding. We go along with it into the channel, up into the Salt Pond Creek, and back to the boathouse. We park the canoe alongside and, somewhat wearily, trudge up the hill to the Farm House.

But the fatigue gives way as we sit on the piazza and sip a refreshing drink. Soon someone will have enough energy to start producing a hearty Farm House meal. Meanwhile, strangely content, we look out over the marsh with its blue water slowly spreading over the flats. A few of its secrets have this day been bared to us. Another day, when conditions are just right, we may wrest even more secrets from the Nauset Marsh, as once again we round the Horn.



SUNDAY MORNING KING'S CAMBRIDGE

by JOHN BETJEMAN

FILE into yellow candle light, fair choristers of King's
 Lost in the shadowy silence of canopied Renaissance stalls
 In blazing glass above the dark glow skies and thrones and wings
 Blue, ruby, gold and green between the whiteness of its walls
 And with what rich precision the stonework soars and springs
 To fountain out a spreading vault — a shower that never falls.

The white of windy Cambridge courts, the cobbles brown and dry,
 The gold of plaster Gothic with ivy overgrown,
 The apple-red, the silver fronts, the wide green flats and high,
 The yellowing elm trees circled out on islands of their own —
 Oh, here behold all colors change that catch the flying sky
 To waves of pearly light that heave along the shafted stone.

In far East Anglian churches, the clasped hands lying long
 Recumbent on sepulchral slabs or effigied in brass
 Buttress with prayer this vaulted roof so white and light and strong
 And countless congregations as the generations pass
 Join choir and great crowned organ case, in centuries of song
 To praise Eternity contained in Time and colored glass.



nington, Vermont. His new novel *Federigo: or, The Power of Love* is to be published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint this month. Two volumes of his poems have appeared and a third is promised for early in the new year. Mr. Nemerov was born in New York in 1920, and educated at Harvard. He served as a fighter pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force during the war, married an English wife, and from 1946 to 1951 was the editor of the literary magazine *Furioso*.

CONTEMPORARY POETS

by HOWARD NEMEROV

1

POETS in their first volumes seem sometimes able to do everything, whether or not they do it well; the style they have not formed has not begun to threaten them with penalties for desertion. Older poets can no longer do everything, and must settle for something; since this decision is as serious in poetry as it is elsewhere, we must admire their courage whether we like the something or not. In the following comments I have arbitrarily brought together the work of new poets, semi-established poets, and veterans in the field. I do not find that any generality will hold for all or even most of the poets, except the negative one, perhaps, that there is at present very little agreement about the nature of style in poetry.

Among the four new poets whose first books have been published over the last year or so I would characterize *Various Jangling Keys* by Edgar Bogardus, volume 50 of the Yale Series of Younger Poets (Yale University Press, \$2.50), as a witty and elegant work. W. H. Auden in his Foreword quotes what is very likely the best stanza in the book, the second half of "In Memory of Robert Menner," and I think I cannot do better than agree by giving it here: —

Robins and pens, poets and scribes, remain
Sweet enemies, often in the same
Witched head, and yet how many notes contain
More heart than the poetry of easy fame
They try to annotate, having cost more pain,
Having cost more pleasure. You think the scholar tame,
And yet how often has it been that he,
Unlike his poet, dealt strongly with the sea.

Quite apart from the scrupulous fairness of the feeling, how good it is! And with what steadiness and authority it moves, particularly by means of the rove-over lines which, with their balanced hesitations, imitate in the voice the tensions of the judgment. These small marvels of harmony do not

happen often, but they are more the mark of a talent for poetry than any violence of feeling or single brilliant trope.

Daniel G. Hoffman's *An Armada of Thirty Whales*, volume 51 of the Yale Series (Yale University Press, \$2.50), is probably the most openly sentimental of these four volumes by new poets — a slip of the irony discloses, as in part 2 of his "Ode," something not unlike T. E. Brown. Mr. Hoffman's poetry is extremely detailed in its observation of nature, and his clams and snails and pears and whales yield intricate parables by being so closely inspected. Perhaps not sentimentality so much as a diffidence about it, or fear of it, weakens so many of these poems just at the ending; his "Icarus, Icarus" moves with a goodly competence down to "what ecstasy of pride it was that shook / you loose from all that beeswax and those quills, / O how you soared," then drags in what I feel to be a plain irrelevance: "that instant before Breughel / showed human eyes unseeing at your fall." This or a similar fault diminished my pleasure in several other poems also, but I found one, "That the pear delights me now," whose ritual nature allows of a quiet, anticipated close, and which seems strong and fine throughout.

The poems of Harvey Shapiro (*The Eye*, Alan Swallow, \$2.00) do not seem to me for the most part either very finished or successful; what is interesting, though, about these evidently literate (and literary) productions is that the things I most dislike in them clearly result from purpose, not accident. The carelessness, the metrical eccentricity, the lines which won't stand up, the flatness at the finish, frequently running into irrelevance or into the stock figure of the poet standing there with his mouth open ("I sing to myself in this stone weather") — these things all strike me as more like courtly disdain than incompetence, though I don't dislike them the less on that account. I would

admire the attempt, as I take it, to find some metrical balance which shall not be the metrical balance of ten million other poems — except for the fact that in so many of these poems there is no balance at all. The poet has sacrificed the chance of easy effects but has not been able to make hard ones, and his rhythms are left weak and wandering — for example, “In these our wormwood madrigals, / A shower of birds down / Unstrung trees wheel / To the close of the final day.” True that the rhythmic dispositions of much poetry, being forced on it by metrical demands, become common and useless; but to throw out meter and work on cadence alone does not seem to be the solution for Shapiro, whose delicate voice rather fails to fill the formal demand than bursts through it by excess of energy.

Of the four new poets, Peter Kane Dufault seems the least trammelled, probably also the most ambitious. His book, *Angel of Accidence* (Macmillan, \$3.25), is technically not less studied than the others, but through it all he gets a certain large freedom and violence of voice which is capable of more varied tones and which they don't have. The result is not always a joy forever; as he takes more chances than the others he has more lapses, and his longer poems especially, where he leaves his birds, beasts, fish, insects, trees, and goes to political reflection and a kind of blatant satire, are not very engaging. He seems there to throw away all the skill he exhibits in more compact and personal work. Probably also this volume should have been more rigorously selected. His best, though, can be very fine, as in this figure of the trucks on the Post Road at night: “like asteroids / flung from those nebulae, / the neon cities of the east, / across our intervening voids.” And in at least one poem, “Apostasy,” everything works together to achieve the right and absolute result: —

Oh for what you are now —
golden body, graven hair —
I could fall prostrate and forswear
my Israel, and forget how
I entered covenants with one
whose face was stars, whose hands are years;
and that large kingdom I would get
when you, O Baal, O Babylon,
by those same hands are overthrown!

2

MAY SARTON's fourth book of verse, *The Land of Silence* (Rinehart, \$2.50), at first looks very fine, but a close reading is a disappointment. Either there is mere flatness where triumph is intended — “This living colonnade / Where form and content are / Not parted any longer!” — or, alternatively, some violent feeling, expressed for its own sake, is forced on the poem, as in “The Caged Bird,” where the speaker responds to the bird's terror of ap-

proaching night with “And naked now as God, / I wept hot tears of blood” — two lines which have vastly puzzled my literal head.

It would be wrong to suppose a want of technical skill, or to assume that that alone was responsible; Miss Sarton can versify handsomely enough, and bring things to a happy finish where the necessity of “passion” does not prohibit sense — for example, “Our last courage has been subtly shaken: When the cat dies, we are overtaken.” But most of these poems are marred by a false concept of poetry as a free excitement unattached to the hardness of things, an *eleutheromania*: “That beautiful mad exploration / Through a multiple legend of landscape.” One legend at a time, we feel, would be preferable. And when, at the height, she says, “I stand, rapt with delight, though deaf and blind, / And speak my poem,” it is difficult not to agree that this or something like this is exactly the trouble.

Richard Eberhart's latest book, too, is somewhat disappointing, perhaps because the *Selected Poems* warranted such high expectations. *Undercliff*, Poems 1946–1953 (Oxford University Press, \$4.00), though it has good things, is characterized chiefly by somewhat meandering reflection and reminiscence, as of a poet who at this moment does not happen to be writing poetry: —

Each argument begets its counterpart,
Only in opposites the truth is human,
Intelligible, the shoemaker Boehme said.
I recall a steamer on the Pearl River
Slipping out from teeming Canton. . . .

Now this kind of thing exhibits, I suppose, the base from which Eberhart's best poetry also springs: his moralizing eloquence, rude, cheerful, strong, with now and then a sound of Langland and something of that temper, rises quite simply from *talk*; but when it fails to rise we have, instead of a poem, the substance of the thought, a few images, and those *sententiae* which are the by-product of moral poetry when it succeeds and its stock in trade when it fails. This book has *sententiae* in great numbers: “Each age deserves the art it gets.” “And what is the whole of life / But a drowning in the act of swimming?” “Knowledge is not something stated, / But a red dream.” Yet Eberhart is a good poet, and though so much of this book is but “something stated,” there are exceptions, among which I would particularly mention “Choosing a Monument,” a colloquy in which the dramatic situation commands relevance and, despite our being bludgeoned now and then with “symbolism” — “This is the death-wish / Of our civilization right in our family” — we feel something of the mild strength and eccentric magnificence we are accustomed to associate with this poet and moralist.

Howard Moss's *The Toy Fair* (Scribner's, \$2.50) is surely one of the most accomplished collections of lyric poetry to appear since the war. It is very

rare that a poet, while still young, knows his trade so well and makes his verse with such firmness and freedom as Moss does. The true distinction of his poetry, because it is first a distinction of technical ability, reveals itself slowly. It must be *listened to* for its physical character as well as read on the page for its sinewy flowing of figure and intellectual control. His way with the art has a geniality and ease in which form's limitation appears as possibility. The air of fresh life in these poems is there, so far as such things have to do with technique, because the poet's ear has made the nicest adjustment of cadence to meter and meter to cadence. Because he understands *phrasing*, his labor is felt by the reader as freedom.

The subjects, themes, attitudes of these poems are sad, refined, fastidious to the point of aristocracy — "Exquisite emphases and subtle losses / Make up their tide," as he says in another connection; to the point, sometimes, of a morbid and perverse aristocracy, feeling "The swank and stink of the imagination / Beautifully gone bad." But it is after all only the materials which are sad, and these are not the poetry. The poetry takes these things, subject, theme, attitude, in hand and makes of them, in the beautiful best of these poems — "The View Minus One," "Burning Love Letters," "Elegy for My Father," "Animal Hospital," and "Venice" — a Mozartian elegance and gaiety.

3

FINALLY we come to longer, more ambitious works by two poets, Robinson Jeffers and Robert Penn Warren, who are committed not only to their characteristic styles but also to characteristic subject matter and theme. This last, in the present works of both poets, is strikingly similar: the workings in the world of *nemesis* and *dike*, tragedy. Jeffers applies directly to the Greeks for his stories; Warren tends to find his Greeks in the early history and historic legend of our own Republic.

Robinson Jeffers' *Hungerfield and Other Poems* (Random House, \$3.00) consists of the title poem, a narrative, as told by a man mourning his wife, "of Hungerfield, the man at Horse Creek, / Who fought with Death," which seems to draw somewhat on the drunken Heracles who appears in the ending of *Alceste*; a play, "The Cretan Woman," based on Euripides' *Hippolytus*; and a number of shorter poems. Of all this, "Hungerfield" itself is the least interesting part, being marred by Jeffers' characteristic carelessness about the motive of action, which allows the subordinate episodes only the spectacular value that they would have in a movie of violence; when it comes to their consequences they

must be either retracted or disregarded. But in "The Cretan Woman," where he can take his action from Euripides' play — which he modifies chiefly, so far as I recall it, in making Hippolytus' ending less magical and more plausible — Jeffers is free to attend to the presentation of effects already legitimated by a coherent action; and I found this play very moving and skillfully told. It would go very well on the stage. The only difficulty seems to be that the convention of poetic speech will not hold up for the more problematic aspects of character. For example, where the epicene nature of Hippolytus has to be dealt with, the lines relapse into the pseudo-brutality of detective story talk. I wish, too, that the blatantly unnecessary "message for today" could be left out of Aphrodite's final speech.

Robert Penn Warren's *Brother to Dragons* (Random House, \$3.50), "A Tale in Verse and Voices," is not a play, according to the poet, but "a dialogue spoken by characters," who discuss their action with each other and the author in a limbo of place and time like that Judgment Day which Kafka said was not a day but a summary court in perpetual session. This action concerns Lilburn Lewis, who one day in 1811, with his brother Isham, chopped in pieces a Negro slave: "Just an episode in the long drift of the human / Narrative, and impressive chiefly for / Its senselessness." The episode gains historical consequence, symbolically at least, from the circumstance that Lilburn was a nephew of Thomas Jefferson (who also plays a part), so that the theme, like that of Warren's novels, poses the violent evil of "the blood" against rational enlightenment and progress.

It is a powerful piece of work, long, elaborate, rhapsodical, and digressive — spoiled at places by the appearance of so many typical Warren lines which have the vice of generating a great show of violence whether anything is happening or not — and a pleasure to read even if one must conclude that the case is not fully proved. It is not a play not only by reason of its form, but also because Jefferson's moral connection with the affair is tenuous and indirect; Meriwether Lewis is brought in to accuse him closer to home, to make us feel that the aggrandizement of the Republic, for which he was responsible, was much of a piece with Lilburn's act, for which he was not responsible. But in some sense, though the parable is there, the action remains symbolic rather than virtual, weakened precisely by the absence of the dramatic element which the author has explicitly disclaimed. This is perhaps an unfair charge, yet it is one way of accounting for a deficiency I felt in reading this poem which otherwise is powerful, coherent, and moving.



Books and Men



From England JOHN DAVENPORT,
author, editor, and playwright, contrib-

utes this memoir of his friend Norman Douglas, the iconoclastic Scot best known for his wry fantasy, *South Wind*. The eclectic Douglas, "one of the last Europeans," diplomat, lawyer, zoologist, traveler, and author of twenty books, is here presented as a figure of brilliant and almost baffling variety. He appears, also, as an Epicurean who scorned idealism and loved reality with an energy which never flagged.

NORMAN DOUGLAS

by JOHN DAVENPORT

1

ONE of the proofs of Norman Douglas's originality is that such a number of writers should have been claimed by critics to have influenced him. No fewer than thirty-two of them have been listed, from Beckford to Wilde. One could if one wished add Apuleius and Zeno to an uneasy company including Darwin and Petronius. Out of this strange amalgam the figure of a scientific humanist, traveler, skeptic, prose stylist, wit, and man of pleasure might emerge, whose name was Norman Douglas. He was like none of his imaginary literary forebears or contemporaries, yet it is possible to see why — however rightly or wrongly — each name might from time to time have been invoked, because he was so utterly, in a commonplace age, himself. He fitted into no category.

George Norman Douglas was eighty-three when he died, one of the last Europeans, extinct now as the bison of Besançon. Born on December 8, 1868, he was the third son of John Sholto Douglas of Tilquhillie. His birthplace was Austrian — at Bregenz in the Vorarlberg, where his paternal grandfather, an enterprising man, had settled and established cotton mills in order to pay off the mortgage on his Scottish property. The mortgage was paid off, but Sholto Douglas still managed the family mills, and in 1864 married the daughter of a neighbor from over the valley.

It was not until he was six that Norman saw Tilquhillie Castle. His father had been killed in a climbing accident in 1874, and a miraculously happy childhood was disrupted. Norman Douglas had no particular love of Scotland, and in later life spoke with a sun-lover's scorn of damp castles and their inhabitants — generation after generation of "a frowsty country brood, old fashioned to the point of imbecility, and sometimes beyond." Yet Kin-cardine as well as the Austrian Tyrol was a good training ground for such an ardent lover of nature. He was a keen zoologist, botanist, and mineralogist from a very early age.

Douglas came to know the ways of cities well enough, but with all his immensely civilized out-

look and deep-rooted culture ("that veneer of erudition," he called it) he remained essentially a countryman. Just before he died he said ruefully of a dearly loved friend, "Poor Willie, he'd walk a mile to avoid seeing a tree." He from his earliest days walked and climbed many miles in Scotland and in the Tyrol. He continued to spend his school holidays at Bregenz, for his mother had made a second marriage to an Austrian painter who lived there. The thought of these holidays sustained him through the dreary years passed at a preparatory school in England, in Staffordshire, and later at Uppingham, where the redoubtable Dr. Thring, then at the height of his pedagogic fame, was headmaster. The natural beauties of the English landscape seemed tame to the mountaineer: "too green, like living in a salad"; and Dr. Thring and the young Douglas were not cut out on at all the same lines.

When he was not yet fifteen he persuaded his mother to take him away from Uppingham. From 1883 to 1889 — six happy years — he was at the Gymnasium at Karlsruhe. A good classical scholar, bilingual in English and German, he now learned French, Russian, and Italian, and in the spring of 1888 paid his first visit to Italy. He saw Capri, as yet unravaged. This was a turning point, although he did not realize it at the time. In 1889 he went to Paris to perfect his French, preparatory to entering the British Diplomatic Service.

The next few years were spent in London, where he "crammed" with the famous Mr. Scoones, and enjoyed the life of a young man of fashion. London in the nineties seems to us now a fabulous world, whether viewed through the eyes of Henry James or of Oscar Wilde. It never appealed to Douglas, especially now that he had seen the South. His first trip to Greece was made in 1892 — "a revelation in more ways than one." He passed into the Service in 1893 and spent a year at the Foreign Office before being sent as attaché, by his own choice, to St. Petersburg. Life in the Indian summer of Tsarist Russia was not without its attrac-

tions, but there were complications, and in November, 1896 — to avoid a scandal involving a Princess X — he asked to be placed *en disponibilité* for two years. He did not know at the time that he would never return to the Service, but in fact his real life had begun, for which a successful career in diplomacy would have been a poor substitute. He became an intellectual nomad.

He had recently bought a villa on the Posilipo, near Naples, having inherited half his father's Austrian property. At first his wanderings were largely confined to South Italy; but in 1898 — the year of his marriage to his Irish-Austrian cousin Elsa FitzGibbon — he went with his wife to India. They visited Tunis together the following year, and in 1900 went to Ceylon.

The Bay of Naples was always the center to which he returned; his two sons were born at Posilipo — the elder in 1899, the younger in 1900. After his divorce in 1903 he removed to Capri, and it was now, apart from building and planting and generally "pleasuring his daimon," that he began seriously to write. In his own ironical phrase, he "took to writing out of sheer poverty"; and doubtless there is a certain Johnsonian truth in this. Be that as it may, he served a long apprenticeship. His first book, *Siren Land*, did not appear until 1911, but a draft was completed by 1905. He was a scrupulous artist, and his art is revealed in each of his twenty-odd books. *South Wind*, which appeared in 1917, had a comparative popularity which has thrown the rest of his work into the shade, but it is questionable whether it is by any means his best book, although in some ways, because of its iconoclastic morale, it is the most "important." Most critical opinion would give the palm to *Old Calabria*. He himself preferred *Alone*. Future generations may be more intrigued by the Aubrey-like discursiveness of *Looking Back*. In any case, the point is that he was at all times, and from the beginning, a highly skilled craftsman.

2

DURING the first decade of the century Douglas was laying the foundation of his unique knowledge of Capri past and present, out of which grew the delights of *Siren Land* and *South Wind*. Needless to say, he was not immobile during these years. He roamed the Mediterranean and went more than once to Egypt. In 1909 he was in Tunis again, wintering there and returning to Capri in the following spring; but later in 1910 he was compelled for financial reasons unwillingly to return to London, where he remained for the next five years, although he made several journeys (notably to Calabria) during this period and revisited Capri whenever possible. *Siren Land*, sponsored by Joseph Conrad and Edward Garnett, was accepted for publication in 1910 and appeared the following

year. Douglas was forty-two when *Siren Land* was published. It was not the first book of a brilliant amateur fresh from the university, but one long pondered by a mature man who had been training himself to think and write clearly for over twenty years.

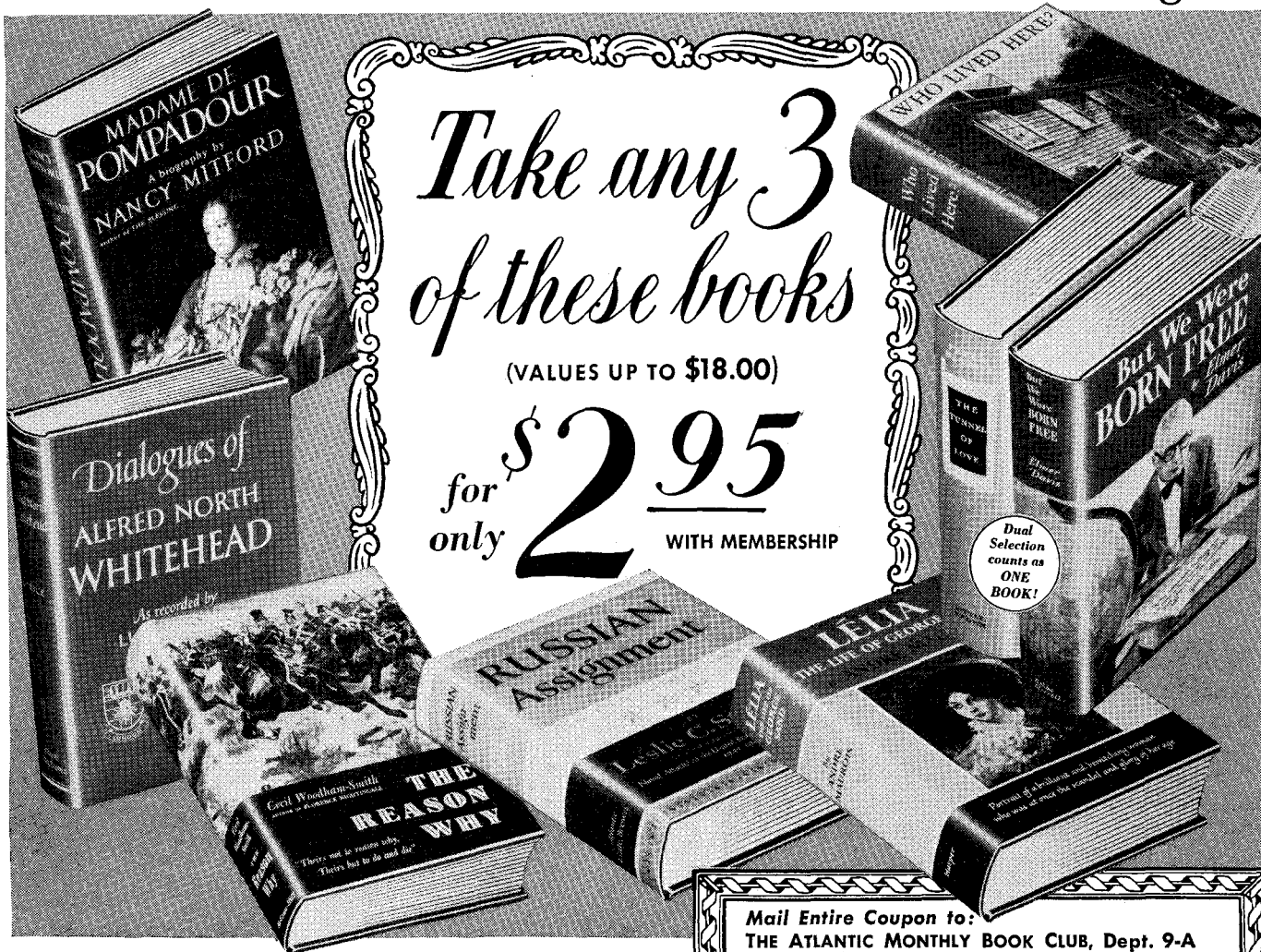
During the lean London years Douglas — not with the best will in the world — was literary editor of the *English Review*, then under Austin Harrison, in whose pages the work of D. H. Lawrence first appeared. At the same time he was preparing *Old Calabria*, making notes for *London Street Games*, and planning *South Wind*. One of the best topographical books in the language, *Old Calabria* deservedly earned its author a place beside Kinglake.

By the time of its publication, Douglas had left England for Paris and then made his way down to Menton and on into Italy. He describes his London war experiences in *Alone*. "How we lingered in long queues, and stamped up and down, and sat about crowded, stuffy halls, waiting, only waiting, to be asked to do something for our country by any little guttersnipe who happened to have been jockeyed into the requisite position of authority! What innocents. . . ."

Alone is a captivating book, the book of an escaped prisoner. One would have to be very glum and fogbound not to enjoy it. It is not a work for the gray-minded. "I thought of certain of my fellow-creatures. I often think of them. What were they now doing? Taking themselves seriously and rushing about, as usual, haggard and careworn — like those sagacious ants that scurry hither and thither — and stare into each other's faces with a kind of desperate imbecility, when some sportive schoolboy has kicked their ridiculous nest into the air and upset all their solemn little calculations."

More intellectual nomadism followed — trips to India, Syria, East Africa, Greece, Tunis, in the congenial company of Edward Hutton, or Orioli, or Nancy Cunard — the base of operations now being Florence, where he lived until moving to Venice, on the French Riviera, before the last war, having had trouble with the Fascist authorities. He had not been in England for a quarter of a century when in 1942 he arrived in London, and spent half a dismal decade there before he could get back to the sunlight he loved. He died on Capri thirty-five years after the publication of *South Wind*. There was a certain justice that he should end his life on that island, which he had known for over sixty years, and which he had helped to make famous. "Capree," alas, is not Capri. It is not the tourists so much as the tradesmen of Naples with their gimcrack villas who have spoiled it. "Not a freak left in the place," he wrote in a mournful letter, soon after his return. He is buried in the cemetery overlooking the glittering bay, not far from his South Winders. There are only two honorary Freemen of Capri. The other one is Benedetto Croce.

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Apart from *Late Harvest* (1946), a lively retrospect over his books, containing the earlier *Summer Islands*, Douglas wrote nothing after *Looking Back* (1933), so that the main body of his work was produced when he was at the height of his powers.

An inexhaustible mine of good sense and good prose, his books have affected all who read them, as the man affected those he met. For he was an inspired if impious pedagogue. It has been well said that what makes his "travel books" unlike anyone else's is that he takes as his subject the *total nature* of the area he is writing about, its history, geological and social, its fauna and flora, its religious beliefs past and present, and its present and past pleasures. He spins his astonishing erudition about his personal experiences in Calabria or Tunis without obtruding his own personality. These books are written out of his belief that the first object of life is living.

He had an absolute contempt for idealism. "When people cease to reflect, they become idealists." He had too a loathing of reforming inquisitiveness. Because, like Butler, he hated Victorian cant and hypocrisy, it did not follow that he had what is called a "social conscience." His skepticism made him distrustful of dreamy meddlers. "A man who reforms himself has contributed his full share towards the reformation of his neighbours."

One can still hear the impatient "Pah!" — or perhaps "Pach!" describes better his disgust at some well-meaning booby's schemes for world betterment. In an age of democratic incantations, generalizations, and bleak ideologies he was not likely to be popular. One of his greatest virtues as a traveler was that he went abroad without preconceptions. He saw what he saw, not what he had been told he ought to see. His hatred of puritanical cant was only equaled by his hatred of nationalism and of metaphysics, Christian or otherwise. Nor was he interested in aesthetics, although he was an accomplished musician. (His excursions into Miltonic criticisms are as unhappy as Bentley's, and for the same reason.) A particular bugbear was a certain sort of Anglo-Italian art-jargon. "Too Cinquecento, my dear. Pach!" He was interested in nature, not in art: nature in her wilder manifestations. Tempered in the abstract, his love of humankind individually was passionate. One has only to think of his defense of Ouida against the sneers of a certain "feline and gelatinous New Englander," or of Maurice Magnus against the calumnies of D. H. Lawrence. His unrivaled knowledge of Italian dialects testified to his love of the poor and to their love of him. What other man could have written *London Street Games*?

3

THE books give a fair measure of the man, though not the whole man; there are reticences. He was

self-contained, for all his sociability in essence a solitary. It is on the whole true to say that he put the best of himself into his books. His exact contemporary Gide had his love of *les nourritures terrestres*, but he danced a continual moral tightrope. It was precisely the perpetual tension, the preoccupation with himself, that made Gide a significant and even a great writer. This moral tension was lacking in Douglas, and he lacked Gide's narcissistic exhibitionism. Instead of grappling with refractory ideas he dropped them, not out of mental indolence but because, didactic though he could be, he never imagined it to be his role to conduct a mission. There was a taint of vulgarity in the idea. Knox and Calvin had their part in determining his make-up, but the snows of northern puritanism had melted in the Mediterranean sun. Douglas never felt the necessity to sharpen his sense of pleasure by keeping his sense of sin in trim. The ghost of a Scottish moralist may have lingered behind the garden god; yet in Douglas's books — and his books are his memorial — how wholesome the pragmatism is, and how good-humored! The strength of his appeal is that he drags us out of our hyperborean gloom into the South. His overstatements, if overstatements there be, are corrective.

Behind the good-humored mask lay a pagan melancholy, producing occasional elegiac cadences in his prose, which otherwise danced to the rhythm of his own lively speech — richly allusive yet light. He has been compared with Lucian, and the comparison is not unapt. A Greek of the second century. It is unwise to push analogy too far. Douglas was a nineteenth-century eclectic. The idealism of Pythagoras was abhorrent to him; he preferred the facts of Pausanias and Pliny to the theories of Plato and Plotinus, the gossip of Athenaeus to the metaphysics of Aeschylus. Herodotus he loved; the Greek lyricists; Theocritus; Catullus; Petronius; Lucretius. But he was no sentimental humanist. He knew that the ancient world was not a schoolmaster's pale platonic dream, and has written of *controra*, the ominous hour of the midday demon — "that southern Haunter of calm blue spaces." He continues, at the end of *Old Calabria*: —

This corner of Magna Graecia is a severely parsimonious manifestation of nature. Rocks and waters! But these rocks and waters are actualities; the stuff whereof man is made. A landscape so luminous, so resolutely scornful of accessories, hints at brave and simple forms of expression; it brings us to the ground, where we belong; it medicines to the disease of introspection and stimulates a capacity which we are in danger of unlearning amid our morbid hyperborean gloom — the capacity for honest contempt, contempt of that scarecrow of a theory which would have us neglect what is earthy, tangible. What is life well lived but a blithe discarding of primordial husks, of those comfortable intangibilities that lurk about us, waiting for our weaker moments?

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The sage, that perfect savage, will be the last to withdraw himself from the influence of these radiant realities. He will strive to knit closer the bond and to devise a more durable and affectionate relationship between himself and them. Let him open his eyes. For a reasonable adjustment lies at his feet. From these brown stones that seam the tranquil Ionian, from this gracious solitude, he can carve out, and bear away into the cheerful din of cities, the rudiments of something clean and veracious and wholly terrestrial — some tonic philosophy that shall foster sunny mischiefs and farewell regrets.

The passage gives Norman Douglas at his best, and it describes what lies at the basis of all his work, whether it be a frolic like *In the Beginning*, an autobiographical ramble like *Alone*, or *South Wind* itself, that begetter of so many legitimate and illegitimate imitations. *South Wind* is Peacockian only in its wit. Following his brilliantly voluble guide through vineyard and ilex grove to the peak of Nepenthe, high above the indigo inland sea, the reader suddenly finds himself peering into an abyss, and with a chuckle and a clatter of goat-hooves the guide has gone.

What takes place in this absurd book? [asks the author]. The three unities are preserved. A respectable but rather drab individual, a bishop, whose tastes and moods are fashioned to reflect those of the average drab reader, arrives at a new place and is described as being, among other things, peculiarly sensitive on the subject of women. He cannot bear flippant allusions to the sex. He has preserved a childlike faith in their purity, their sacred mission on earth, their refining influence upon the race. His friends call him old-fashioned and quixotic on this point. A true woman, he declares, can do no wrong. And the same man, towards the end of the book, watches how the truest woman in the place, the one whom he admires more than all the rest, his own cousin and a mother, calmly throws her legitimate husband over a cliff. He realizes that he is "face to face with an atrocious and carefully planned murder." Such, however, has been the transformation of his mind during a twelve days' sojourn among the new influences of Nepenthe that he understands the crime, he pardons it, he approves it.

In fact a murder under those particular circumstances is not only justifiable and commendable but — insignificant. That is why the bishop — that is, the reader — discovers the crime to be a "contemptible little episode" and decides to relegate it into the category of unimportant events. No wonder the book upset the priggish, unmoved by the fact that the victim is a peculiarly repulsive blackmailer. The change of moral climate was too much for them, and they forgot that the author was not advocating wholesale murder but a revision of all sheepishly accepted standards.

Like Butler, Douglas believed in jolting the com-

placent. He never went out of his way to do so, he was not out to *épater les bourgeois*, but he was not going to be bothered by bores. An intellectual nomad, he was no Bohemian, as they found to their cost, exquisite though his manners in general were. "All men fall into two main divisions: those who value human relationships, and those who value social or financial advancement. The first division are gentlemen; the second division are cad." With the second division he could be ruthless; and, of course, puritans were cad and bores both, in all probability, asking to be tossed and gored. Aldous Huxley and D. H. Lawrence have described with grotesque overemphasis this "wicked" side of his nature, in which no doubt he was encouraged by some of his more tail-wagging disciples. Such a deliberately selective vision Douglas, in *A Plea for Better Manners*, called "the novelist's touch."

After 1910 Douglas had no money except what he earned. It was his unlimited capacity for enjoying the simplest pleasures of life that enabled him to remain Epicurean. "The business of life is to enjoy oneself; everything else is a mockery." This does not necessarily mean the hedonist's oysters and champagne. He seldom enjoyed himself more than while writing with infinite pains a series of dull monographs. He pleased his daimon. "Others are free to do likewise whenever they can, and enjoy oysters and champagne, or nursing the sick, or learning Chinese, or kissing the chambermaid, or whatever their fancy, their own uncontaminated fancy, may suggest." He loved the pleasures of the mind. "Knowledge is power; they say. Knowledge is not only power, it is good fun."

In his last years the most varied people, friends of every class, creed, and nationality, would make pilgrimage to the Villa Tuoro, where he was the house guest of his friend and executor Kenneth MacPherson. In company, his rich laugh would crackle out as of old; but he loved life too much to relish the prospect of death, which for him was annihilation. He awaited it with half-mocking, half-melancholy dignity: "I'm beginning to putrefy, my dear."

It may not unreasonably be asked, why make so much of this man? An incomparable companion, a coiner of phrases, witty no doubt, yet . . . Perhaps, to compensate for the general indifference to him, his admirers overestimate his value as an artist. Perhaps. The claim is not that he is "great" but that he is consistent. His enormous energy went into his life, but his books are an integral part of that life, a life joyful but not easy. He had a genius for communicating enjoyment in an age when there was all too little of it. He believed that a gentleman should be prepared to pay for his pleasures. Norman Douglas paid, and we are his guests at a perpetual feast.

Adlai E. Stevenson

CALL TO GREATNESS

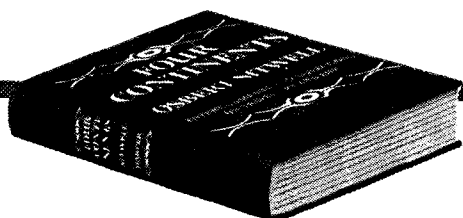


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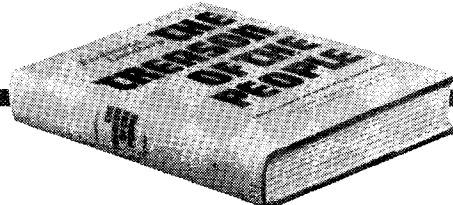


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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

A ROAD is like a river, with familiar landmarks but the bed of the stream changing each spring. In the words of that most observant book by R. H. Haig-Brown, "a river never sleeps," and that is true of a road, too, particularly of the road which takes us north for our annual sojourn in the New Brunswick forest. It is crowded at first with holiday seekers like ourselves, the cars loaded with children, bedding, and cameras, radios blaring, and a spaniel muzzling the wind. We leave behind us the white spires of Newburyport, Portsmouth harbor seen from the bridge over the Piscataqua, and the Kittery Navy Yard. In no time the Maine toll road speeds us to Portland, and its vistas alert our city senses for the wilderness ahead. We slow down for Brunswick, that lovely college town with its Bowdoin pines — what it must have been like when they hemmed it in! — and then we enter the long avenue of resorts, Wiscasset, Damariscotta, Rockland, Camden, Searsport, with the stately white homes of the sea captains such a calm backdrop for the gaudy slacks and halters of the summer visitors. Could the skippers return, which do you think they would find the odder, the fannies or the dark glasses? This is a Gluyas Williams comedy and we are part of it as we pass.

North of Lincoln the traffic has dispersed, and we are alone on the spruce-pointed road whose winter heaves and billows are made tolerable only by the occasional glimpse of wild life: a porcupine enjoying his evening salad, his rear quills a warning to wayfarers; a red-tailed hawk startled by our approach; and always the deer, half-grown does, mostly, and as unpredictable as cattle in their sudden preference for the other side of the road. Like Mr. Milquetoast we slow down for those signs which say "Deer Crossing."

Then you're in Canada and it's another country with its different colors and emblems, its frank civility, and — I hate to say this — with its much

more evident respect for land and law. You see no such roadside litter as ours once you cross the border; the graveyards of dead automobiles which deface so many of our communities are inconspicuous (these maritime people have less to do with), and the rivers you see are blue and unpolluted. The corruption of our famous American streams is, I suppose, an inevitable result of wealth and progress but I do wish the States would give recognition to those counties which begin to clean up what industry and sewerage have poisoned. Maine has made a beginning: the salmon have come back to the Dennys and the Narraguagus and there is talk of depollution and a fish ladder for the Aroostook, but the Kennebec, the Penobscot, and the Bangor Pool, lovely as they still are to the eye, have lost most of their underwater vitality because of industrial waste — most damaging of all, the lignin of the paper mills. Here I give a special award to the Brown Paper Company of Berlin, New Hampshire, for having installed at considerable expense a chemical process which has made the Androscoggin a clean, live stream again.

It is not easy to protect a river or a forest, and Canadians when they go on the warpath can be just as wanton as any American. I have in mind one thirty-mile stretch of New Brunswick forest which was cut, bulldozed, and ravaged within the past two years — the rape was supervised by an expert forester, condoned by a great paper company, and mildly censured by the Province. I wish more of the top brass could see this devastation, for it is a sight that makes you cry out in indignation. It is, of course, an exceptional case, but it shows how far the greed for dividends can go north of the Border.

The particular river we are aiming for lies more than a hundred miles north of Fredericton and the approach to it is something to dream of on a winter's train. At Boiestown we coast down into the valley of the broad Southwest Miramichi and into pleasant memories of Jack Russell's famous camp; of Bliss Perry and the dawns and dusks he wrote of at Burnt Hill; and of the Half Moon trip — a fifty-mile canoe run downstream, fishing and camping as you go — which still can be arranged if you say the right word to the right man, Clayton Stewart. (The canoes are loaded aboard the evening train out of Boiestown.) Then comes Doaktown where Wallace Doak ties the most captivating flies for this watershed — look for his leaping salmon sign on the left-hand side of the village street; and so to Newcastle, where we turn

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sharp left and head for Trout Brook and the Gatehouse where we must register before entering the forest. Frank, who has welcomed us before, gives us the news and we compliment him on the 400-pound bear whose hide is stretched on the shed. Frank's wife keeps their log cabin as neat as fresh scrubbed wood can be, and it is a standing joke between us that we shall move in here when we retire.

It is our dearest wish to keep the Northwest Miramichi as unspoiled as it is today. Thus far the only commerce to affect it has been that of the lumberman, the fisherman, and the hunter. The breakup of the ice and the spring drive of the logs make noticeable changes in the river bed, deepening some pools, filling in others. The forest feeds the stream and when forty years ago the budworm devastated the spruce here the river became vulnerable to the fast run-offs. Slowly the forest grew back, and last year when the pest again threatened, an airstrip was built and planes called in to spray DDT at fifty feet above treetops. Some birds were silenced and the black flies this year are conspicuous by their absence but the trees are saved. The Northwest, like so many other Canadian rivers, runs close to mineral deposits: this year new claims have been staked and prospectors have paddled past us with their samples. Does this portend new roads, new settlements, more changes?

Our camp is one hundred miles from the mouth of the river, and the salmon who leap our falls on their way upstream are making for the redds, their spawning grounds at the headwaters. The redds should be out of bounds for all anglers, and those who poach should be penalized, but this is just one of many needed precautions: the trawlers in Miramichi Bay must be restricted or there will be an ever-dwindling run of bright fish; the deep channel — salmon will not travel the shallows — or at least a portion of it, must be kept free of set nets. On some stretches as little as 30 per cent of the water is unnetted, except on Sunday when the nets are up. The balance of nature must be maintained, and this is better understood in Canada than anywhere with us, though how to enforce it leads to heated argument at Ottawa. By the balance, I mean this: that of the fish returning each year to their native river, say approximately 4000 as an average run, an uninjured majority must be preserved to reach the spawning grounds, deposit their eggs, and eventually return to sea. It is the truest of paradoxes that the devoted angler is more concerned with protection than with the kill. There are many things to think about when you try to protect a river, and there are too few citizens like Dr. J. A. M. Bell of Fredericton, who never ceases thinking about how to do so.

I always take one new book with me to the woods to read after my nap in the afternoon when we are "resting" the pools, and this year it was a group portrait, *The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill* by Hermann Hagedorn (Macmillan, \$5.00).

Sagamore Hill, on the outskirts of Oyster Bay, was the capacious house which Theodore Roosevelt had planned for his first wife, Alice Lee, and which after her death became an endearing reality to his second wife, Edith Carow, and their five children. It was a conglomeration of gables and dormers, piazzas, chimneys and colored glass, with ten bedrooms on the second floor, four fireplaces on each floor, and trophies of the hunt everywhere. For thirty-five years it was the most prominent family seat in the United States, and this is the story of what went on under its eaves.

It is by its nature an intimate story. The bright sayings of other people's children are boring to most men; I am no exception, and I must confess that for the first fifty pages the Roosevelt prattle did not interest me. But with the Rough Rider's return the noise from the nursery is subdued; the adulation of the Colonel brings politicians and the press to Sagamore Hill, and the customary summer program of tennis and riding and rowing and bathing and "stagecoach" on the raft and wild snap-the-whips down Cooper's Bluff, which T. R. and his children so adored, was broken into by perspiring delegations in striped pants and frock coats. From then on Sagamore was the sanctuary where he fought out some of his hardest decisions and where, once the mind was made up, he threw off care.

In this familiar setting we are shown T. R. for the enchanting, Paul Bunyan-ish creature that he was when untrammelled by politics. Often unaware of his own strength, as when he "toughened" young Ted to the edge of a nervous breakdown, and sometimes reckless of the elements, as when he took six youngsters with six guns on a shooting cruise from which they all returned with heavy colds, bronchitis, or infected ears, he could be meek as a mouse when his wife spoke out. In family crises, it was Edith, reserved and resourceful, who calmed things down. It was Edith who kept the peace and counted the pennies, Edith who conciliated the rebellious stepdaughter Alice, Edith who put in a restraining word when "the big I-Am" threatened to become too big even for his own breeches. Her portrait is one of the finest things in this ample and affectionate book. This was a time and a place for happy parenthood, and what fun they had with their picnics, their family tennis, and their Fourth of July celebrations. This was life with Father — and Father was the most provocative man in the United States.

Sagamore Hill became famous for its hospitality and high spirits, but for the Colonel and Edith it was also a place where both turned in their intensest happiness and heartache. When the GOP fell away from him, and his popularity seemed on the wane, it was at Sagamore that he bound his wounds; and it is there that he and his wife found fortitude when the news of Quentin's death reached them from the front.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE new novel by William Faulkner, *A Fable* (Random House, \$4.75), has been nine years in the writing. Loosely speaking, the story is a re-enactment in modern terms of the week of the Passion — the setting is the trenches of the Western Front in 1918. Against this background of dissolution and degradation, Faulkner dramatizes the beliefs expressed in his Nobel Prize speech and later amplified in an address he delivered to his daughter's high school graduating class. A paragraph from the latter is worth quoting here because it defines precisely the spirit which animates this large, complex, and passionately felt novel: —

It is not men in the mass who can and will save Man. It is Man himself, created in the image of God so that he shall have the power and the will to choose right from wrong, and so be able to save himself because he is worth saving; Man, the individual, man and woman, who will refuse always to be tricked or frightened or bribed into surrendering, not just the right but the duty too, to choose between justice and injustice, courage and cowardice, sacrifice and greed, pity and self; — who will believe always not only in the right of man to be free of injustice and rapacity and deception, but the duty and responsibility of man to see that justice and truth and pity and compassion are done. So, never be afraid. Never be afraid to raise your voice for honesty and truth and compassion. . . . If you . . . will do this . . . as individuals . . . you will change the earth.

This is a noble creed, but the novel in which it is dramatized seems to me among the most inaccessible that Faulkner has written. Here, in brief, is the gist of the central drama: A French regiment designated to make a foredoomed attack mutinies; the Germans in the opposite trenches welcome a lull; and a sort of armistice descends on this sector and spreads along the front. The Allied High Command discovers that the ring-leaders of the mutiny are a corporal and his twelve acolytes. This corporal (a somewhat miraculous figure) has been telling the men that they can put an end to the slaughter and the degradation merely by choosing not

His practice covered 16,000 Polynesians
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DOCTOR TO THE ISLANDS TOM and LYDIA DAVIS

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No other book remotely resembling it has appeared since Agnes Newton Keith's *LAND BELOW THE WIND*. It bears the inimitable stamp of a closely-knit family group, whose life is filled with drama, humor and genuine human interest. Illustrated with drawings by "Dr. Tom." *An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.* \$4.50

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to fight, and his message has been repeated as that of a saviour. The Supreme Commander sends for the corporal, whom he knows to be his illegitimate son, and offers him pardon and worldly glories if he will go out and repudiate his preachment. The corporal elects martyrdom.

This central strand in the novel is clear enough, but the other characters and the subplots which they introduce complicate matters sufficiently to provide a field day for specialists in Faulknerian exegesis. There are three women — the corporal's elder sister, his younger one (an idiot), and his wife, a prostitute. There are three other soldiers: an enthusiastic young American aviator; an English runner; and an English sentry who figures in a long, retrospectively narrated episode about the stealing of a famous stallion in Mississippi, and who also has miraculous powers of persuasion. There are two other generals (another trinity). And there is an old Negro preacher, who was associated with the sentry in the Mississippi horse-theft and who now seeks him out at the front as head of an organization entitled *Les Amis Myriades et Anonymes à la France de Tout le Monde*.

All of those characteristics of Faulkner's writing which, as even sympathetic critics have conceded, he sometimes carries too far, are present here in full force — the rhetoric which twists and turns through an interminable series of convolutions, losing all contact with the concrete situation which started it off and dissolving into mere sound and fury; the tortured syntax and tortuous punctuation; the insistent use of "he" or "she," or of designations such as "the general" which apply to more than one protagonist, in preference to proper names, a practice which often makes it difficult for the reader to keep his bearings; in sum, a kind of obsessive avoidance of directness and clarity. The plot and subplots are poorly integrated, and the people are for the most part only vaguely suggested — blurred images which fail to take shape as real human beings. There are, it need hardly be stressed, passages and episodes in which Faulkner's talent powerfully asserts itself. But the novel as a whole seems to me spurious and unreal — a heroically ambitious failure.

Personal histories

One of the reasons, I think, why there has been a marked turning away

from fiction toward nonfiction is a hankering to find in our reading more of the spirit expressed in Faulkner's statement: "I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail." There are first-rate novelists who are writing in this key, but they are decidedly in the minority. It is silly, of course, to berate the serious novelists for not nourishing us with works of glowing affirmation. The somber truths which oppress so many of today's most talented fiction writers may represent an incomplete vision of human Truth; but these writers are honestly reflecting the climate of an age in which large-scale catastrophe and pervasive anxiety have overshadowed the triumphs of individual men and women. The glib affirmativeness of the popular novelist seems to have lost much of its tonic effect — even indulgent readers become skeptics when faced with the happy ending for which they are so nostalgic. But fact convinces: true stories of noble endeavor and triumph against great odds revitalize our sorely tested belief that man is neither a soulless monster nor a helpless mouse. And so we have become increasingly receptive to personal histories which show that sometimes the individual *does* prevail — over mountain, jungle, and ocean; over persecution and tyranny; over crippling injuries and dire infirmity.

My next three books belong in this category. First, there is *Doctor to the Islands* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.50) by Tom and Lydia Davis, a story of a one-man medical crusade in Polynesia and, for good measure, of an extraordinarily adventurous crossing of the Pacific.

Tom Davis, part Welsh and part Polynesian, left Rarotonga as a boy to study medicine in New Zealand. There he married; and when his training was completed he secured a government appointment as medical officer to his home island. Husband and wife have taken turns in chronicling their six years on Rarotonga, and this unusual form of collaboration has produced a vivid, high-spirited narrative. In Lydia's pages we catch the impact of Polynesia on a newcomer responsive to its seductions and to its people but forthright about its discouragements; we follow the problems of a housewife with two small children struggling to cope with strange customs, with a tropical dwelling in which everything disintegrates, and with a disapproving

mother-in-law who is a Polynesian princess. In Tom's chapters, we follow his campaign to improve the health of the islanders in the face of formidable obstacles — ignorance and superstition; lack of drugs; and official inertia and conservatism.

Dr. Davis destroyed the fear of inoculation; gained the confidence and help of the witch doctors; reduced the ravages of filariasis by instituting mosquito control; trained islanders to be assistant medical practitioners, and showed his people ways in which to revive the depressed economy of their plantations.

When Dr. Davis was offered the opportunity to do postgraduate work in the United States, he decided to sail there with Lydia in their 45-foot ketch *Miru*. Their story concludes with an account of this adventure — probably the first west-east crossing by a small craft of the fearsome South Pacific: a 12,000-mile journey which took them through the midwinter hurricanes of the roaring forties and landed them intact in Boston in 155 days.

Somewhat belatedly, I should like to say a few words about **Lillian Roth's *I'll Cry Tomorrow*** (Frederick Fell, \$3.95), written in collaboration with Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank. This is the story of a glamorous and talented performer who rocketed to stardom, then sank into sixteen years of progressive alcoholism, in the course of which she experienced every sort of degradation. She was a total derelict when a visit to Alcoholics Anonymous started her on the long, agonizing climb out of the snake pit. She went on to regain health and good looks, find happiness in marriage, and make a successful comeback in the entertainment world.

From the writing standpoint, the book has the synthetic ring which so often afflicts "as told to" stories; and as a human document, the level of perception is altogether commonplace. What, in spite of this, makes Miss Roth's book such compelling reading is the incredible and inspiring fact that a human being has not merely survived this descent into the abyss: she has, to revert to Faulkner's word, prevailed.

Tell Freedom (Knopf, \$4.00) recounts the story of a man who fought his way out of a different kind of inferno — the abject existence of the penniless Cape Colored (that is, half-caste) in the slums of Johannesburg. This is the fine, very stirring auto-

biography of the first twenty-two years in the life of the talented South African novelist, **Peter Abrahams**. The paramount fact of life for the Cape Coloreds was beaten into Abrahams when he was a small child — that the white man was his superior to whom he must invariably be servile. He became leader of a gang of slum Arabs who pilfered from the stalls of Indian traders. At the age of eleven he could neither read nor write his name.

One day, a kindly white girl read him one of Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, "Othello," which aroused in him an urge to go to school so that he could learn "to make stories like that." As a Colored boy, his struggle to get an education and support himself while doing so was a herculean effort. While still in his teens, he started publishing stories and won recognition as a poet. He moved to Cape Town; was taken up by the Communists; but soon became dissatisfied with Marxism. Eventually, through sheer determination, he realized his dream of escaping from South Africa, with its ubiquitous **FOR EUROPEANS ONLY**, to a freer life in England.

Dark Continent

In the past few years, there has been a marked rise in the number of books from and about Africa south of the Sahara. The latest entry, **Oden Meeker's *Report on Africa*** (Scribner's, \$5.00), is a lot more inviting than its title might suggest. The author is offering us a somewhat novel kind of reportage which, besides being immensely informative and genuinely enlightening, has the virtue of being consistently entertaining.

Roughly speaking, Mr. Meeker combines the style and temper of *The New Yorker* with the range of an encyclopedia and the fair-mindedness of a modest, intelligent political reporter. In addition, he has a genius for spotting diverting oddities such as the fact that the ads for Raleigh bicycles in Nigeria show the happy owner speeding away from a lion; or that in some African languages the phrase "to eat" is the same as that for "to be happy."

Mr. Meeker's book covers some thirty countries, and is fortified by an acquaintance with the texts of the pioneer explorers. The author has interviewed political leaders; pored through economic reports; roamed

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the markets; made friends with the native newspapermen; studied tribal ceremonies; visited with the Pygmies; and observed the ways of the animal kingdom, from the chameleon to the gorilla. He writes pleasantly about art and architecture, folklore, and the spread of fashion-consciousness among tribal ladies whose mothers had added little to the costume of Eve. In dealing with the headline issues such as Malan and the Mau Mau and with the political problems elsewhere, Mr. Meeker's main endeavor is to chart the broad currents which are gaining momentum and will determine the future of Africa. He has succeeded, I think, in putting together the best all-round introduction to this continent that has appeared to date.

The unimportance of being Noel

Future Indefinite (Doubleday, \$4.50), Noel Coward's second volume of autobiography, covers his activities from 1939 to 1945. Though I am a keen admirer of Mr. Coward's talents in the theater, this volume of personal history struck me as pretentious, silly, and dreadfully egotistic.

It is one of those books which prove precisely the point that the author is determined to rebut. Mr. Coward has for some years been deeply aggrieved by the image of himself as no more than a master of light entertainment. But unless patriotism drenched in sentimentality is a certification of seriousness, almost every page of this book shows up its author as a lightweight, afflicted with a fatuous sense of self-importance.

After the outbreak of war, Mr. Coward sought out Winston Churchill, and "I emphasized repeatedly that my brain and creative intelligence could be of more service to the Government than my theatrical ability." Churchill, who apparently was not paying much attention, caught the word intelligence and irascibly exclaimed: "You'd be no good in Intelligence. . . . Go and sing to them when the guns are firing—that's your job." After some frustrating attempts to help win the war with his intelligence fortified by "my celebrity value," Coward decided that he had no choice but to follow Churchill's advice, and he unstintingly threw his energies into doing what he was good at—entertaining the troops all over the Empire, raising money for war charities, boosting morale with films such as *In Which We Serve*.

His record was highly creditable, but his account of it is that of a man so fascinated with himself that he misses most of what might fascinate the reader. Too much of the lineage reads like an itinerary plus a directory of the people with whom the author had lunch, cocktails, and dinner, who met him at airports and saw him off at railway stations. Mr. Coward's profound distaste for the use of surnames makes it hard at times to know who's who, and on one scrumptious occasion, the author has to admit he doesn't know himself. "Drinks at the Berkeley with Eric and Bob" he transcribes from his journal, adding "Eric and Bob who?" It doesn't much matter, of course, since only a peasant such as this reader could fail to be interested by the mere fact that Noel had drinks at the Berkeley with Eric and Bob.

Sawdust Caesar

Paolo Monelli's *Mussolini* (Vanguard, \$4.00) is an informal biography by a topflight Italian journalist who has painstakingly dug up a great deal of firsthand information about Il Duce's private life. This is the fullest biography of Mussolini published in English to date, and I found it thoroughly absorbing.

The account of Mussolini's youth presents a picture of a grubby, vengeful anarchist: hyperexcitable and melancholic; burning with a thousand grievances; boastful, superstitious, and unsure of himself. At this time, Mussolini was violently antimilitarist and antinationalist. But though his political credo diametrically reversed itself, the neurotic traits of the adolescent persisted behind the Caesarian façade of the dictator.

As a human portrait, Mr. Monelli's book is graphic, in most respects convincing, and rich in piquant detail. Insatiable in his appetite for women, Mussolini remained—according to abundant testimony—a hasty and uncouth lover. He almost never gave his mistresses a gift and—while he unhesitatingly wasted millions on spectacular parades—he spent so little on himself that his linen was frayed and his footwear down at the heel. He was not too partial to washing, preferring a splash of cologne. Although he played the fiddle with some competence, he displayed a deep-seated hostility to art. One of his disastrous failings as a chief of state was a boundless absorption in trivia and an incredible indifference

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to essentials: on the eve of taking
Italy into the war, he was more con-
cerned about the army's performance
of the goosestep than about the
parlous state of Italy's armaments.

Among other contributions to the
record, Mr. Monelli gives us the first
carefully documented account of the
gruesome finale to Mussolini's life.
However great one's disgust for the
tyrannical Duce, there is a terrible
pathos about the broken old man
captured by the partisans, and his
devoted young mistress, Clara Pe-
tacci, as they spend their last night
together and are suddenly hurried off
to a sordid execution.

There is one major weakness in
Monelli's biography: it fails to make
comprehensible how Mussolini, as
portrayed in these pages, could have
succeeded in dominating Italy for
two decades.

Melodramas

The Midnight Patient (Appleton-
Century-Crofts, \$3.00) by **Egon
Hostovsky** is an original and highly
intriguing psychological thriller. The
plot centers on a Czech psycho-
analyst in New York who is ap-
proached by a mysterious Colonel
working for the U.S. Psychological
Warfare Institute, and is offered a
large sum to restore the shattered
nerves of a super-duper secret agent
known as Alfons, so that Alfons may
complete the execution of a great idea
as devastating to Russia as an atomic
onslaught. The doctor is warned that
both Soviet agents and the American
agents trailing them will show up as
patients, and that he won't know one
from the other or from the normal run
of neurotics. This forecast is fulfilled,
with the added complication that
everybody, including the Colonel, is
double-crossing everybody else.

Seth (Scribner's, \$3.50) is a first
novel by **David Brynley** set in the
Dylan Thomas country. Although
the author is no Dickens, his story of
the grim childhood and youth of a
poor Welsh boy is in certain respects
reminiscent of *Oliver Twist*. Born out
of wedlock and orphaned at an early
age, Seth grows up in dreadful squal-
or, surrounded by drunkenness and
prostitution and brutally exploited
by the women who take him in as a
slavey. The characters reek of wick-
edness or shine with virtue; the plot
is continually on the boil and steam-
ing with melodrama; and the happy
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ACCENT ON LIVING



IT is widely believed in business circles that the best way to size up a situation and reach the right decision on it is for all concerned to get together and thresh it out, man to man. A meeting is supposed to be much quicker than fooling away time in correspondence, and the written word is often so uncompromising, so confining, that the conference is preferred as a means of covering the details and ironing out the kinks. The participant welcomes the meeting, also, as a "chance to get the other fellow's point of view," though he already knows what it is and doesn't think very highly of it anyhow; in fact, the other fellow's point of view is what most meetings are fondly intended to nullify.

But enough of these generalizations: let us be businesslike and consider a practical example—the business conference initiated by D. Fowler Doakes, president of the Doakes Distributing Corporation, whose Double-D line of household appliances dominates the territory between Galesburg and North Platte.

Doakes is a jobber of, among other things, Goliath products, and he has

long been baffled by the display materials provided by the Goliath home office in Cleveland. The displays are so big, he has found, that none of his dealers can make room for them. "Has the guy who designed these displays ever seen a store window?" is the tenor of considerable mail from his dealers; and some of the dealers—themselves businessmen—have even initiated meetings with Doakes in the hope that getting together, man to man across the table, would bring improvement, or at least diminution, of the displays. Doakes did, on these occasions, get the other fellow's point of view, and he is still smarting from it. His letters to the Goliath people are without result. The problem plainly calls for Doakes to sit down, man to man, with the Goliath crowd in Cleveland. He will take along one of his own men, for backing.

Two months later (one of the peculiarities of the man-to-man conference as a timesaver is the long search for a date on which all parties can be there), Doakes and his sales

manager present themselves at the Goliath offices. Doakes is feeling a bit rocky, his sales manager having kept him up half the night by listening to Doakes tell how he established the Double-D line, but he has settled firmly on what to do at the meeting: namely, to read a carbon of his most recent letter to Goliath about the window displays. So, at 9.45, Doakes and his aide are shown into the office of Goliath's District IV manager. No one is in the office. The meeting is scheduled for 10 o'clock. What happens to Doakes thereafter is exactly what happens at all such man-to-man sessions in the business world.

9.45-10.15: Doakes and his own man wait. They thumb through old trade journals, Goliath catalogues, and ponder the map of District IV—a triangle, roughly, taking in Minneapolis, Little Rock, and Denver. There are about twenty red thumbtacks on the map, and Doakes is pleased to see—although he has seen it before—that one marks his own town, Nirvana, home of the Double-D line. He points it out to his sales manager and winks shrewdly. "That's us," he says. He has just

had his suit pressed, and he is complacently aware of the knife-edge crease in his trousers and, for that matter, in his sleeves.

10.15-10.50: Boomer, the District IV manager, appears. Greetings, backslappings, massive handshakes, jovial hubbub. Although he has, in fact, been drinking coffee around the corner, Boomer contrives the air of one just returned from a highly successful mission. "I wanted to make sure the Big Brass would be with us," he reports to Doakes. Boomer tells his latest story. Doakes is just telling *his* latest story when Boomer accepts several telephone calls, finally giving orders that he is tied up on very important business — no more calls. Doakes finishes his story.

10.50-12: Scene, the Goliath conference room; not used often enough to be worth much buffing, hence slightly stuffy and dusty. A half-dozen small fry in Goliath's sales and advertising departments have been rounded up by Boomer as a simula-

tion of the company's interest in Doakes's proposals. Introductions, hearty handshaking, and Doakes is persuaded to tell his story again while they are waiting for the Big Brass.

Boomer decides to open the meeting without further waiting for the Big Brass. He begins with a windy panegyric about Doakes and the Double-D line: valued account, long and happy relationship, fair and square, famous throughout District IV, never cuts prices of Goliath line — in short, the ideal jobber. He produces Doakes's latest letter about the display materials, reads it aloud, and announces that he is turning over the rest of the meeting to Doakes. By reading the letter, Boomer has left nothing for Doakes to expound. Doakes flounders through various compliments to Goliath and is soon reduced to reading aloud *his* copy of the letter. He is finishing, lamely, when the Big Brass enters. It's only Goliath's assistant sales manager, who explains that the bigger Big Brass

are tied up in a huddle so momentous that nothing at all can be hinted of its nature. Boomer reviews for the new arrival the meeting thus far, and Doakes reads his letter again. Boomer declares that they will go into it further at lunch. Goliath's assistant sales manager has another engagement. Sorry.

12-1.55: Lunch at Wilmerding's Chop House. The small fry trail along, for it's on the company. Several rounds of small, watery old-fashioned; more stories; Blue Plate Specials. Boomer does a match trick and Doakes demonstrates how to set fire to a sugar lump and make it burn. End of luncheon session. The "meeting" is over.

The next Goliath display materials to reach Doakes, some months later, are only slightly larger than the earlier examples. Doakes starts a new series of letters to Boomer with a view to a meeting, eventually, if things don't get better.

CHARLES W. MORTON

IRISHAWS

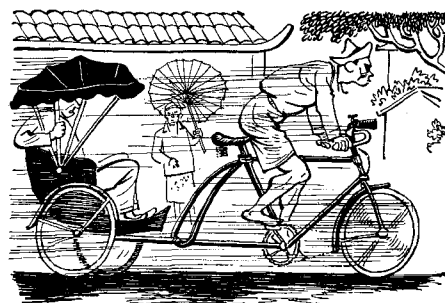
by JOHN ROBBINS

JOHN ROBBINS is a staff reporter for the Cleveland Press, who recently completed a year of travel in Southeast Asia as an Ogden Reid Fellow.

THE great distances that separate the cities of Southeast Asia have been conquered by the ship and the airplane. For the stray, autoless visitor it's the little distances that prove a problem. The half mile from one's hotel to the downtown shopping district or to the inevitable famous local temple often seems to stretch farther than the 500 miles to the capital of the next country.

A hike in the heat of the day is no fun, and in any case most Southeast Asian cities are too spread out to make walking worth while. Taxis, save in a few centers like Singapore and Delhi, are rare. Except in Saigon, where the meter rates haven't kept pace with the galloping inflation of the piaster, they are also expensive. Public transportation poses a language problem; a bus with its destination marked in Siamese doesn't satisfy the needs of an American visitor to Bangkok.

An individual style of solution to the problem lies in the jeepneys of Manila — war-surplus jeeps transformed by their Filipino owners into brilliantly painted and decorated little jitney buses. Each one is just large enough for eight passengers. Unfortunately, no jeepney is tied to a given route. If the driver decides



in the middle of his trip that a new direction would be more profitable, off he dashes toward his fresh goal, speeding the innocent foreigner to some unexpected and distant quarter of the city.

Manila residents consider the jeepneys their major traffic hazard. In 1948 a police traffic commission withheld from banning them only because experts advised that the jeeps would

certainly go to pieces within a year or eighteen months. Now, six years later, there are more jeepneys than ever honking their way through the crowded streets, all still capable of hackle-tingling speeds.

Among the rest of the monsoon lands the most common form of intra-city transport is the trishaw, a combination of tricycle and rickshaw. It assumes various shapes and it's known by various names, but in some form it is an omnipresent part of the Southeast Asian scene.

In the typical version the passenger sits in a sort of buggy seat. A convertible top can be raised over his head as a shield against either sun or showers. In a monsoon rainstorm, canvas front and side curtains can be buckled in place to keep him dry in a steamy, mildewed, blinding way.

The position of the pedaling coolie varies. In a "peddicab" on Taiwan he sits just ahead of the passenger. In Vietnam, on the other hand, the "cyclo," more commonly known to French soldiers by the affectionate name of "pousse-pousse," is built to hold the passenger in front with the pedaler pushing from behind. Pousse-pousses in Saigon have been motor-

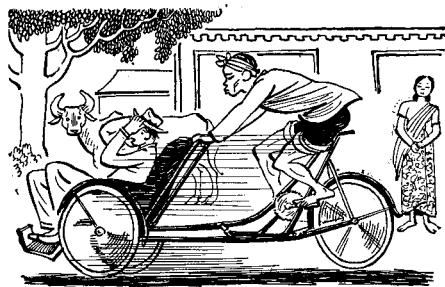
ized. From the passenger's perch in a position roughly comparable to that of the front bumper on a car, 30 miles an hour seems a terrifying speed. In Tai Ninh the cyclo passenger sits in a kind of bathtub on wheels, towed behind a normal bicycle.

In Cambodia, Malaya, and Burma the trishaw is built like a bicycle with a sidecar. No one in the three countries could supply an answer to the question whether one leg of the pedaler of such a trishaw becomes more developed than the other from pushing such a lopsided machine.

Most highly developed of all the trishaw family is the "betjak" of Indonesia. Although it is designed on the lines of the pousse-pousse, with the passenger riding ahead of the pedaler, the gaudy red betjak of Djakarta is a far cry from its drab, run-down cousin in Hanoi.

The betjak boys decorate the backs of their buggy seats with murals, attach chromium and nickel ornaments to every corner, and name their machines after their Javanese lady friends. They even fly foptails, in the manner of flivver drivers of the gay twenties. Sometimes a half dozen float from one betjak.

Just under his floor board every self-respecting betjak boy strings a thin strand of rubber, stretched the



width of the machine. As the betjak moves along, the rubber hums in the wind, rising to a crescendo as the pedaler builds up speed, perhaps to shoot across a bridge over one of Djakarta's noxious-smelling canals.

Standards of trishaw comfort vary from country to country. The buggy seat is usually wide enough for one husky European man (the term "European" in Southeast Asia generously includes such odds and ends as Americans and Australians) or two petite Annamese girls. But the luxurious motorized "samlors" of Bangkok are broad enough for two Europeans to fit without crowding in the shiny red or blue plastic seat behind the driver.

The tiny wooden sidecars of the trishaws in Rangoon, on the other hand, are a tight squeeze for anyone, no matter how narrow his hips. When two passengers ride they sit back to back. Worst of all are the exotically shaped sidecars of Mandalay, tipped upward for no apparent reason until they look like miniature rocket ships about to take off for the moon. Even the people of Mandalay appear to suffer as they drape their legs uncomfortably over the edge.

The coolies who do the pedaling, whatever their nationality, tend to be a cheerful lot. Most of them are in the age group that the title "boy" implies, but the term of address is still used if the pedaler appears to be nearer sixty than twenty. Their standard costume is a pair of khaki shorts and a ragged shirt. Like the rickshaw boys whom they have supplanted, they develop strong legs with pronounced varicose veins.

The rewards of their labor are low. The cost of a trishaw ride in any country seldom runs higher than ten cents a mile, and most of the boys rent their machines from some central agency which charges them as much as a dollar a day. Boys lucky enough to own their own trishaws often economize on living costs by forgoing a home and sleeping in the buggy seat.

The trishaw, because of its speed, has almost completely replaced the rickshaw all over Southeast Asia. An additional factor may lie in the psychological reactions both of the coolie and of the passenger. Because he has been at least partially mechanized, the trishaw boy needn't feel so brutally relegated to the animal level as his predecessor. And, to most Americans at least, traveling by trishaw doesn't cause the feeling of shame that sitting in a rickshaw did while a fellow human being ran his heart out between the shafts.

A still older form of Asian transportation, the litter, is now found only in Hong Kong. Seventeen of the ancient palanquins are all that are left. They wait patiently at "litter stands" at the foot of the steep alleys rising behind Queen's Road. Only two sorts of passengers seem to make use of them: aged Chinese merchants, solemn and stately, who look completely in place swaying along on the shoulders of four husky coolies; and groups of tipsy American sailors, singing and shouting self-consciously, and looking more than a little out of their element and out of their era.



TIME ON HIS MIND

by EDITH WHITESELL

EDITH WHITESELL is married to a former professor at the University of Wisconsin who is now teaching in Sewanee at the University of the South.

THE clocks are so recent a passion that it was still possible for someone who had not visited us for a year to look around our Madison living room at Grandfather, Seth II, Frenchie, Hagen, Ansonia, and so on, and say, "Oh, does Fritz like clocks now?" That seemed to me a little like asking if Mr. and Mrs. Dionne ever had any children.

Oskar Hagen, the art historian, started it all by challenging Fritz to cure a handsome Regency clock of its highly whimsical striking. Fritz took Hagen, the first of the clocks, home, twisted a wire here and prodded a screw there, and in a week had it running and striking conventionally. Oskar, in one of the most satisfactory payments ever made a repairman, gave him the clock. We were very happy, but the actual possession of a good clock awakened in Fritz a desire to have more of the same.

He scrounged around in junk shops and acquired Ansonia and the French mantel clock. Ansonia was our first eyesore, shoving out twiddled brass on a cast-iron case and striking with a vulgar metallic clang; Frenchie, however, was of restrained slate and had a gentlemanly ting. Then came the large rectangular O.G. clocks, Seth Thomas I and II, and the calendar clock, cased in beautiful though peeling rosewood veneer; St. Vincent and an IBM time punch clock; Sternberg, with the mercury pendulum, that Fritz and the clock's namesakes drove to Green Bay in a blizzard to buy; and enough lesser specimens and

cuckoo clocks under repair — for others — to keep us from hearing the radio or the boys playing football in the attic. During the tense, winding-up stage of the clock period I hoped the Hagens wouldn't give Fritz a cookie or he might start a bakery. It was at this time that Dickie pointed excitedly out of a bus window and yelled, "Ooooh, Mommy, look at that great big clock with the church under it!"

Fritz was annoyed with our ancestors for not having left us a grandfather clock. Antique collectors, unappreciative of their timekeeping qualities, scour the market for these clocks, and running or not they command prices prohibitive to us. He grew more and more frustrated as one after another had to be regretfully passed up. Then one day he announced, "I'm going to make one." And he did.

He got the School of Agricultural Engineering to let him use their wood-working shop; the Chemistry Department, by a process he terms osmotic oozing from its student workroom, to give him the run of its metalworking shop; and Beatrice Hagen to drive him to a country sawmill to get rough-hewn walnut planks for the case. He had never done any cabinetmaking before, but that was not considered an obstacle. Patiently, weekend after weekend, he machined each part. Then after many months he assembled it and, heart-stopping moment, gave the pendulum its birth swing and the machinery ticked and ran. I asked him if he didn't feel a little like God, and he said well, yes, he guessed he did. It needed correcting and regulating, but after some weeks it began to keep perfect time and has done so ever since.

We have to take Fritz's word for this, as he has not yet got around to making hands or a dial face — or a hood or a door, for that matter. He can hardly be blamed for not being in a hurry to obscure the lovely works he created. The clock stands a noble eight feet high in our living room, its case, as far as it has been completed, beautifully proportioned and expertly constructed of satin-grained wood. Visible through the space where a door will one day be are the pendulum, weighted with a steel cylinder, and the weight, three joined iron bars — once tread pins for a bulldozer — that Fritz and Widgie picked up in a junk yard. On the top or business end of the clock there can be seen from the

ACCENT ON LIVING



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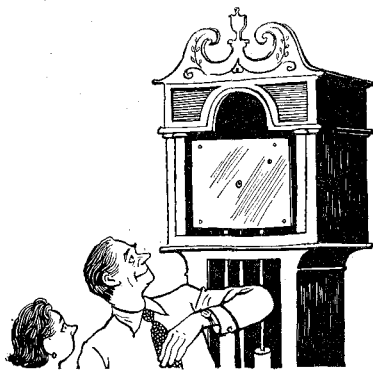
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front only a square aluminum plate, with a few rods, screws, and nuts scattered about. Widgie's pal Johnny Sweeney asked, "What's that big machine in your living room?" and Widgie answered him with withering scorn, "Don't you know a clock when you see one?" The five-foot pendulum has a slow, majestic swing, with about the interval and volume of a dripping faucet.

For three peculiar weeks Grandfather had to yield its place to an even more commanding presence. At one of our Play Reading sessions Burt Nelson (and he looks so unoffending, too) asked Fritz by way of a joke, "Why don't you fix the clock in Tripp Commons?"

"What!" said Fritz, galvanized. "Isn't it running?"

"It hasn't been running for years. Don't you ever go to the campus?"

"Not when I can help it."

The next evening Fritz made no objections at all when I asked him to take me to the Union to see a movie. He bought the tickets, took me over to the waiting line, and said, "You hold our places. I'm going to look at the clock."

"Clock?" Then I remembered. "But Tripp must be locked up now."

"I'll get someone to let me in."

He came back twenty minutes later, his box-of-cigars and rare-book smile all but nicking his ears. "It's a wreck," he said ecstatically.

One afternoon a University of Wisconsin truck drew up in front of our house, and two men carried out of it what looked like a gangster's sarcophagus. Without stopping to think that the University would hardly handle its bodies in this way, I supposed for a moment that the men were headed for the church next door, and then as they turned toward our porch I thought in unreasoning panic that Fritz had come to his self-predicted end: a book had fallen on him or he had fallen off a clock. Then a third man appeared with nine steel pipes,

in lengths ranging from four to six feet, and I saw the clock face on the front end of the coffin. As they steered the thing in, it looked so big it seemed more practical for us to move the house into the clock.

The bonnet had been left behind so that the clock could stand under our ceiling, and the protective scaffold of rough boards was the only part of its overpowering bulk that wasn't carved within an inch of its life. In our modest living room, school of Make-shift Modern, it obtruded its dark mahogany opulence like Diamond Lil at the Tuesday Ladies'. The class that donated it had had \$2500 to spend, and apparently the clock-maker, trying to piece out value received for that, kept throwing in another couple of hundred bucks' worth of carving. Without even a nodding acquaintance toward each other, there were leaf patterns, gargoyles, scrolls, unidentifiable exuberances. All the unrelated decorations were so eye-knocking that the inch-high legend carved on the base, "Gift of the Class of 1929," was all but unnoticeable.

The Monster was equipped with three sets of electrically operated chimes, Westminster, Canterbury, and Whittington. The tune of one's choice played once on the quarter hour, twice on the half, three for the three quarters, and ushered in the booming strike with an hourly fanfare of four complete playings. The decibel count of all of them was designed to rouse a cathedral close. Fritz soldered the Monster with a blowpipe broken off Dickie's toy trumpet and got it to running fine.



Grandfather then seemed decorous and unassuming in our living room. The Monster went back to the Union, keeping excellent time in its new surroundings in the library, where it could be protected from pranksters. I hear from Madison that it still jolts the students out of their reading every quarter hour.

The Historical Society Museum then heard about Fritz and called him in to see what he could do with its assortment of limping clocks. Fritz tied in happily, looking to the day when he would have enough confidence to operate on the Museum's prize exhibit, John Muir's desk, which the great naturalist built himself with a clock mechanism to elevate a book every half-hour. Nobody knows why Muir wanted such a regular change of his reading matter, but the desk is fascinating.

Fritz restored about five of the Museum's less spectacular breakdowns, then took a look at the lot and asked the curator how about giving him a spare one or two. Sure, sure, he was told, they had lots of duplicates. He would be taken care of. So he went on working at primitives, all-wood clocks, and so on.

One day while he was bent over in concentration, the curator came over to him and said, "You know, Whitesell, you've done a lot of work for us."

Fritz's heart leaped up. He eyed the specimens and tried to figure how rich a prize he dared ask for. The curator went on, "You ought to be a member of the State Historical Society. It would only cost you three dollars a year."

LOOKING-GLASS LESSONS

by SISTER MARY JEREMY

THE dancing will begin at any time,
And partners are not chosen for their looks —
Sooner or later everybody cries.
Make up your mind there won't be any jam
And no one ever pacifies the cooks.
Oh learn to contemplate without surprise
The babies turning carelessly to pigs,
The White Queen maudlin and the Red Queen jeering,
The lion harrying the unicorn,
The bowing footmen tangled in their wigs,
The candid guinea pig suppressed for cheering.

Politeness will not get you anywhere,
But some have learned to vanish with an air.



HI-FI FOR ALL

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of *High Fidelity Magazine*. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the *Atlantic*.

THE initial article of the quarterly series titled "They Shall Have Music" was written almost exactly five years ago. It was a report — apparently the first, in other than technical publications — on a new development called "high fidelity."

Or perhaps it was not new, even then. In the two or three years preceding, a lively and sizable group of venturesome tinkerers and record enthusiasts had been busily buying professional sound-equipment and rigging it up in their living rooms in lieu of conventional radio-phonographs. It sounded immeasurably better and it cost somewhat less, though it usually looked dreadful. Some few pioneers had been doing this since before World War I. And there are among us, from time to time, certain Britons who, while forbearing to sneer, do like to point out that concrete-mounted, horn-loaded, dual loudspeakers and kindred super-fi paraphernalia were by no means unknown in the mother country as long ago as 1935.

Ancient history aside, it was about five years ago that high fidelity first showed unmistakable signs of being *here* to stay, and of having outgrown its hobbyhood. It was taken up by people utterly innocent of any previous urge to tinker. They craved simply the end product of the prior tinkering: realistically reproduced music in their homes. Astute manufacturers of sound-apparatus heeded their demand, and shifted their attention from the movie theater and the skat-

ing rink to the home. The coaxial loudspeaker and the high-powered audio amplifier suddenly became what industrialists call "consumer goods."

This marked the second stage in the growth of something that (it is interesting to reflect) probably will be accounted a major cultural phenomenon in American life. The naked musico-electronic device, its tubes glowing and bare wires bristling, assumed protective coloration and moved into the living room, the arena where the mahogany-cloaked radio console had battled the baby grand, exterminated the gramophone, and gone down to defeat before the television receiver. Oddly, the battle that should have ensued turned out to be no battle but a sort of chilly symbiosis. TV continued its sweep, but at the same time the high-fidelity component industry flourished. Someone with a taste for such calculations has figured out that the variety of amplifiers, speakers, tuners, phono-pickups, tone arms, record changers, turntables, FM and AM radio tuners, preamplifiers, equalizers, and tape recorders now on the market would make possible the assembly of nearly 250,000 different high-fidelity rigs. This may or may not be accurate, but even the most cautious estimate would still verge on the astronomical. There are now several thousand apparently tireless craftsmen dedicated to the aim of providing the American music-fancier with unlimited flexibility in his choice of sound-fixtures.

The purpose here and now is to consider high fidelity in its third stage, as something no longer esoteric, born of solder steam and midnight cursing, but an established part of many a well-appointed American household. A year of these writings will be devoted to a discussion of the requirements of today's serious home music listener. However, a few sentences of

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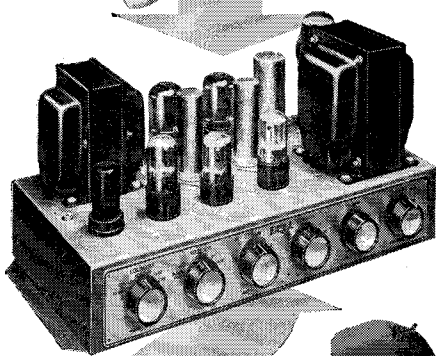
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background history will hurt nobody.

No one seems to know when the term "high fidelity" gained currency. It cropped up in manufacturing circles in the late twenties or early thirties. John V. L. Hogan applied it to his experimental New York area music-broadcasting station, W2XR (later WQXR), shortly after it was licensed in 1929. Sundry manufacturers of ultra-deluxe radio-phonographs used it in the latter 1930s, and with some justification — E. H. Scott, Stromberg-Carlson, McMurdo Silver, Avery Fisher.

The trouble then was that there was almost nothing for high-grade amplifiers and loudspeakers to reproduce; there were nearly no sources of high-fidelity sound. Monstrous magnetic cutting-heads in recording studios could engrave a degree of fidelity on disks (we have discovered this since, by playing them with modern reproducers), but available reproducing cartridges could not re-evolve it. Live music transmitted over radio-network wires was even more drastically limited in tone range.

Probably the first breakthrough was made by the British Decca Company (now London Records, in the western hemisphere), which began exporting "frrr" — full-frequency-range recordings — soon after World War II, and the almost simultaneous development by General Electric and Norman Pickering of the wide-range variable-reluctance phono-pickup cartridge. No doubt the well-publicized beginning of FM broadcasting helped, too.

However, the really massive push was furnished by two other, slightly later, developments: television and microgroove recording.

TV displaced conventional radio,



making it seem, somehow, second-rate and unsatisfactory. Yet, at the same time, it enforced a dearth of music, since it was not (and is not yet) a musical medium. Video victims who liked music still wanted it, but not on pain of seeming backward or old-hat. They wanted it to reappear in new and glamorous guise, able to



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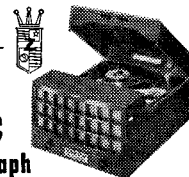
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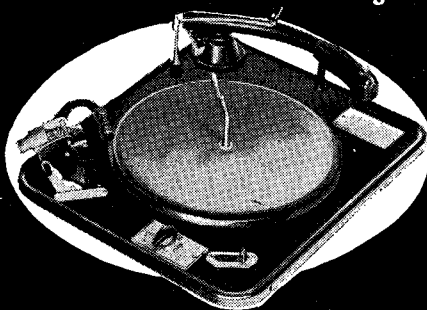
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compete fairly for their attention with the hypnotic shining tube across the room. To such folk, the hi-fi rig was the perfect counterattraction. It has an aspect of modernity which even a television set cannot match. Now it has become a trade axiom that an area is ripe for high fidelity approximately two years after it has been invaded by TV.

The microgroove vinylite record, introduced by Columbia in 1948, gave the final boost. It cut the price of recorded music in half, ended the hazard of disk breakage, practically eliminated surface scratch, and at least hinted at something like exact reproduction of sound. Involved in this achievement, too, was something else, less widely publicized but important: the adoption of magnetic tape as a primary recording device. This helped put in business a myriad of small recording companies, which soon enormously and enticingly enriched the repertoire of recorded music. (Anyone unaware of this owes it to himself to take a look at a late 1954 issue of the Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog.)

There may be yet another causative factor, less easily definable, in the latter-day popularity of high-fidelity music in the home. It is interesting to hear dealers in custom music equipment discuss it — especially if one keeps in mind that most of these are former radio service technicians, not liberal arts scholars. There are two schools of thought among them. One faction holds the opinion that this decade's craving for music is transitory, largely a product of atom-bomb and cold-war jitters. The other thinks the new taste for music is something permanent, brought into being as hitherto uneducated American ears are sensitized to sound. "Once you *really* learn to hear," one sound-man argues, "music begins to make sense to you, and you never want to do without it. It's a lot like learning to read."

This writer is inclined to the latter opinion. Our better-educated forebears may have known their Milton and Emerson, and even their Virgil and Dante, but few could make any sensible distinction between *Parsifal* and the *Poet and Peasant*. We are their betters in this respect, and we are steadily increasing our lead. There are not a few among us who, without undergoing the ordeal-by-keyboard once considered the only decent introduction to music (they don't make you *write* fiction before you may read

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Jane Austen, do they?), have found wondrous companionship in the Haydn of the Quartets and the Bach of *The Well-Tempered Clavichord*. Parenthetically, there is some ground for supposing that composers of music, past and present, have written primarily for listeners, not performers. No slight is hereby aimed at performers; but neither should listeners be begrudged their day, and this seems to be it.

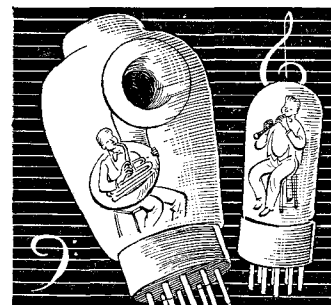
Indeed, one of the attractions of high fidelity, for many a listener, has been that it affords him, in a sense, an opportunity to participate in making music. Allow Schumann to have done his work properly in 1842, and Dame Myra Hess and her colleagues to have carried it forward brilliantly at Prades in 1952; and credit, too, the engineers who taped and grooved it. Much of the intent and the life of the music still can be lost in the last long leap to the listener's ear. But this is for him, the listener, to cope with. His turntable is leveled, and its speed checked with a 25-cent stroboscope. His diamond stylus points straight down, and no dust clusters to impede its small, essential swing. His push-pull 6L6 tubes are balanced, and do not provoke burlings from the loud-

speaker as the volume comes up. His equalizer knobs are correctly set for the Columbia modification of the NARTB recording-curve. His loudspeaker enclosure, firm as screws and glue can make it, and padded inside against spurious reflections, is cunningly placed where no cello tone will awake the lurking resonances of the room. The great E-Flat Quintet comes out to him much as it came first to life in Schumann's head more than a century ago. It is something important and nearly perfect, and something that he helped make so. There are few satisfactions to compare with this.

Let this seem an excessively edifying picture, it can be admitted that the high-fidelity enthusiasm, in extending its sway, has inspired some dubious commercialization and enlisted a loud legion of extremists. Among the latter, the best-publicized are what equipment dealers call audio nuts, albeit not without a kind of respect. Quite commonly, the audio nut will spend money with awesome unrestraint, and will acquire an impressive grasp of the techniques of sound-reproduction. His peculiarity is just that he remains completely indiffer-

ent to the nature or content of the sound he reproduces; he is quite simply a gadgeteer. For some reason, some music lovers regard his existence as an affront, but it is not clear why. He has nothing *against* Beethoven. He just prefers gongs, thunderclaps, oscillator signals, and Mantovani.

At the other end of the spectrum



is the salesman selling something — a “package” — which is labeled “high fidelity” but may or may not be. This is shadier territory. When the success of the sound-craftsmen made it patent that there was money in music, various manufacturers (including some who had abandoned it earlier to concentrate exclusively on TV) entered or re-entered the field, vending what purported to be ready-made “hi-fi.”

They and their wares are fairly easily categorized. To begin with, there is a multitude of small portable or table-top phonographs, ranging in price from \$99 upward. Mostly, these are respectable merchandise, and some of them sound a great deal better than the average 1939 console radio-phonograph. But no one versed in the wonders of present-day custom sound-equipment would think of describing them with the words “high fidelity.”

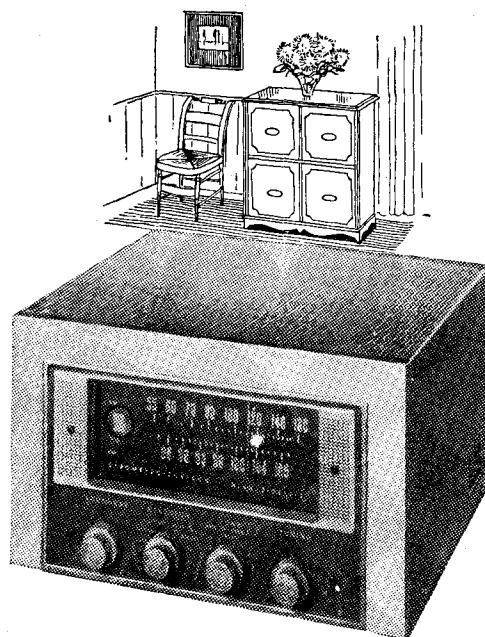
The semantics are a little harder to handle at the other end of the ready-made line. Some of the handsomely cabined units selling for upward of \$500 do indeed contain very respectable equipment, sometimes properly installed. (One such “set” actually has its loudspeaker in a separate cabinet, so that it may be placed to fit the room acoustics.) To fanciers of custom equipment, the main faults of the better high-priced ready-made sets are that too much money has been spent on their cabinets, and with looks rather than sound in mind; that they lack the placement flexibility offered by an array of separate components; and that they seldom embody the latest developments in the fine control of sound.

There is also the fact that they are usually sold according to the normal

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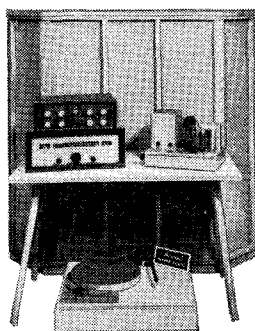
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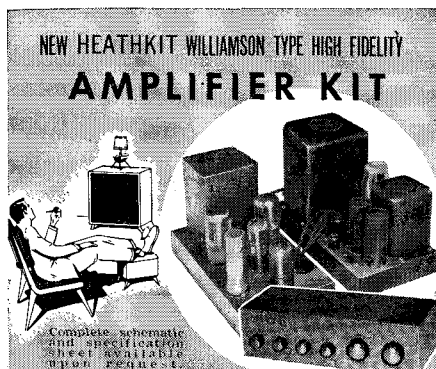
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retail scheme. In contrast, the sales route of the custom component is, almost invariably, direct from manufacturer to dealer, eliminating one stage of markup. Some of this saving to the customer may vanish if he has the custom dealer do his installation; this necessarily involves a charge.

It is probably unfair to no one to say that the man who buys individual custom components — amplifier, loudspeaker and enclosure, phonopickup, turntable or record changer, radio and/or TV tuner — instead of a ready-made set, usually gets a little more for his money, including a little more work to do. Many people do not find this enough of a bargain to outweigh the convenience of having their sound-equipment preassembled and made slightly for them. To these, the only possible useful advice is to shop carefully, making full use of their ears and of all free-trial offers.

It is for those who do want to tailor their sound to their homes that the next four articles in this series will be written.

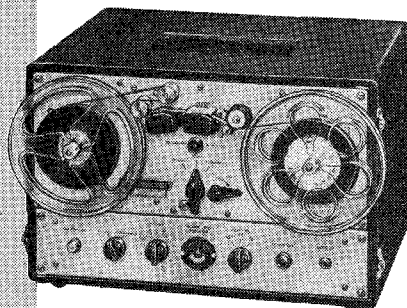
Record Reviews

Bach, Johann Christian: Symphonies in D Major, Op. 18, No. 4, and E Flat Major, Op. 18, No. 1; Harpsichord Concerto in E Flat; Sinfonia Concertante in A Major (Paul Sacher conducting soloists and Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Columbia ML 4869; 12" LP). Youngest son of Sebastian and teacher of Mozart, the gifted and indolent "London" Bach wrote too little, of which too little is played. These buoyant works, performed as if they were by Mozart, have a Mozartian vivacity, plus a devil-may-care vigor and a profusion of irresistible themes. The recording is good.

Bach, J. C.: Symphony in D Major, Op. 18, No. 4; Symphony in E Major, Op. 9, No. 2, with Haydn: Harpsichord Concerto in D Major (Isabelle Nef, harpsichord; Pierre Colombo conducting Chamber Orchestra of Concerts Lamoureux; L'Oiseau-Lyre OL 50007; 12" LP). This disk has one J. C. Bach work in common with the Columbia listed above, and to compare the two is fascinating, for the French group is bent upon a *pre-Mozartian* style, with harpsichord reinforcing the tiny orchestra. I prefer it; not everyone will. The Haydn Concerto gets the deftest treatment it has had since Mme. Landowska recorded it, a long

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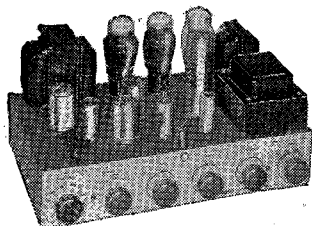
Model M33, slightly higher in price than the M30, has built-in speaker. Look for your Magnecord dealer's name in the classified telephone directory.

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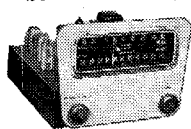
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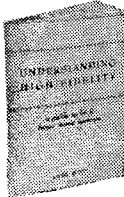
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time ago. The recording, though no hi-fi marvel, sounds up-to-date.

Beethoven: Violin Concerto in D Major (Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; HMV LHMV 1061: 12" LP). Beautifully recorded, and the two famous artists understand each other, but — caution is advised. The interpretation features majestic deliberation and a pace which will seem sluggish to admirers of Toscanini and Heifetz or Boult and Ricci.

Coates: London Suite; London Again (Eric Coates conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Decca DL 4039: 10" LP). Patience always pays off, so here we have at last in one package (\$2.50, no more) the Knightsbridge and Oxford Street marches, and the bicycle bells, and all the other bright trimmings of Mr. Coates's London, in zestful aspect belying its years, and exemplary fidelity.

Hindemith: Kleine Kammermusik, with Poulenc: Sextet for Piano and Winds (Leona Lurie, piano; Fine Arts Wind Players; Capitol P-8258: 12" LP). Poulenc's irrepressible waggishness devalues his eloquence in this one, but it's vivacious and pleasant, and the Hindemith has bitter-witted power no one can miss. Apart from this — and the brisk, intelligent playing — the sonic realism of the recording is really noteworthy, even in the hi-fi era.

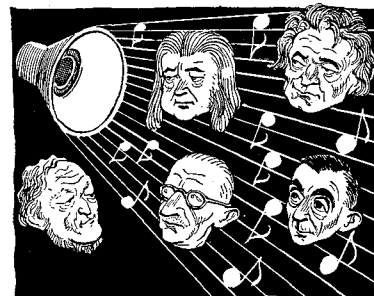
MacDowell: Indian Suite No. 2, in E Minor, Op. 48 (Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG 40009: 12" LP). Perhaps it is trite to describe MacDowell as an American Grieg, but it saves space and seems accurate. It would be equally trite to say that the "Indian" suites don't sound very Indian, but that might not be accurate. Anthropology seems to be on his side. At any rate, this one makes wonderful listening, especially when abetted by the kind of engineering Mercury furnishes here.

Poulenc: Les Mamelles de Tirésias (André Cluytens conducting Denise Duval, other artists, chorus and orchestra of Opéra Comique de Paris; Angel 35090: 12" LP, boxed with libretto or in thrift-pack). Not for children, nor for the unimaginative, but for others one of the cutest, most winsome items in many a dull moon. The composer and Guillaume Apollinaire, the poet-librettist, conceived of this as buffoonery with melancholy overtones, and probably

it is. It deals surrealistically (?) but sternly, also hilariously, with emancipated womanhood and France's falling birth rate. It is almost impossible to stop listening to it.

Strauss, Richard: Aus Italien, Op. 16 (Clemens Krauss conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL 969: 12" LP). This probably is the last Strauss tone-poem we shall have from the greatest Strauss-interpreter of our day. Krauss died in Mexico last May. The gay and florid Italian vignette-piece is beautifully presented here, and beautifully recorded, too. Another farewell bouquet is on London LL 970, the Vienna Philharmonic 1954 New Year Concert, which contains seven works by Johann and Josef Strauss, including the most nostalgically glinting "Blue Danube" you're ever likely to hear.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 2, "Little Russian" (Sir Thomas



Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML 4872: 12" LP). Rhythmic and vivid, full of tunes you've often heard and never could place, performed with real enthusiasm and recorded to be played back good and loud. Very enjoyable.

Vaughan Williams: Norfolk Rhapsody; English Folk-Song Suite; Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis; Fantasia on Greensleeves (Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Westminster WL 5270: 12" LP). Boult is the world's leading Vaughan Williams interpreter — he has just made for London a complete set of the symphonies — and has measurable competition here only because of two extraordinary performances elsewhere: Collins's, on London, of the Fantasias, and Howard Barlow's, on Columbia reprints, of the Folk-Song Suite. This is mentioned only to console owners of these older records. Everyone else should buy the new one; it is completely delightful.

A Violin Recital (Gordon Staples, violin; George Silfies, piano; McIntosh Music MM-101: 12" LP). This

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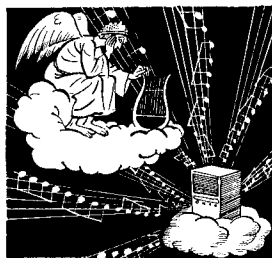
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Atlantic readers who are *Toscanini* enthusiasts will be interested in the announcement by *RCA Victor* of a contest offering handsome prizes on the inside front cover.

is strictly a hi-fi entry. There are several unreviewed David Oistrakh records at hand, and Gordon Staples, albeit a very deft and perceptive young fiddler, would not mind yielding precedence to Oistrakh. However, Staples has enjoyed the privilege, denied Oistrakh, of being recorded by Frank McIntosh, an audio-inventor whose name is frequently sworn by when sound-addicts foregather. If you want Mr. Staples in your living room, playing Sarasate's *Malaguena*, you now can have him. Truly beautiful sound.

Vanguard Jazz Showcase, Series 2 (Brother John Sellers; Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Joe Newman, trumpet; Jo Jones, drums; other artists; Vanguard VRS 8004, 8006, 8007: 10" LPs). Apparently Brother John happened to drop in on a Showcase recording session, and one of the Jazz disks came out somewhat Spiritual, but the results are very listenable. So are the accompanying two records, of Joe Newman's Band and Sir Charles's Quartet. Perhaps this proves that an interest in high-fidelity techniques can warm jazz performers up for recording as well as a noisy live audience. Worth while.

The Pajama Game (John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, other members of the Broadway cast; music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross; Columbia ML 4840: 12" LP). There is a kind of poignancy and lifelikeness in the song-scenes of *The Pajama Game* that has not cropped up in musical comedy since *Guy and Dolls*. The songs stay with you, though they are not so clever as those in, say, *New Faces*. Perhaps it's partly out of relief at hearing something normally so grim as labor problems touched with jollity. Anyway, they do.

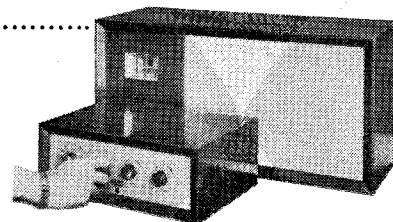


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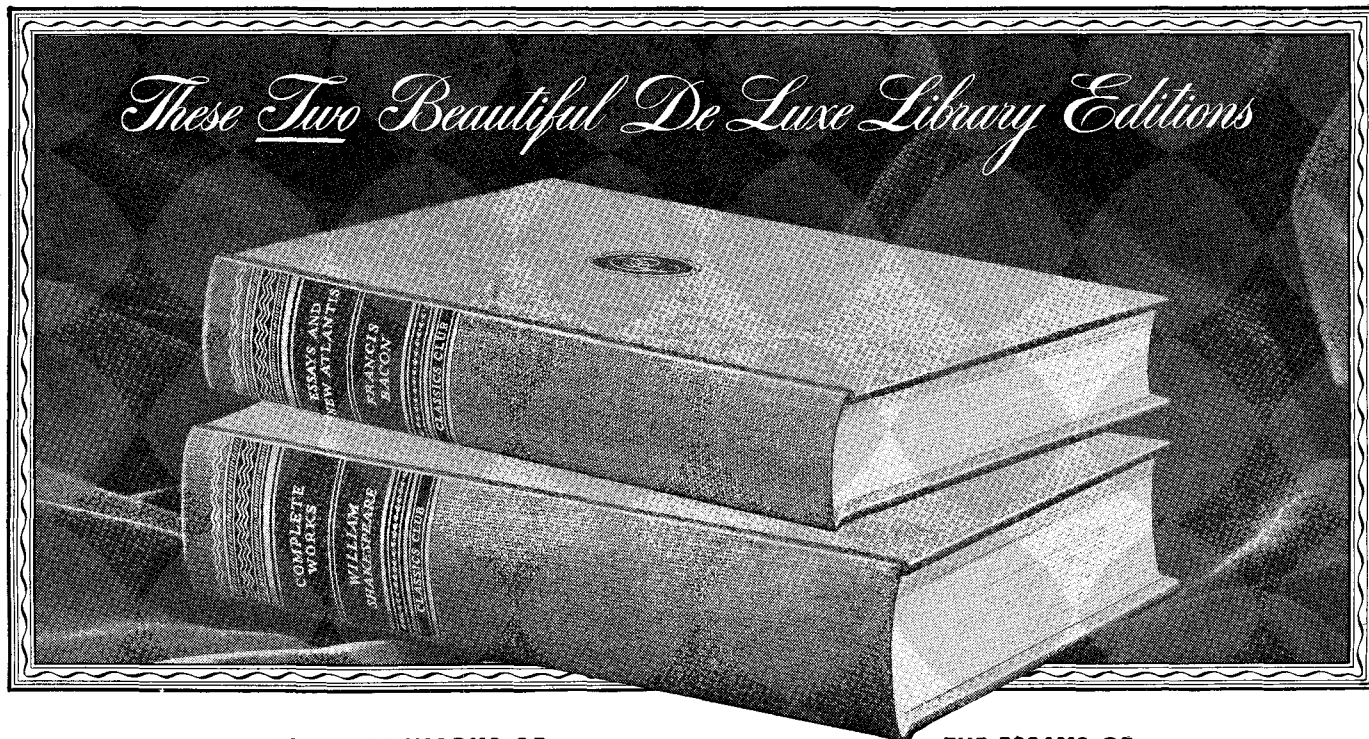
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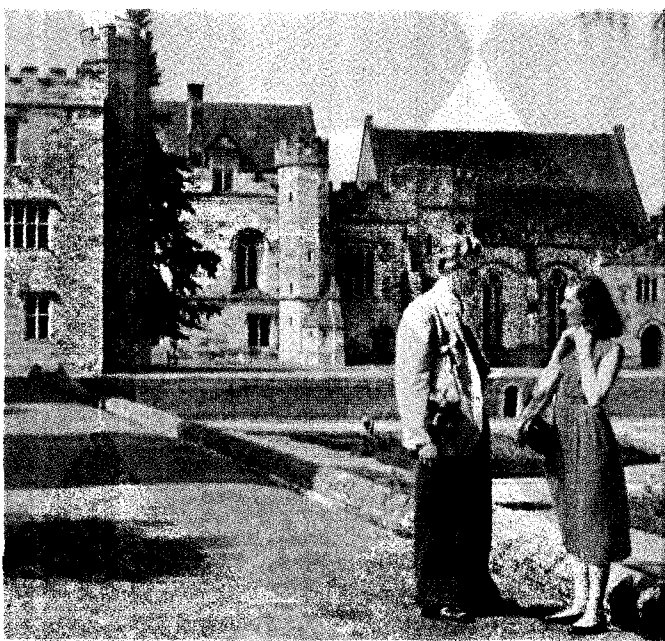
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